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Vol. 4 1957

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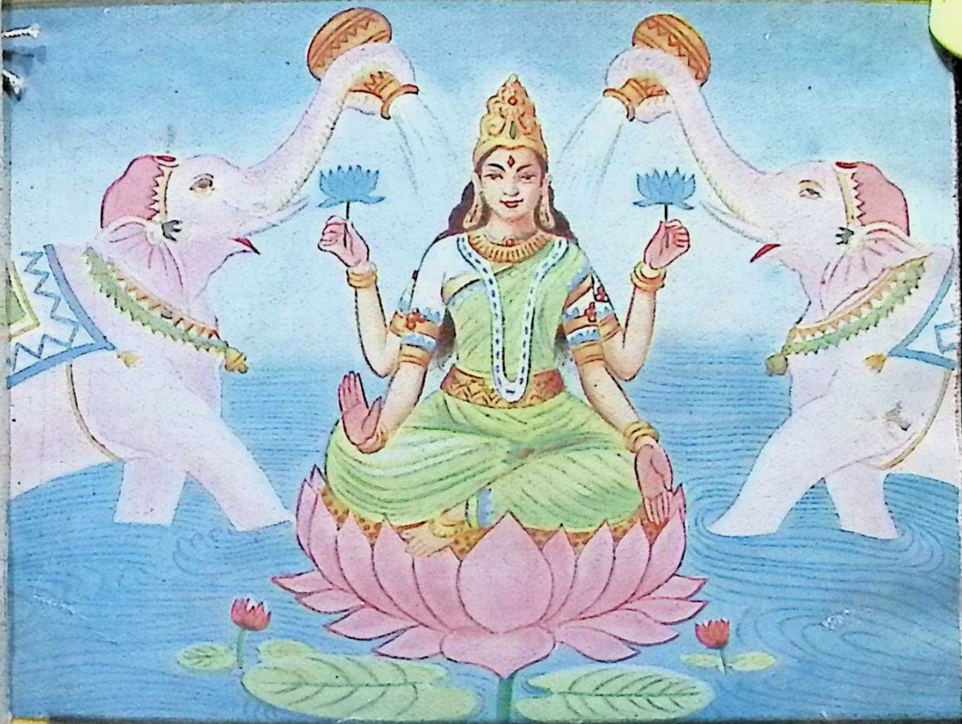

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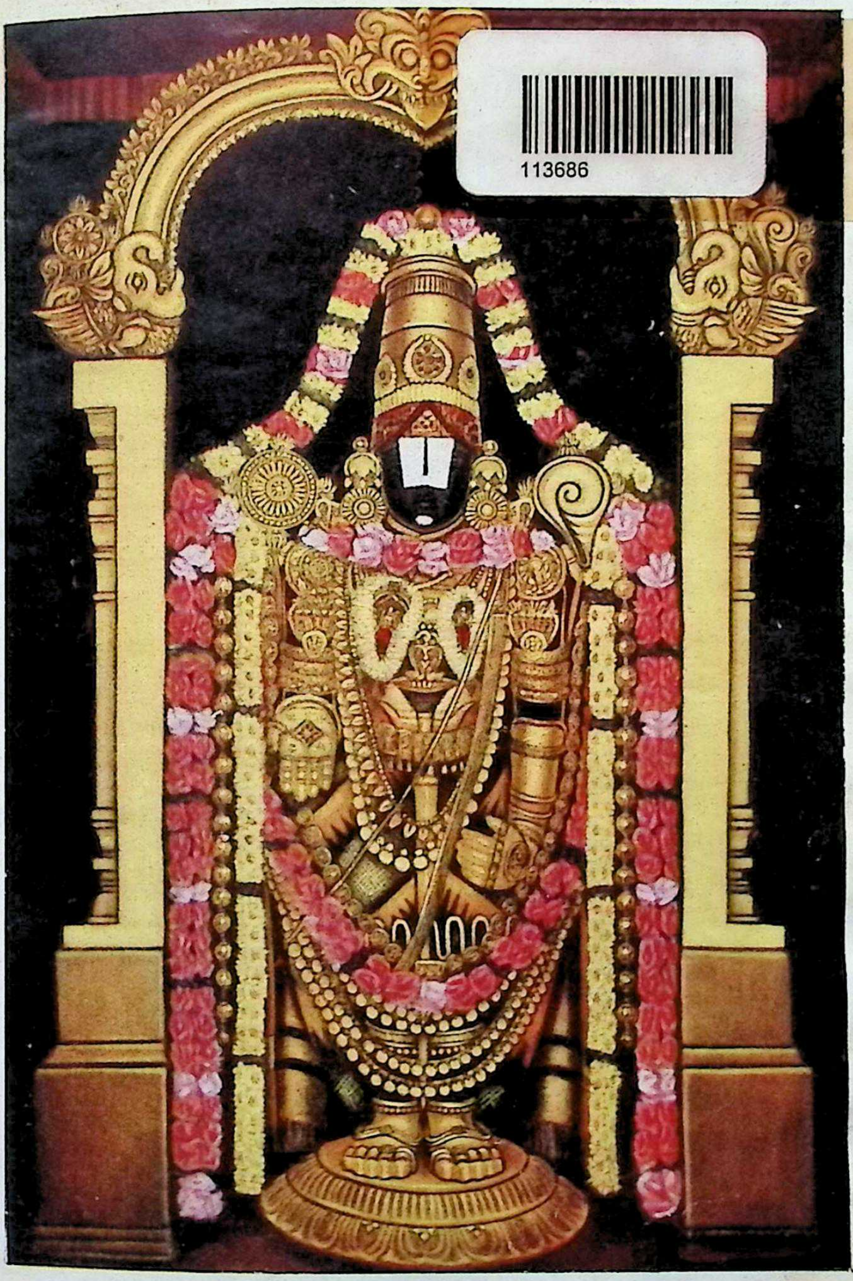

Lord Venkateswara

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BHAVAN'S JOURNAL

Diwali Number, October 20, 1957

★

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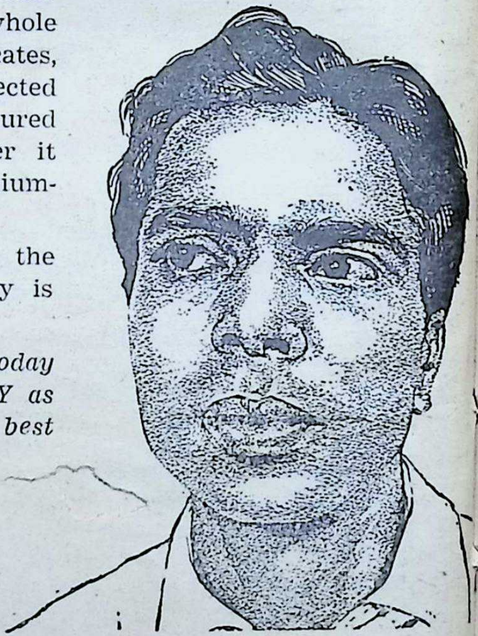

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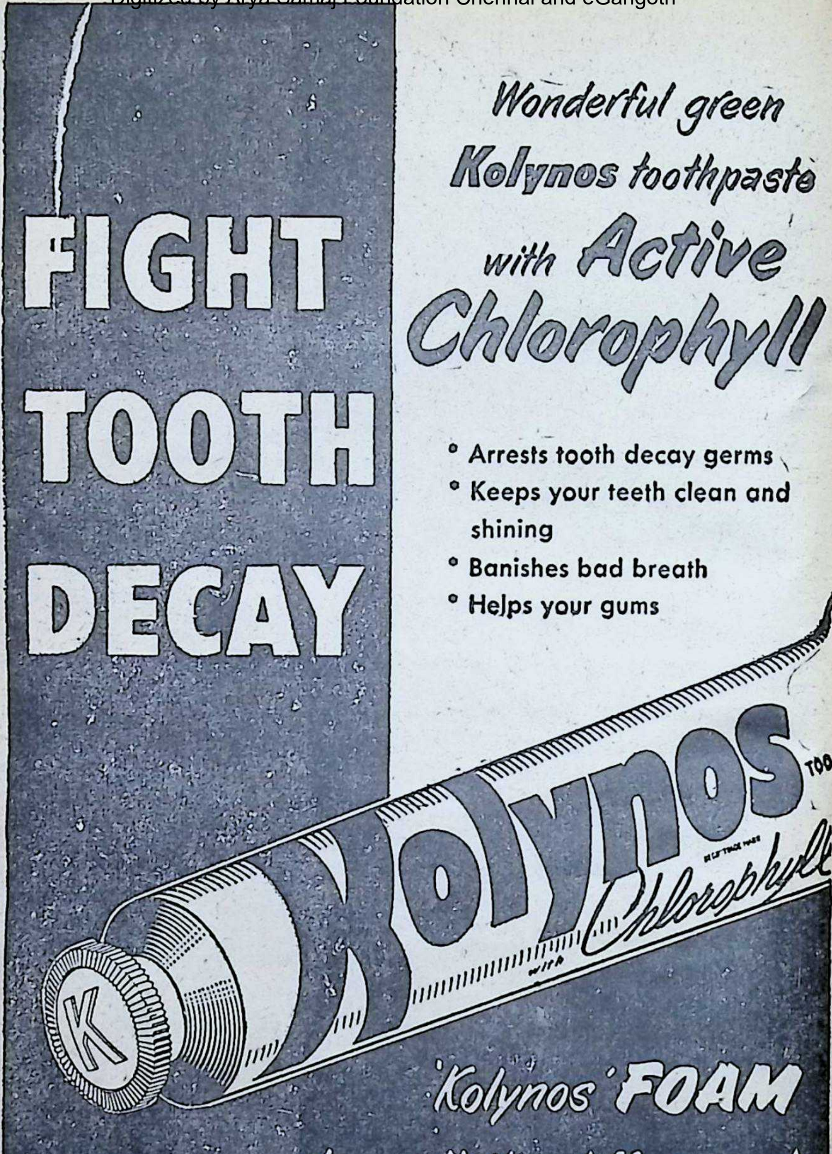

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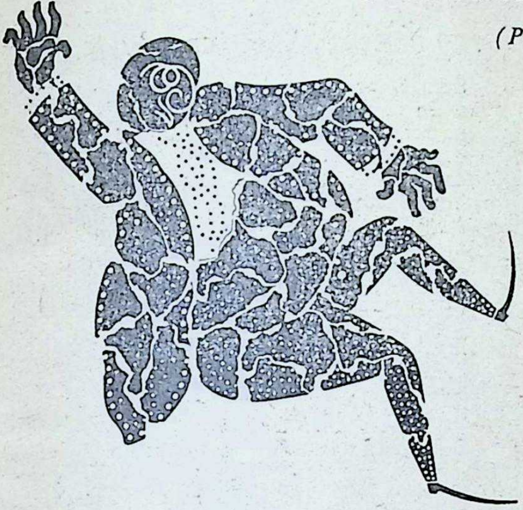

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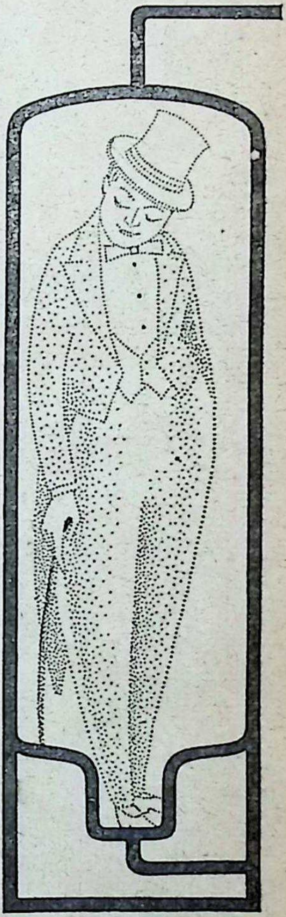

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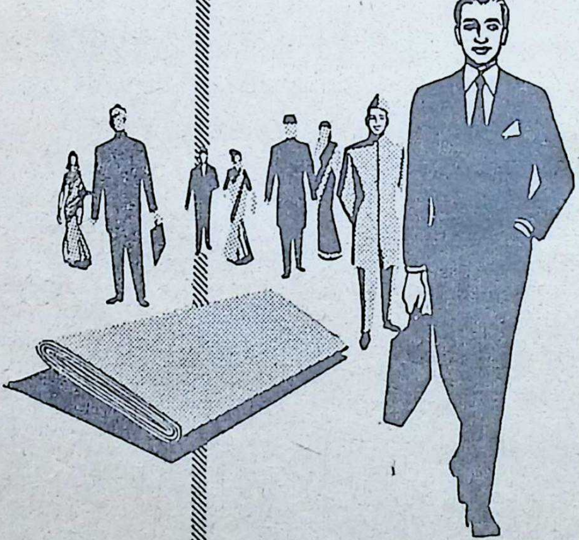

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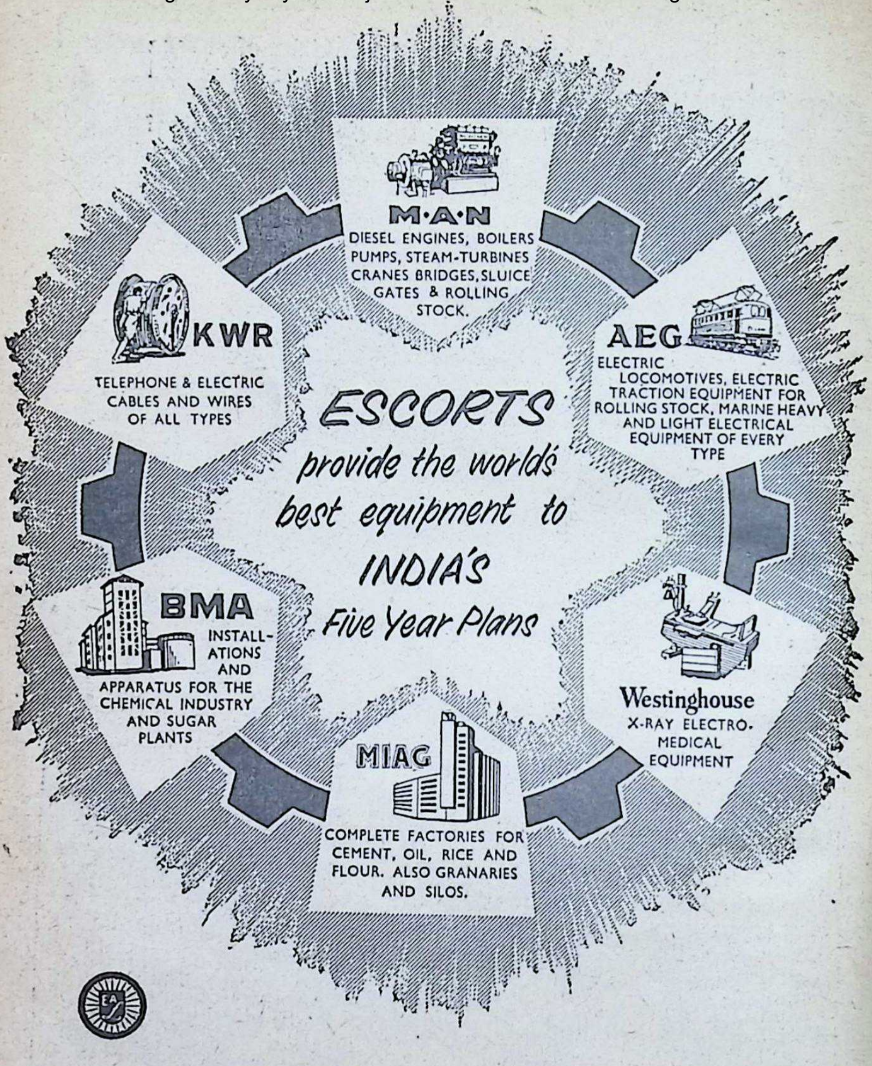

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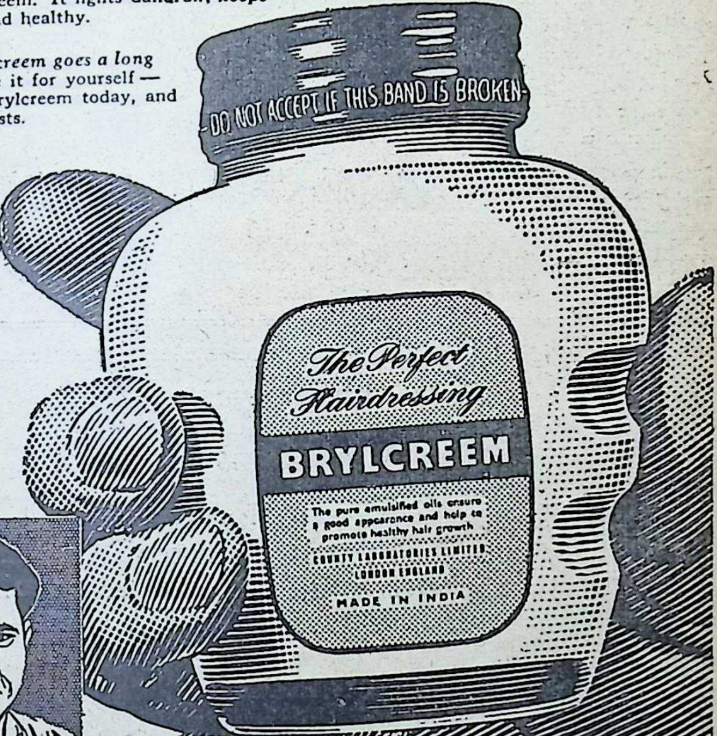
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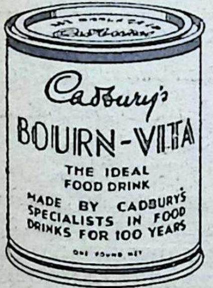
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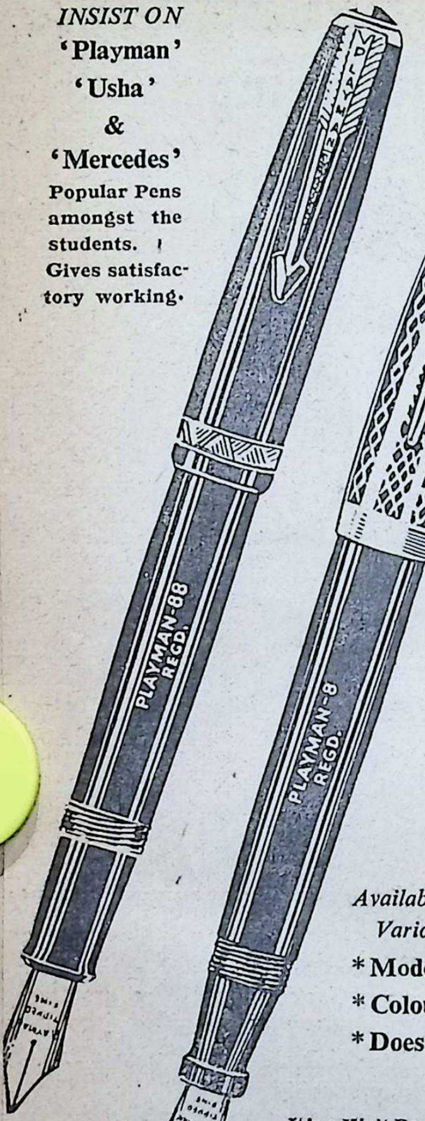

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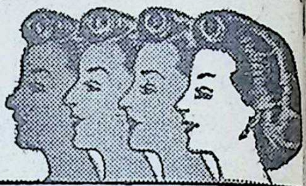

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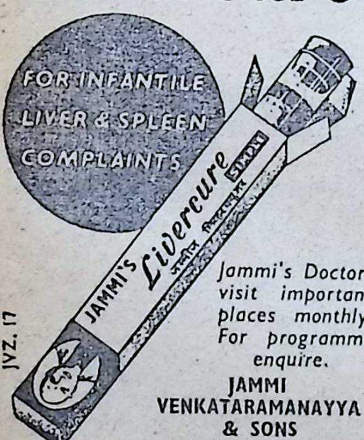

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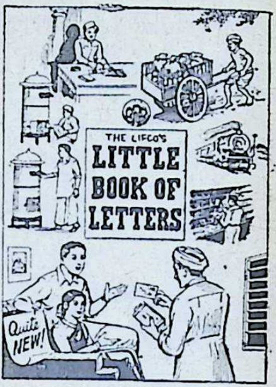

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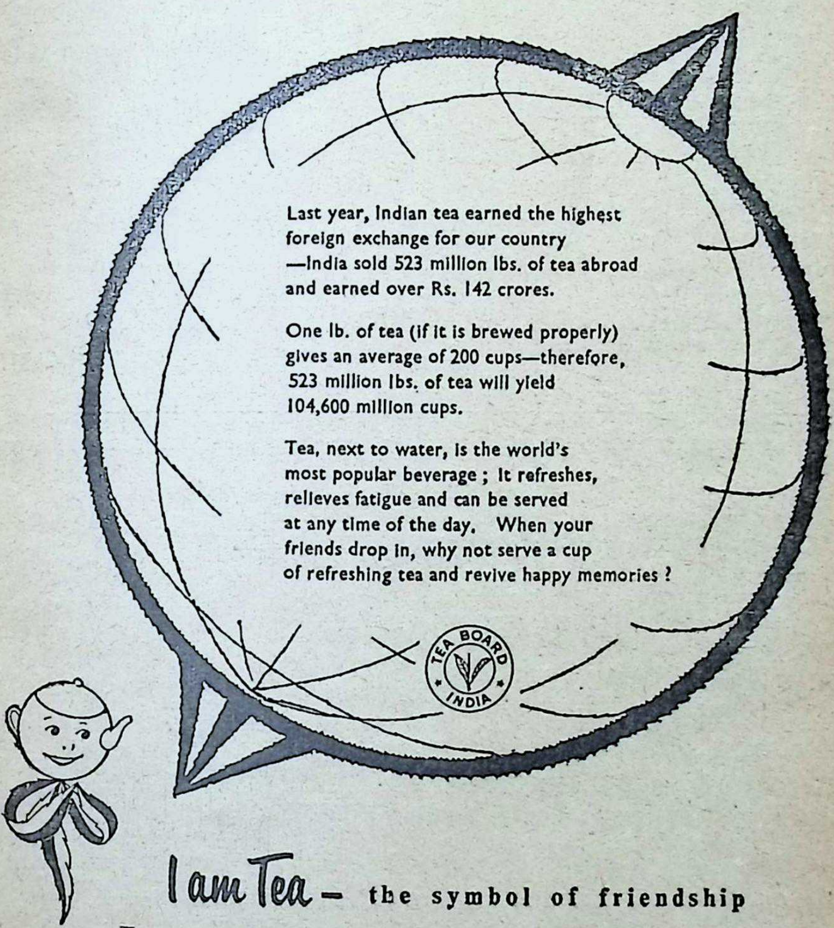

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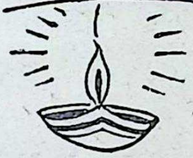

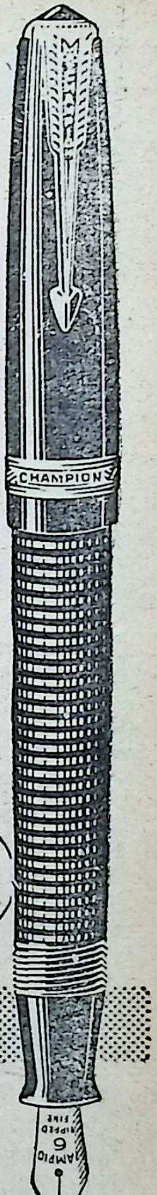

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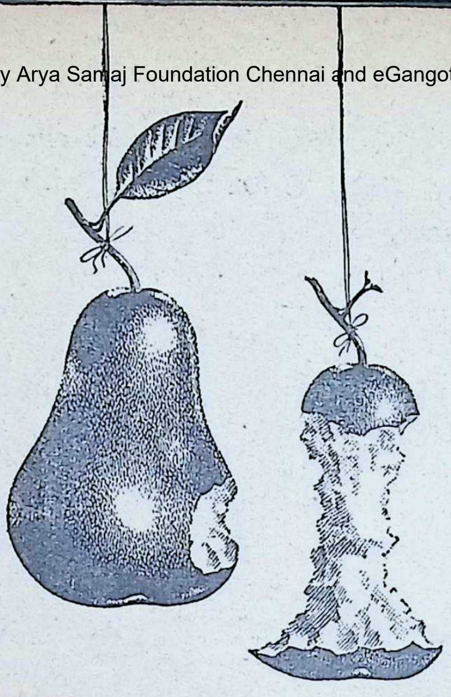

Appearances...and a pair of pears

Pears, like appearances, are deceptive. You can't tell their quality by gazing at them. Moral: If you're buying pears, taste them first.

But testing by tasting gets you nowhere if, for instance, you are buying soap. For that (and most packaged goods, too), shoppers have a surer guide to quality: they go by a *brand* they can trust.

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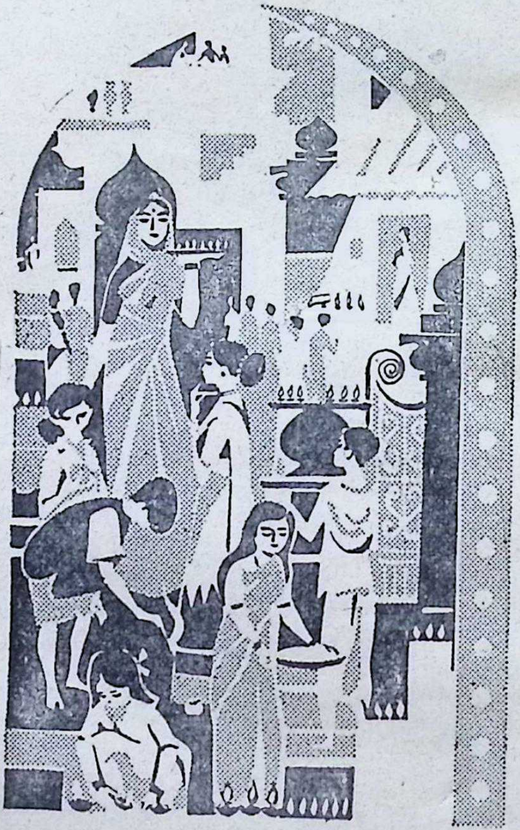

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Vol. IV, No. 6
October 20, 1957

आ नो भद्राः क्रतवो यन्तु विश्वतः ।
Let noble thoughts come to us from every side
—*Rigveda*, I-89-i

BHAVAN'S JOURNAL

SELF-LUMINOUS PARAMATMAN

न तत्र सूर्यो भाति न चन्द्रतारकम्
नेमा विद्युतो भान्ति कुतोऽयमग्निः ।
तमेव भान्तमनुभाति सर्वम्
तस्य भासा सर्वमिदं विभाति ।।

The sun shines not there, nor the moon and the stars,
These lightnings shine not, where then could this fire be?
Everything shines only after that Shining Light,
His shining illumines all this world.

—Katha Upanishad, II. 2. 15.

Kulapati's Letter
ON
LIFE, LITERATURE & CULTURE

No. 138

★ BHRIGU SAMHITAS ★ PLANETARY INFLUENCES ★ THEIR NATURE

Bharatiya Vidya Bhavan,
October 20, 1957.

My Young Friend,

THE ancient lore of India is unique, for in many branches its attempt was to probe the mysteries of life and death. Of this lore, the most amazing has been the science of *Jyotish*, Astrology.

I know that men in every country believe in the supernatural and consult some kind of soothsayers. But the votaries of Westernism claim to be more intelligent than the rest, and they dismiss with disdain planetary influences. They condemn the lore without enquiry and, in their supreme wisdom, keep their mind closed on the subject. Such a victim of Westernism may, with lofty condescension, allow his wife, sister or daughter to follow such a wicked practice as consulting an astrologer, but he has a 'scientific outlook' and has no enquiring mind on this subject.

I do not know astrology. I never look at the position of the planets while taking any action or shaping a course. I consider the habit of consulting astrologers unfortunate for the professional astrologers, as a rule, have scarcely made a thorough study of the subject. Even if they have, they are guided more by their knowledge of what you are and what you want. Anyway, constant references to astrologers undermine a sensible outlook on life and cripple initiative.

At the same time, it is equally true that forecasts by professional astrologers, which tend to be generally optimistic, often act as tonics to the human mind.

But that is beside the point. The lore is doubtless fascinating. From very early days, I have taken interest in friends and astrologers trying their skill on the planetary chart of the heavens at the moment of my birth; for that is what a horoscope is. I have never closed my mind to the science.

In this science as in any other, medical for instance, there are a variety of practitioners. There are the eminent expert consultants; there are also able and experienced practitioners; successful men who flourish on bluff and knowledge of human weaknesses; also raw practitioners, some who lack modesty, others who lack conscientiousness. There are also quacks who live on little knowledge and mouthful of wit. There are also the pavement physicians at weekly fairs who sell you wonderful specifics for ten *naye paise*.

So it is in astrology. Where State patronage is denied as in the case of Ayurveda, research becomes impossible and knowledge shrinks to practical experience. But whoever asserts, except the Westernized medical experts in India, that Ayurveda is quackery?

In condemning astrology, we shut our face against a science with a preternatural vision. If explored with patience, honesty and skill, it might perhaps break through the barrier which separates life from death, the present from the future; it might give an insight into man's endeavour and his ultimate destiny.

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In this letter, however, I am not concerned with the practice of astrology, though I have met with some expert practitioners. I am only referring to the *samhitas*, which are cyclopaedias of horoscope readings, known by different names in different parts of India.

In the North they are called *Bhrigu Samhitas*, for the Sage Bhrigu is supposed to be the father of the science, though each work differs from the other in treatment, scope, language and accuracy. There are *Bhrigu Samhitas* sold in the market for a few rupees; there are *Bhrigu Samhitas* containing thousands of readings of the most elaborate character.

In the South the *samhitas* are called after the name of some *rishi* or deity. They are often spoken of as *nadis* and are written in a form of Tamil script, adapted to express the phonetic values of Sanskrit alphabet, known as Nadi Grantha Lipi. Most of the *nadis* that I have come across are in Sanskrit. But there are some in Tamil too; at any rate, I have come across one in Tamil.

Till now I have come across ten or eleven such *samhitas;* all, except one, in Sanskrit language; three of them in the Nadi Grantha Lipi which I could not read; one in quasi-Tibetan script; one in a kind of corrupt Brahmi with a few lost pages copied out in Devanagari; the rest were in the Devanagari script.

These *samhitas* fall into four groups. Group A consists of AMDS, NARS and BNRS *Samhitas,* all in Devnagari and containing sketchy accounts.

Group B consists of the *samhitas* from the South—Satya, Aruna and Agastya (Tamil). Even the *samhitas* known by the same deity like Aruna and Agastya are not necessarily identical. Mostly the *samhitas* consist of two parts: the general features of life of the individual treated according to the *bhavas;* this is followed by a fuller recital of the events of the life. In two cases, Satya's and Agastya's, such details are divided into five-year periods; in Aruna's in one-year period. These are more scientific in as much as they set out the planetary positions from which the results were deduced. Competent people have assured me that the deductions have been made by rules not known to ordinary text-books.

Group C consists of DLHS and LKOS. They contain, first, general features, then elaborate recitals, forecasts, accounts of past and future lives. The events in one's life that they describe are strikingly correct and sometimes they seem uncanny. But what was read out to me lacked system. It is likely that I had no occasion to pursue further readings from these *Samhitas.*

Group D consists of MRT and VRN *Samhitas.* I had had their readings read out not only in my case, but in the case of quite a few friends. Of these marvels, more hereafter.

In the case of each *samhita,* I applied certain tests. First, I ver fied, to the best of my ability, th age of each *samhita* from externa as well as internal evidence. I most cases I was satisfied that th manuscripts could not be less tha a hundred to two hundred year old, except in one case which wa a copy recently made of an ol manuscript.

In each case I tried to chec every incident and tested its veracity. In cases of doubtful readings I had the sentence read over an over again and noted the lapses Conscious of the fact that the major events of my life are fairl well-known and easily available t a clever practitioner, I tested the accuracy of the work on the strength of obscure events and their accurate sequence.

The MRTS and VRNS, the tw *samhitas* of the D Group, passed all the tests.

While hearing the *Samhitas* recited, if I found something ver striking, I insisted on reading the manuscript myself, if it was in Devanagari. If it happened to be in an unfamiliar script, I took down the sentence, got its correctness settled and, when in doubt, referred it to some scholar.

In about five of these *Samhitas* I had occasion to hear not only the reading of my life but those of several other friends and relatives In the case of Satya, MRTS and VRNS, I heard the readings of several friends and had occasion to check them.

Except in the case of Satya

Aruna and Agastya, the *Samhitas* were composed to be recited to a particular person in the presence of certain other defined individuals. Many of them refer to the particular year of his life, the particular month, sometimes the particular day when it would be read. In the case of MRTS, when I had the reading of a friend recited with his permission, it expressly mentioned me as the *purvasrota*, the hearer at the preliminary reading.

The *Samhitas* of Groups C and D are definitely to be read only to the person concerned, for, apart from the general contents, the body of the reading contains details of the man's life, his contact with other people and intimate affairs which can be publicised only at considerable risk!

All the Bhrigu *Samhitas* are dialogues between the Sage Bhrigu and his son, Shukracharya, otherwise known as Kavi Ushanas. And curiously in Group D, Shukracharya almost invariably puts questions which the hearer would be inclined to ask, very often arguing why another course could not be taken. Bhrigu answers with a detached wisdom in contrast with the impulsive inquisitiveness of Shukra.

In most of the B, C and D Group *Samhitas*, the year, the month and the day of birth are given. In the Bhrigu *samhitas* are also given whether both parents or either of them are alive or dead and how many brothers and sisters, sons and daughters, the person had or has at the time of reading.

The caste of the person and of each member of his family and their religion, if different, are given. In Satya *Samhita*, it was mentioned that I would be a Brahman if born in the first part of *dhruvansha* and a Vaishya if in the latter. The NAR *Samhita*, and the *samhitas* of Group D, both described my wife as belonging to the Jain religion; Satya *Samhita*, as of a different caste. In the case of some intimate friends, whose life and character, their association with me, its course and usefulness, are described by the D Group *Samhitas* by their caste or religion, the word 'mleccha' is used for Muslim, the word 'yavan' for Englishmen (Satya *Samhita* calls them 'huna' and 'khristi' for Christian.

In most of the B, C and D Group *Samhitas* the fact that I was born on the banks of a river and lived on the shores of a sea are noted; D Group gives Broach for the city of birth, and M-nagar or Mumba puri as the place of residence.

In all the Brighu *Samhitas* and in the Agastya *Samhita* (Tamil), the present is very accurately described, the year of my life, sometimes the month and the date on which the reading is recited, becomes the dividing line between the past and the present.

In the Groups C and D, other particulars are mentioned, such as the place where the reading is heard, the persons in whose presence it is read and some notable event which is actually happening at the time.

With regard to the present, the MRTS has an amazing scheme. First, a sketch of the past, the present and the future is given, reference being made to other chapters for specific details. When one of those chapters is brought for reading, it has some startling description of the time at which and the place where the reading takes place. For instance, when a chapter was read in Naini Tal, it described the mountains, the trees, and the Nainadevi Temple.

Sometimes a chapter deals with something which had happened in the immediate past or is happening in the place where it is read, giving intimate details which one can easily verify. Then follows the forecast of the immediate future, the questions which happen to occupy you for the moment and their likely answers, being set out in great detail. If the book were not in front of you, you would suspect that what was told was the result of some kind of clairvoyance.

The chapter ends with a further reference to another chapter. Again that chapter is brought up in a similar manner when the time given for reading, comes. In this way, there is not one reading, but successive readings to be read at appropriate times.

Out of the numerous incidents, I will only give two illustrations. When one of the chapters was being read out to me, it said that in connection with certain incidents chapter X should be read. When this verse was being read, my secretary came into the room to remind me about writing a leter to the Sadar-i-Riyasat of Kashmir. Then he left. The reading continued and the lines were something to this effect: 'Read chapter X to this person only if at this time his secretary comes to remind him about writing a letter to a high officer in Kumkum Desh. The secretary is born in Punjab, educated in Burma, now serving in Aryavarta; his wife and brother are doctors and his father belongs to a secret society which believes in love.' I took the manuscript; it was in Devanagari; and all that was written there; every fact was true.

Another incident occurred about the time Pandit G. B. Pant had been invited to join the Centre, but was written there, every detail was to Delhi or not and his medical advisers had asked him not to go. In my wife's reading, something to this effect was mentioned: 'In the kingdom of your husband the Brahmin Minister will go and he will appoint a Kayastha as a Chief Minister and a Baniya Deputy Minister before this person reaches her 56th year, 2nd month, 25th day.'

Pantji took some time to decide whether to go to Delhi or not, and Dr. Sampurnanand, a Kayastha, and C. B. Gupta, a Vaishya, were sworn in by me on the 22nd day of the 2nd month of my wife's 56th year.

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The general impression that in these *samhitas* the forecast is inaccurate or too general to be verified is well-founded. In AMDS read about 1914 the future was indicated in very general terms. In Satya read in 1934 the future proved correct till 1939. In Agastya read in 1944 the future was accurate with striking instances only as regards a few months. In Aruna (read in May 1948) the future events till 1953 of my life were described with accuracy. In the two *samhitas* of the C Group (read in 1953 and 1954) the future proved inaccurate almost immediately thereafter; possibly the reading referred to a different *Ishtaghatika*.

In MRTS a few events forecast in each chapter proved correct. As regards others, the possibilities of certain events happening and the benefits and disadvantages of each event, were described. But so far as certain definite events mentioned therein are concerned, they have come out correctly.

From a study of these readings, what I have been able to judge, with my limited knowledge of astrology, is this. When Satya *Samhita* was read, the *Ishtaghatika*, that is, the moment of birth was taken at a particular hour and minute, about 11.37 A.M., determined on the basis of my confirmation of the past incidents up to that date. In Aruna, the reading was accepted as correct in April/May 1948 on the basis of the past events recited up to that date. The time of birth on which the forecast had been calculated was a few minutes later, if I mistake not, 11.42 or 11.47 A.M.

According to the MRT (which brought the events accurately upto 1953) the time of birth was taken to be 11.52 A.M. The conclusion to which I came was that in the *samhitas* the forecasts appear to vary or trail off after a few years of the reading, because we do not know the exact moment of birth. At the time of reading we select a particular moment as the time of birth based on the past events up to that date. If the forecast in a reading is therefore not correct, it is not the fault of the *samhitas*, it is because we are not able to vouch for the exact moment of one's birth.

In the MRTS and VRNS, however, there cannot possibly be any difference of this nature because the details of one's life are given in such accurate form (even the names and events) that they appear to be proof against mistakes.

More of these amazing books in a later letter.

Yours faithfully

THE IDENTITY OF SAGUNA AND NIRGUNA FORMS

Sri Shankara Bhagavadpada

One of the tough problems of metaphysics is the concept of the embodied and disembodied aspects of God. If that is understood clearly, many of the so-called inconsistencies in the Puranas will disappear.

Sri Shankara Bhagavadpada has explained this problem in his Prabodha Sudhakara inimitably. The substance of that passage is given below.

THE Vedas and great Puranas have said that Saguna and Nirguna aspects of the Lord are the same. As it is rather difficult to understand it, I shall explain their identity here clearly.

That Paramatma who pervades all beings, Jnana-incarnate, Satchidananda, beyond Prakriti is none but Lord Krishna, of the Yadu race.

A Saguna being is one who is physically visible and who lives in one place at a time. He is characterised by likes and dislikes like a *prakrita*. When that is so, how can Krishna be called Paramatma?

The answer is: Only earthly beings can be seen by this mort eye. But the Lord being visib only for the Jnana-eye, He cann be seen by the mortal eye.

That is why Lord Krishna be towed the Divine vision on Arju at the time of the Viswarupa cosmic vision. It is clear therefo that Paramatma cannot be seen the mortal eye.

The sun for all appearances is ball of fire and it shines rough from a certain place in the sk Yet it lights the whole world. It visible to all people (exposed him) at the same time.

Even so, the Lord of Yadus,

though- embodied, is really the Sarvatma and Satchidananda.

Lord Krishna, although a single individual, played with numberless Gopis at the same time. He was a guest of Videha Janaka and Srutadeva at one and the same time.

Indeed Duryodhana saw Sri Krishna as his own *chaitanya.* Hence Sri Krishna is in reality the all-pervasive Lord.

Srivatsa kicked the Lord on His chest. Did the Lord on that account become his foe? Be it for *bhaktas, asuras,* or *devas*, the Lord offers the same result. For the Lord neither friend nor foe is despicable. Like a well-grown tree on a good road, loaded with fruits, the Lord blesses one and all.

Even when beaten and broken by iron ingots, the touch-stone turns the latter into gold. So do even the enemies of God profit by Him.

* * *

If the Jiva emanated from Paramatma, it may be argued that Paramatma too is fond of the world. Is it not so in the case of Lord Krishna?

When Brahma stole the calves, Lord Krishna manifested Himself into numberless calves and cowherds in order to cure Brahma of his *ajnana.*

The Lord created living beings from His body in illustration of the Upanishadic dictum that Jivas are born like sparks from a blazing fire.

One day Krishna was tending the calves while the elders were tending the cows at some distance. On seeing the calves, the cows rushed towards their young ones despite the elder cowherds stopping them and suckled the calves to their hearts' content. They even suckled their older calves and fondly licked them while the younger ones were there. The elder cowherds grew suddenly fond of the younger herds whom they embraced and fondled. For a moment this uncommon event occurred there.

Was it not because the calves, cows, the younger and older cowherds were one and all of *Krishna-rupa?* In this manner the Lord illustrated that He, the Atman of the world, was the most beloved of all.

The Upanishads have truly said that of all things in the world—son, wealth, etc—Atma is the most beloved.

Among beings that are graded as high and low, Atman remains equal to both. It may be asked: Why then was Krishna differently disposed towards Arjuna and Duryodhana.

It was not the fault of the Lord. If Brahma saw in the deaf, blind, lame, dumb, tall, short cow-herds and calves Sri Krishna alone, it was a tribute to his *bhakti.* Hence if Duryodhana did not see the Lord as Arjuna did, Duryodhana alone was to blame.

The Upanishads say that the Lord behaves identically in all beings, the elephant as well as the mosquito.

★

Atma is not the enjoyer. If Sri Krishna is Paramatma, He could not be an enjoyer. But it is said he enjoyed the company of the cow-herdesses. This appears to be a contradiction.

It is not. The Gopis were greatly fascinated by the most beautiful form of Krishna. They loved Him so much that separation from Him was torture.

While walking, standing, doing household tasks—indeed in all what they saw and did—they saw the form of Krishna and nothing else but that.

Unable to bear separation from Him, they saw their husbands, trees, men and cows as Sri Krishna and embraced them as such with intensity.

Vyasa says that one Gopi imagined herself as Krishna and sucked the breast of another Gopi, imagining the latter to be Bhutana!

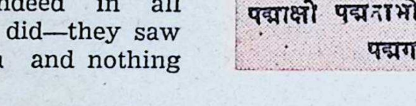
Since the Gopis of Braj looked at their husbands as Lord Krishna Himself, there is no doubt that fo them, their Kings and Queens Krishna was Antaryami.

When we examine the truth since human body owes its appearance to the Paramatma Himsel the constant contemplation of thi fact makes the body dissolve i Paramatma, like sweetness i sugar.

Cover Page

The picture that adorns the cover page of this issue, drawn by Sri M. V. Acharya, is of Sri Sri Mahalakshmi. In the North, Diwali is celebrated by worshipping Her, whose **dhyanasloka** is given below. It is taken from Soubhagya Lakshmi Upanishad which forms part of the **Rig Veda.**

भूयाद्भूयो द्विपद्माभयवरदकरा
तप्तकार्तस्वराभा
शुभ्राभ्राभेभयुग्मद्वयकरधृतकुम्भाद्भि-
रासिच्यमाना ।
रक्तौघाबद्धमौलिः विमलतरदुकूला-
र्तवालेपनाढ्या
पद्माक्षी पद्मनाभोरसि कृतवसतिः
पद्मगा श्रीः श्रियै नमः ॥



the QUINTESSENTIAL PRINCIPLES of SASTRAS

H. H. Sri Ramanujacharya

The great Sri Ramanujacharya, the Vaishnava savant, wrote nine works in Sanskrit on the philosophy of Visishtadvaita. Of these, the Vedarthasamgraha occupies a unique place, being a commentary on the Upanishads. It also explains Sri Ramanuja's way of philosophic exposition.

The following is a passage from the above work and the translation is by Sri S. S. Raghavachar, in his work of the same title.

THE heart of the whole *sastra* is this: The individual selves are essentially of the nature of pure knowledge, devoid of restriction and limitation. They get covered up by nescience in the shape of *Karma*. The consequence is that the scope and breadth of their knowledge is curtailed in accordance with their *Karma*.

They get embodied in the multifarious varieties of bodies from Brahma down to the lowest species. Their knowledge is limited in accordance with their specific embodiment. They are deluded into identification with their bodies. In accordance with them they become subject to joys and sorrows which, in essence, constitute what is termed 'the river of transmigratory existence.'

For these individual selves, so lost in *samsara*, there is no way of emancipation other than surrender to the Supreme Lord. For the purpose of inculcating that sole way of emancipation, the first truth to be taught by the *sastra* is that the individual selves are not intrinsically divided into several kinds, like gods, men etc., and that they are fundamentally alike and are equal in having knowledge as their essential nature.

The essential nature of the individual self is such that it is wholly subservient and instrumental to God and therefore God is its inner self. The nature of the supreme Being is unique, on account of his absolute perfection and absolute antithesis to everything that is evil. God is the ocean of countless, infinitely excellent attributes.

The *sastras* further assert that all sentient and non-sentient entities are sustained and operated by the supreme Being. Therefore, the Supreme is the ultimate self of all. They teach meditation along with its accessory conditions as the means for attaining him.

That these are the quintessential principles may be substantiated: 'The self is filled with *nirvana;* and is filled with knowledge and is pure. Sorrow, ignorance and impurity are the properties of matter and not of the self'. The latter are contingent, having been brought about by *karma,* which is due to association with matter. They are not due to the inherent characteristics of the self. By the method of difference, they are stated to be the properties of matter.

The wise look upon as equal one blessed with knowledge and humility, a mere *brahmana,* a cow, an elephant, a dog and an outcaste (*Gita* V, 18). The wise are those who can distinguish the essential nature of the self even though it is associated with any of the varied kinds of bodies like the heavenly, human, animal and plant. They are enlightened about the nature of the self, as transcending the varied and specialized modifications of material nature. They discern the equal nature of all selves, embodied in the most unequal and dissimilar material forms. Therefore they are said to have the vision of equality.

It is further said, 'Those whose minds are established in equality, have overcome bondage even while here. The Brahman is stainless and equal. Therefore they are established in Brahman (*Gita,* V, 19); 'stainless' means freed from the stain that consists in being associated with the various material forms. All selves, existing in their intrinsic and original character, have only knowledge of the nature of *nirvana* as their essential form and therefore are equal.

Further, the individual self, so constituted, is wholly subservient to the Lord and is controlled by Him and has Him as its sole support. This idea has been expressed by *sruti, smrti, itihasa* and *purana* through the description of the individual self as the body of Brahman and through statements affirming the identity of the individual self and Brahman.

Sanskrit Lessons will be resumed from the next issue. In the new series written by a great authority, the language is sought to be taught scientifically from the scratch. Readers are advised to follow the lessons very carefully and preserve the issues.

—Editor.

the spiritual aspirant

H. H. SRI MADHVACHARYA

In this article Sri Madhvacharya (Ananda Tirtha), propounder of the Dwaita system of philosophy, explains how a spiritual aspirant should take to Vedic studies.

This article is a free rendering of relevant passages from Chapter 3, of **Anubhashya** being a commentary of the **Sutras.**

A SPIRITUAL aspirant should contemplate upon Paramatma after having studied all the Vedas in accordance with his intellectual calibre. Brahma, the Creator of the Universe, alone can know the whole philosophy of the Vedas in all its totality. All others know Paramatma according to their intellectual strength. But the knowledge that a spiritual aspirant acquires after having made sincere endeavours, however incomplete, to study the Vedas is enough to entitle him to launch upon the course of contemplation of Paramatma.

Some people say that Paramatma is pleased with the Bhakta if he praises Him, only after he has known Him in full but this is not correct. The grace of Paramatma will descend upon all those Bhaktas who praise Paramatma with unflinching devotion in proportion to their spiritual wisdom. So, when we say a man has perfect spiritual wisdom, it only means that he has it in accordance with his intrinsic spiritual worth.

The Vedas are so infinite that even the Divine Beings, who are supposed to be custodians of Vedic wisdom, still study the Vedas, discuss the propriety of the tenets and contemplate upon the theme of which they are fully convinced. A man who is ignorant should learn the philosophy of the Vedas from his spiritual superiors.

After having superficially understood the philosophy he should launch upon a course of ratiocination and when that course is over, that is, when he gets unshakable intellectual faith he can enter upon the further course of contemplation.

The *guru* alone can know when a particular candidate is competent for following a particular course.

The candidate must be guided by a teacher of spiritual eminence. He will have the spiritual vision of Paramatma beyond any shadow of doubt. *Gnanis*, even after they have seen Paramatma face to face, repeat these three courses (*sravana*, *manana* and *nidhidhyasa*). These three post-knowledge courses entitle the *adhikari* to get greater bliss in the state of final emancipation.

Now the question arises what should the spiritual candidate do when he does not get the appropriate teacher. The reply is, in the absence of the spiritual teacher who has realised Paramatma, the candidate may try to acquire the verbal knowledge from one who is well versed in the Vedas and Sastras. It is foolish to give up spiritual endeavours because there is no perfect spiritual teacher to guide him. At any event, under all circumstances, the Bhakta should not pass even a single moment without doing *sravana*, *manana* and *nidhidhyasa*.

Even a *Bhakta* is a mortal being and as long as he is in the mortal coil, he will be subject to the physical weaknesses, viz., sleep, lazines etc. But when these are beyon his control, he can take a little res and when he is free from them h should begin his studies immediat ly and vigorously.

Sometimes it would be ver difficult to find a man who is wel versed in all the *sastras*. Then h should try to learn at the feet o the *gurus* who are his spiritua superiors and try to clear th doubts of his mind to the best o his capacity after having approached all *bhaktas* who happen to know the Paramatma better than himself.

In the absence of superiors, a man should endeavour to undertake the study of the Vedas by himself with all sincerity and he should impart in his own way the wisdom that he has acquired afte long and laborious endeavours.

While he plays the role of a tutor he should take care and caution that he does not say anything that would run counter to the principal tenets of the Vedic philosophy.

The main tenets of the Vedic philosophy are:

This world is known as Prapancha which means where the five differences are eternal. The five differences are: (1) The difference between Jiva and Paramatma. (2) The difference between Jada and Paramatma. (3) The difference between Jada and Jiva. (4) The difference between Jada and Jada. (5) The difference between Jiva and Jiva.

God, Paramatma, that is, Vishnu is full of infinite supernatural excellences, each of which is quantitatively unlimited. He is free from all flaws, imperfections and drawbacks, and everything else is absolutely dependent upon Him at all stages and under all circumstances.

Vishnu, at all times, at all places, at all stages and under all circumstances is entirely independent of anything else.

He is transcendentally and radically different from everything else.

If we were to say that the Perfect is identical with the imperfect, the Perfect would be pulled down to the state of imperfect.

That the world and the Jivas are imperfect is known to us through universal experience.

Even the liberated souls are completely dependent upon *Paramatma.* They also are radically different from Him because a thing which is different from any other thing at any one stage of its existence must be different from it at all stages.

Still the *Muktas,* the liberated souls, will have all their desires entirely fulfilled. They are not at all unhappy in the least degree of the realisation of the absolute dependence upon Paramatma. They attune themselves to the will of Paramatma and, therefore, by the grace of Paramatma they will be enjoying the ecstatic spiritual bliss that never decays, that is never undermined.

From the next issue, a series of five articles on the Vedas by Dr. A. C. Bose will appear on the following topics:—(1) Vedic Poetry (2) Vedic Ethics. (3) Vedic Social Ideals. (4) Vedic Rituals. (5) Vedas as Roots of Indian Culture.

Dr. Bose is a great Vedic scholar, a student of Oxford University and had been Principal of several Colleges. His book CALL OF THE VEDAS has run into several editions. —Editor.

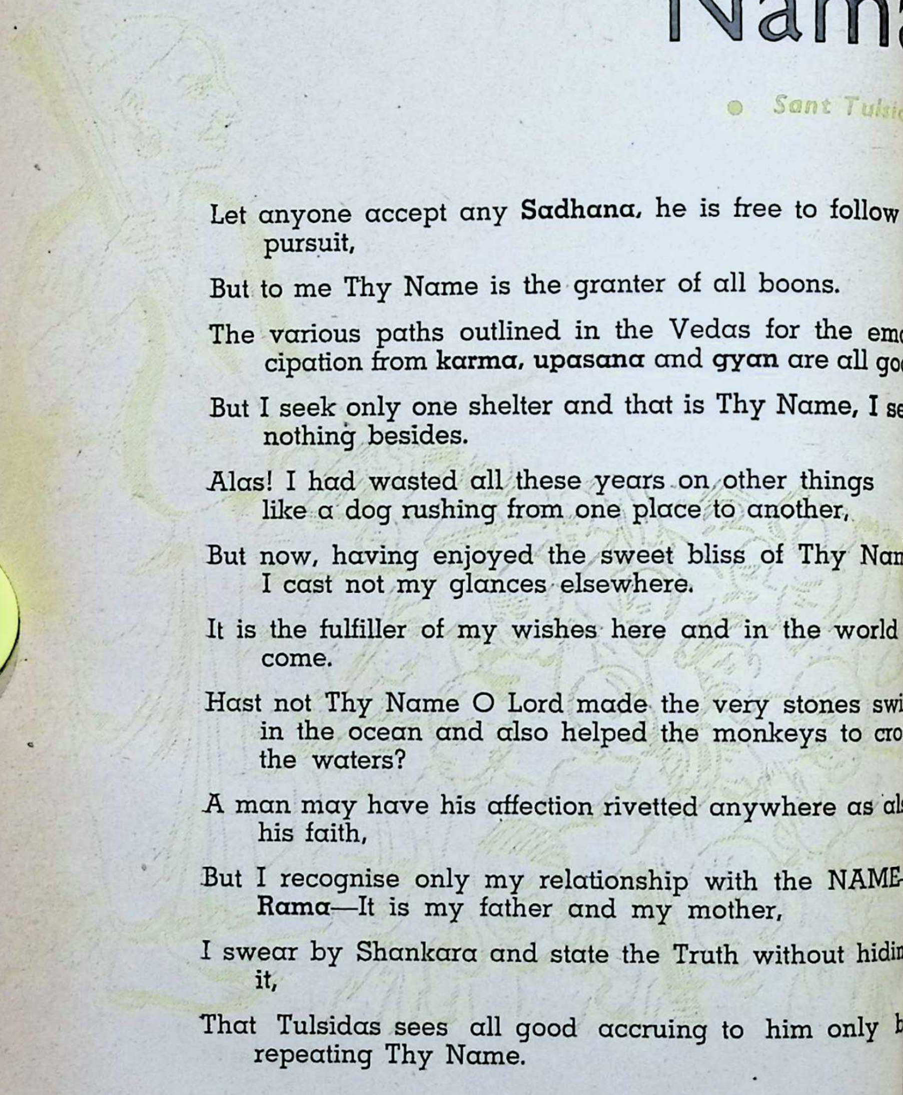
The liberated souls also are therefore different one from the other. Even in the final state they are infinitely graded but the inferiors will not have any grudge or jealousy when they see their superiors. Just as a good son will not be jealous of his great father and a faithful student will not be jealous of his superior teacher, in the same way, in the state of salvation though the differences persist and gradations continue to exist, the *manodoshas* being completely wiped out, they appear more beautiful, more desirable and more knowledgeable.

Everyone loves and respects his own self but he should love his superiors even more than himself. And this reverence should increase in proportion to the real greatness of the people. Man should love his equals and should have compassion for his inferiors.

हर राम हर राम • राम राम हरे

Namsa

• *Sant Tulsi*



Let anyone accept any **Sadhana**, he is free to follow
    pursuit,

But to me Thy Name is the granter of all boons.

The various paths outlined in the Vedas for the ema
    cipation from **karma, upasana** and **gyan** are all goo

But I seek only one shelter and that is Thy Name, **I** se
    nothing besides.

Alas! I had wasted all these years on other things
    like a dog rushing from one place to another,

But now, having enjoyed the sweet bliss of Thy Nan
    I cast not my glances elsewhere.

It is the fulfiller of my wishes here and in the world
    come.

Hast not Thy Name O Lord made the very stones swi
    in the ocean and also helped the monkeys to cros
    the waters?

A man may have his affection rivetted anywhere as als
    his faith,

But I recognise only my relationship with the NAME—
    Rama—It is my father and my mother,

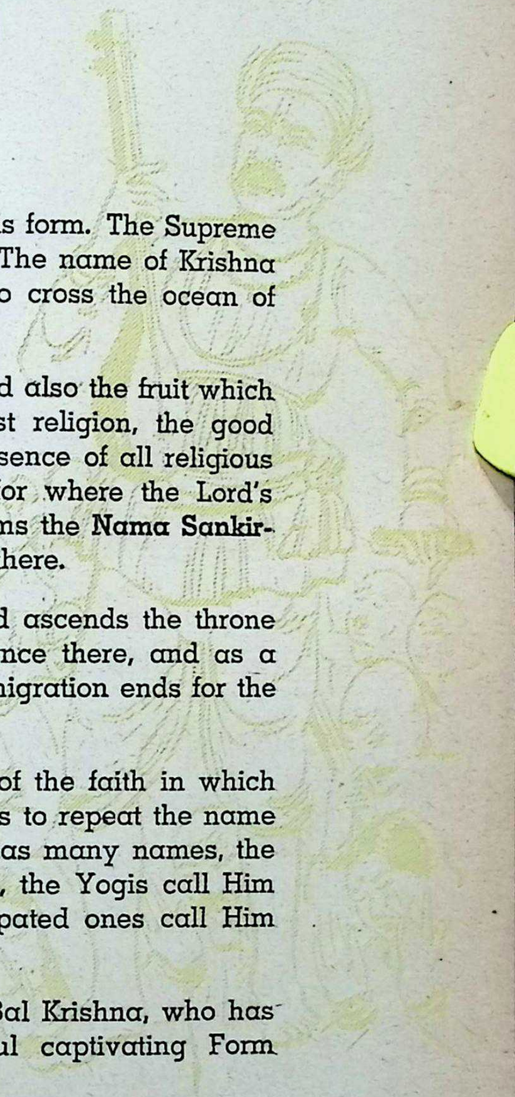
I swear by Shankara and state the Truth without hidin
    it,

That Tulsidas sees all good accruing to him only b
    repeating Thy Name.

हरे कृष्ण हरे कृष्ण • कृष्ण कृष्ण हरे हरे !

Sankirtan

Sant Tukaram



the name of Sri Krishna dwells His form. The Supreme eing is incarnate as Sri Krishna. The name of Krishna an invulnerable boat in which to cross the ocean of etempsychosis.

e name of the Lord is the seed and also the fruit which rings therefrom. It is the highest religion, the good eed and the worship. It is the essence of all religious ractice. It banishes all trouble, for where the Lord's evotee sings His name and performs the **Nama Sankir-n** all virtues combine and dwell there.

Vhen the Lord enters the heart and ascends the throne ll that is good makes its appearance there, and as a sult of His entrance pain of transmigration ends for the evotee.

do not fear to follow the tenets of the faith in which ou are born, all that is necessary is to repeat the name the Lord Vithal constantly. He has many names, the edas call him the Perennial Being, the Yogis call Him Formless One, and the emancipated ones call Him e Radiant Omnipotent **Atman.**

ukaram, however, knows Him as Bal Krishna, who has our sake adopted the beautiful captivating Form hape).

[Translation by Sri Bankey Behari of Brindavan]

Bhagawan Sri Ramana Maharshi

CRUCIFY the EGO

THE ego is the source of thought. It creates the body and the world, and it makes you think of being a *Brahmachari*, *Grihasta* etc. If you renounce, it will only substitute the thought of *Sannyasa* for those of *Brahmachari*, *Grihasta* etc. and the environment of the forest for that of the household. But the mental obstacles are always there for you. They even increase greatly in the new surroundings. It is no help to change the environment.

'I-I' is the Self. 'I am this' is the ego. When the 'I' is kept up as the 'I' only, it is the Self. When it flies off at a tangent and says 'I am this or that,' 'I am such and such,'—it is the ego.

Ego is like a powerful elephant, which cannot be brought under control by any less powerful than a lion.

Mukti or Liberation consists in utter annihilation of the ego or *ahamkara* and the entire destruction of 'my' and 'mine' or *mamakara*, by all possible means. Further, as these are found to flou together, being entirely in dependent, the destruction either *ahamkara* or *mamak* causes the destruction of other.

The body is the cross. Jes the son of man, is the ego or 'I-a the-body' idea. When the son man is crucified on the cross, ego perishes, and what survive the Absolute Being. It is the surrection of the Glorious Self, Christ, the Son of God.

All scriptures, without any ception, proclaim that for attain Salvation, the mind or ego must destroyed. What is required

(Continued on page 50)

Living Faith in a Living God

•

Mahatma Gandhi

•

.. Are all the scriptures of the world old women's tales of superstition? Is the testimony of Chaitanya, Ramakrishna Paramahamsa, Tukaram, Dhyanadeva, Ramdas, .Nanak, .Kabir, Tulsidas, of no value? What about Ram Mohan Roy, Devendranath Tagore, Vivekananda, all modern men as well educated as the tallest among the living ones? God is not outside this earthly case of ours. Therefore, exterior proof is not of much avail, if any at all. We can feel Him, if we will but withdraw ourselves from the senses. The Divine Music is incessantly going on within ourselves...

I DO have a living faith in a living God, even as I have a living faith in many things that scientists tell me. It may be retorted that what the scientists say can be verified if one followed the prescription given for realizing the facts which are taken for granted. Precisely in that manner speak the *Rishis* and the Prophets. They say anybody following the path they have trodden can realize

God. The fact is, we do not want to follow the path leading to realization, and we won't take the testimony of eye-witnesses about the one thing that really matters.

Not all the achievements of physical sciences put together can compare with that which gives us a living faith in God. Those who do not want to believe in the existence of God, do not believe in the existence of anything apart from the body. Such a belief is held to be unnecessary for the progress of humanity. For such persons, the weightiest argument in proof of the existence of soul or God is of no avail. You cannot make a person, who has stuffed his ears, listen to, much less appreciate, the finest music. Even so can you not convince those about the existence of a living God, who do not want the conviction.

Fortunately, the vast majority of people do have a living faith in a living God. They cannot, will not, argue about it. For them 'It is'. Are all the scriptures of the world old women's tales of superstition? Is the testimony of the *Rishis,* the Prophets, to be rejected? Is the testimony of Chaitanya, Ramakrishna Paramahamsa, Tukaram, Dhyanadeva, Ramdas, Nanak, Kabir, Tulsidas of no value? What about Ram Mohan Roy, Devendranath Tagore, Vivekananda, a modern men as well educated a the tallest among the living ones, I omit the living witnesses who evidence would be considered u impeachable. This belief in Go has to be based on faith whic transcends reason. Indeed, eve the so-called realization has at bo tom an element of faith withou which it cannot be sustained.

In the very nature of things, it must be so. Who can transgres the limitations of his being? hold that complete realization i impossible in this embodied lif Nor is it necessary. A living, immovable faith is all that is required for reaching the full spiritual height attainable by huma beings. God is not outside thi earthly case of ours. Therefore exterior proof is not of much avail if any at all. We must ever fa to perceive Him through th senses, because He is beyond them We can feel Him, if we will bu withdraw ourselves from the senses. The Divine Music is incessantly going on within ourselves, but the loud senses drown the delicate music which is unlike, and infinitely superior to, anything we can perceive or hear with our senses.

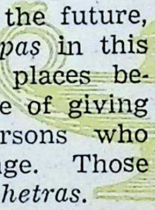
[Courtesy: *Navajivan Trust.*]

> I cannot help thinking that the more we advance in the field of science, the less we seem to progress in the field of civilization.
>
> —Jawaharlal Nehru.

SIGNIFICANCE OF DEEPAVALI

H. H. Sri Shankaracharya of Kanchi

FROM Mount Kailas in the Himalayas to Kanyakumari in the south, our country contains a number of sacred places which were sanctified by great *mahatmas*. These personages were peerless *tapasvins*. They dedicated their *tapas* to the places where they performed it and where they attained the fruition of their austerities. Realising that ordinary mortals would be incapable of such spiritual endeavour and to provide for the sinful times of the future, they dedicated their *tapas* in this manner so that those places became holy spots capable of giving spiritual merit to persons who went there on pilgrimage. Those places became *punyakshetras*.



In the same manner, throughout the length and breadth of our land there are a number of *punyatirthas*, rivers, tanks, pools and wells which have acquired a like sanctity and are also places of pilgrimage. It is devoutly believed that those who bathe in these waters are purified in body and mind.

In our religious scheme, there are also what are known as *punyakalas*, sacred hours marked by the conjunctions of certain planets and stars—*grahas* and *nakshatras*—which come round periodically or occur on rare occasions. In this connection, it is worthy of note that the human body is the microcosm of the macrocosm which is the universe. According to Yoga Sastra, it is the replica of the universe and contains in itself all the *punyakshetras* and *punyatirthas* and certain yogic disciplines signify the *punyakalas*. These bodily *kshetras, tirthas* and *kalas* are considered to be superior to and more efficacious than those that obtain in the physical universe.

आत्मस्थं तीर्थमुत्सृज्य बहिस्तीर्थानि यो व्रजेत्।
करस्थं स महारत्नं त्यक्त्वा काचं विमार्गति ॥

[*Suta Samhita* XI 52]

The several *Nadis* in the body are known as *Devatasthanas*. For example:

सुषुम्नाया शिवो देव इडाया देवता हरिः ।
पिङ्गलाया विरिञ्चि: स्यात्सरस्वत्या
विराण्मुने ॥

Ibid 37

The seasons and *punyakalas* are also symbolised by the conjunctions of the *Nadis:*

H. H. Sri Shankaracharya of Kanchi.

पिङ्गलाया इडायां तु वायोः संक्रमणं तु यत् ।
तदुत्तरायणं प्रोक्तं मुने वेदार्थवेदिभिः ।।
इडाया पिङ्गलायां तु प्राणसंक्रमणं मुने ।
दक्षिणायनमित्युक्तं पिङ्गलायामिति श्रुतिः ।।
इडापिङ्गलयोः संधि यदा प्राणः समागातः ।
अमावास्या तदा प्रोक्ता देहे देहभृतां वर ।।
इडायाः कुण्डलीस्थानं यदा प्राणः समागातः ।
सोमग्रहणमित्युक्तं तदा तत्त्वविदां वर ।।
तथा पिङ्गलाया प्राणः कुण्डलीस्थानमागातः
यदा तदा भवेत्सूर्यग्रहणं मुनिसत्तम ।।

Ibid 42-49

The *kshetras* and *tirthas* of ou land obtained sanctity by hol men dedicating their *tapas* t

hem; but the *punyakalas* are sac-ed by themselves and their sanc-ty does not depend on associa-ion with holy personages. *Maho-aya, Ardhodaya, Uparaga, Vishu aya,* nd *Amavasya,* for example, are acred by reason of certain plane-ary conjunctions at those times.

But, one *punyakala,* however, as obtained that character like *unyakshetras* and *punyatirthas* n response to a specific prayer. That is *Narakachaturdasi* which is he fourteenth day of the dark half f the month when the sun is in ibra (*Tula rasi*). On that day, Maha Vishnu destroyed the de-on, Narakasura, who harassed he world in the conceit of his trength and power. When Nara-asura's mother heard of the eath of her son, she did not al-ow herself to be overwhelmed with grief. She quickly overcame her *putrasoka* and felt happy over her son's great good fortune that he met his fate at the hands of Maha Vishnu Himself. She did not yield o the sorrow of her bereavement; eeing how joyous the people of he world were, she too felt joyous hat the world was happy even hough it was at the sacrifice of her son.

So, she prayed to God that the anniversary of her son's death, to be known thenceforward as *Nara-kachaturdasi,* should be observed every year for all time by the people of the land as a festive day n every house, when, the old and the young, men and women should spend it, after an auspicious oil bath before dawn and wearing new clothes, in an environment of general good cheer and mutual cordiality. According to another tradition, Narakasura himself is said to have asked for this boon at the time of his death.

Among other forms of celebration of this anniversary is the illumination of every place by an array of lights filling every heart and home with the joy associated with a happy event. Hence the name *Deepavali* for this festival, which is the contraction for *Deepaavali,* row of lights.

The festival may also be said to signify the removal of the darkness of *avidya* in the recesses of the mind by the light of *jnana.* Thus this *punyakala* is worthy of note, by reason of its association, unlike other *punyakalas,* with the earnest prayer of a devotee of God who considered the happiness of the world as more important than her own personal sorrow. It also emphasises the truth that what is ordinarily considered as human suffering is really a benefit in the divine scheme of human welfare, and Narakasura's mother deserved to be honoured for having understood it in that proper light. That is why we observe this Festival of Lights in accordance with her prayer. This is the significance of *Deepavali.*

Festival of Ligh

H. H. Sri Shankaracharya of Dwaraka

॥ तमसो मा ज्योतिर्गमय ॥

पापान्धकारर्क परंपराभ्यां तापत्रयाहीन्द्र-
खगेश्वराभ्याम् ।
जाड्याब्धि संशोधन वाडवाभ्यां
नमो नमः श्रीगुरुपादुकाभ्याम् ॥

ALL our religious festivals are adjusted during the year with definite intentions for praying to God for the development of culture, for increasing the divine elements and for forgetting the various types of worries of this world of existence, and for experiencing the eternal joy.

Among these festivals, *Shravnyupakarma, Vijayadashami. Dipavali* and *Holi* are respectively the principal festivals of *brahmins, khatriyas, vaishyas* and *shudras*. However all the people celebrate these festivals irrespective of it being a particular *varnashram* sect.

It is because of this very reason Deepavali, in spite of its being the festival of *vaishyas,* who strive hard for earning money, has become the festival of brahmins also who are mainly the exponents learning.

On the day of Naraka Chat dasi, Lord Krishna killed the gi

Narakasur who was the king of Pragjyotishpura, who was insolent on account of vanity, and who harrassed the people. Thus by killing him, He saved the world from the evil force. As such, since then the festival of Deepavali has become popular among the people.

The philosophic interpretation is that the inner Self, Atman, is to be realised in the true sense of the term, and for that, the delusion of *maya* has to be removed, which will result ultimately in enabling Atmajyoti (आत्मज्योति) in shining and flooding its प्रकाश over this world.

Though *maya* is co-existent with this universe, yet ignorance and evil never worked so powerfully as they work in this Kaliyuga at present.

As such, jealousy, selfishness, enmity etc. prevail all over the world.

As a result of this, unhappiness, restlessness, uneasiness, etc., increase day by day.

The only remedy for these troubles is that every one should try to know that there is enlightened Atman in the body-temple of a man; realise and try your 'Thou' to make an enlightened, all pervading 'He' as Lord Adya Shankaracharya Maharaj preached to the world.

The divine secrecy of this *parva* is this. Let there be light outside, but light your inner selves which is permanent and everlasting. It is this *atmajyotis* which clears up the darkness of several births, and emanates light all around.

People see light in the sun, in the moon, etc., but that very light is emanated from the highest Atman. No light enlightens *Parmatman* but *Parmatman* is the sole light of this universe.

Meditate on the following verses:

न तत्र सूर्यो भाति न चन्द्रतारकं
नेमा विद्युतो भान्ति कुतोऽयमग्निः ।
तमेव भान्तमनुभाति सर्वं
तस्य भासा सर्वमिदं विभाति ॥
अंगुष्ठमात्राः पुरुषो ज्योतिरिवा धूमकः ।
ज्योतिषामपि तज्ज्योतिस्तमसः परमुच्यते ॥
न तद्भासयते सूर्यो न शशांको न पावकः ॥

You can only make others better by being good yourself.

—Hugh R. Hawèis.

How shall we make men good

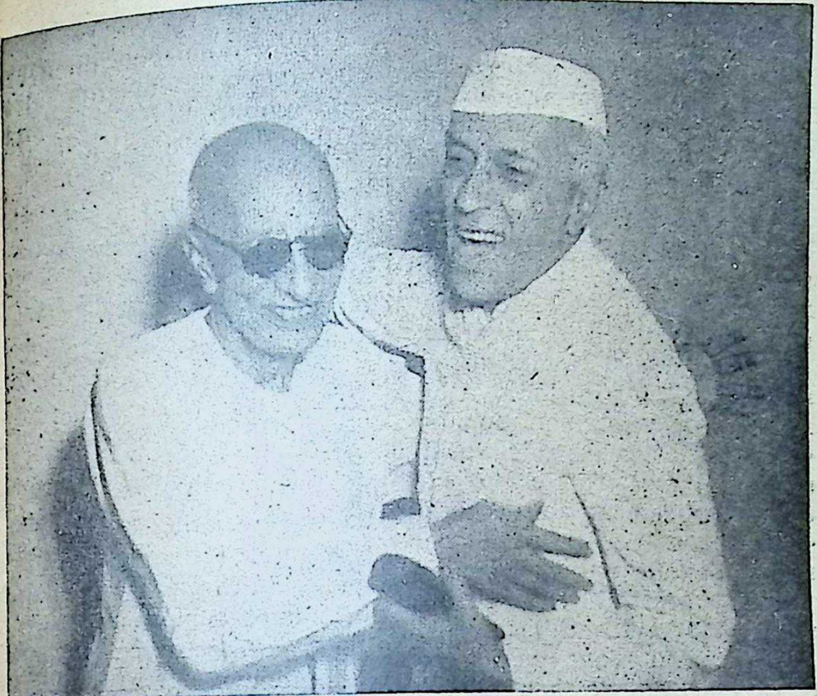
C. Rajagopalachari

It is an age-old maxim that an ounce of practice is worth tons of preaching. The best sermon is the example of a good and unselfish life. Be it ever so obscure, it is more active in helping others than many eloquent orations. Example, more than words, make morals for mankind. Example is graven on the rock, and the lesson is not soon lost.

IT is easy to deceive ourselves —and others also— that we are after God and Truth and the reform of our fellowmen. But all the while we may be doing nothing but escaping from hard work and leading an easy life on the backs of others. After some time thus spent, we shall be unable to get out of it. And then we start an organization! We deceive ourselves that we are doing something great, when all that we do is indulging in the pleasant business of talking, weaving silk brocades of pious talk and levying contributions from a believing or an indulgent public to keep the organization going.

Life is not possible either for individual or for a collection of dividuals without real hard wo If we do not work ourselves, have to live on others who do

The one and only way to i prove mankind is to show the w by one's own example. Organi tional efforts are bound to end much ado and disappointment fact. This secret was seen cle ly by the seers of our land a the last word on the subject found in the *Gita:* 'Do the wo that has fallen to you, hones and well but do it as one resp sible to God and not craving the profit arising out of it.' Th may be profit arising out of



Rajaji and Panditji

ork, but let that not stick to you. detached mind keeps you clean nd free from that grease. Be concerned about the profit, but as much concerned to do the ork well as one who is eager personally to benefit from it. Set this xample and it will spread better han preaching or arguing.

Man cannot escape from work oping thereby to get away from orldly attachment. Unless one ecides to commit suicide, one ust work. Life is not possible ithout work. But it is better so work as gradually to free oneelf and not so as to get further entangled. The *Gita* has explained this way of life as no other scripture has done. It has set out everything that helps such a way of life.

Even before the *Gita*, the *Isa Upanishad* laid it down:

कुर्वन्नेवेह कर्माणि जिजीविषेच्छतं समा:

To work is the inescapable condition of life on earth. We cannot get away from it. But at the same time, it is possible to live a hundred years and remaining clean of the grease of worldly activities.

एवं त्वयि नान्यथेतोऽस्ति
न कर्म लिप्यते नरे

The secret of the clean but useful life, is detachment. Why, it may be asked, all this emphasis on detachment? The answer is that all our troubles in this world are due to attachment. From attachment follow Greed, Anger, Crime and all else that make the world unhappy. All evil issues from that element in human character to which the name *rajo guna* is given in the *Gita*. It is this that leads men even against their own better instincts and their judgment to sinful thoughts and crimes which make this world an unhappy place. This enemy of man clouds judgment and pushes us into error. It is therefore necessary at all times to guard our minds against this.

So it is that even while engaging ourselves in work, as necessarily we must do, we should keep our minds free from attachment to the benefits arising to ourselves out of the work.

Those who are impelled by good nature to yearn for the improvement of the people aro them should resolve to impr others by setting an example the way of life rather than by cept or through organizati We cannot achieve much by ning away from real life and voting ourselves to organizati activities to spread virtue. It not bring about a change in m hearts which only example do, unless we are the very spe ones now and then sent by Goc

> Like alone acts upon like Therefore do not amend b reasoning, but by exampl approach feeling by feelin do not hope to excite lov except by love. Be wh you would wish others become. Let yourself, an not your words, preach t you.
>
> —**Anon.**

CRUCIFY THE EGO—*Contd.*

bring about such destruction is actual enquiry regarding oneself by self-interrogation, 'Who am I?' How can this enquiry in quest of the Self be made merely by means of a study of the scriptures?

Doubts and misconceptions are dispelled by Realization only, never by the study of numerous scriptures. Unless the seeker be fixed in the Self, free from the going tendencies of the mind, Self can never be realized,—c tainly not by seeking knowle though from hundreds of boo Spontaneous inherence in the S is indeed Liberation; that is State Supreme, the State of Re zation.

[Courtesy: *Ramana Ashr*

WHAT LIFE HAS TAUGHT ME

● **Bharat Ratna Babu Bhagawan Das**

In our last Annual issue, we published an article by Shri U. N. Dhebar, Congress President, on "What Life Has Taught Me". In this special number Bharat Ratna Babu Bhagawandas, great scholar and savant—one of the few nonagenarians vouchsafed to us—outlines the lessons of his life.

Life has taught me to put complete faith in:

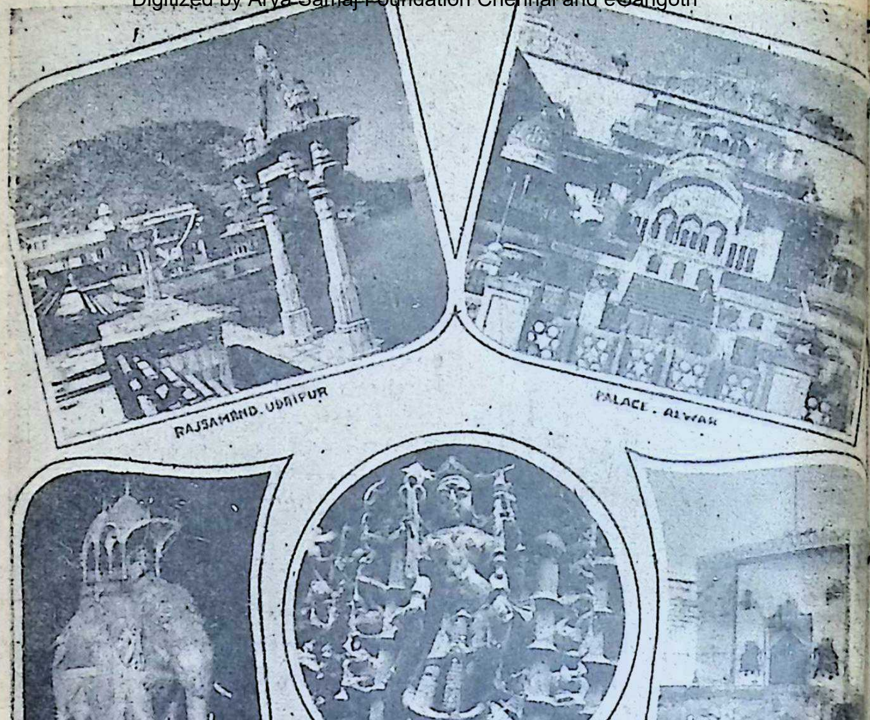
(a) the Perfect Justice of the Law of Karma, and in many births of man and woman;

(b) to believe that sin is inevitably punished, soon rather than late;

(c) that good deeds are equally certainly rewarded with joy;

(d) Very great good deeds and heinous sins and crimes are given their due consequences in even this very life, as Manu declares: अत्युग्र पुण्यपापानां इहैव फलमश्नुते;

(e) I have learnt to believe in the Perfect Justice of Paramatma — Jagatatma, Who or Which, seated within our own hearts—for Jivatmas are, in essence, identical with Paramatma, Supreme Universal Self–invariably, surely, certainly, compels us ourselves to mete out the appropriate consequences of our deeds to us.


RAJSAMAND. UDAIPUR
PALACE . ALWAR
ART KALA
JAIN TEMPLE
JAISALMER
BHARAT PUR FORT
TOWER OF VICTORY
CHITTOR
JAIN TEMPLE ABU
VISIT
RAJASTHAN

A plan for your health

The first Five Year Plan helped the farmers of India to exceed the target for food grains by three million tons. Foodgrains are, of course, the mainstay of our diet; but health and dietary experts point out that unless they are supplemented by other essential nutrients, our diet lacks the proper nourishment to keep us healthy. A *balanced diet* is a necessary part of any plan for the health of the nation.

Fats and vitamins are two of the five essential food factors that make up a balanced diet. The others are proteins, carbohydrates and minerals. Besides being a concentrated energy food, fats help the body to assimilate other foods and make proper use of them to build the body and keep it fit. Vitamins are necessary for the sound development of bones, muscles, nerve and brain tissue. Each vitamin imparts its special benefit—Vitamin A prevents night blindness, keeps the eyes and skin healthy; Vitamin D (the 'Sunshine' vitamin) prevents rickets and softening of the bones.

The Nutrition Advisory Committee of the Indian Council of Medical Research recommends at least 2 ozs. of fat per day for adults, whereas the average consumption of fat per adult per day is only about ½ oz. in this country. It is therefore heartening to note that Vanaspati manufacture has increased by about 1 lakh tons between 1950 and 1955 —thus making a valuable contribution to the total production of fats. Dalda Vanaspati is a nourishing fat made from vegetable oils and has Vitamins A and D added to it; in fact, every ounce of Dalda is as rich in Vitamin A as pure ghee. That is why more and more diet-conscious people are planning their meals to include dishes cooked with Dalda Vanaspati, because they know that it adds to the food value of every dish. Untouched by hand during manufacture, Dalda comes to you fresh in sealed tins with the familiar palm tree emblem—your guarantee of a wholesome and nourishing fat.

HVM. 301-x29

the PANORAMA o

Jawah

DURING these years of thought and activity my mind has been full of India, trying to understand her and to analyse my own reactions towards her.

What is this India, apart from her physical and geographical aspects? What did she represent in the past? What gave strength to her then? How did she lose that old strength? And has she lost it completely? Does she represent anything vital now, apart from being the home of a vast number of human beings? How does she fit into the modern world?

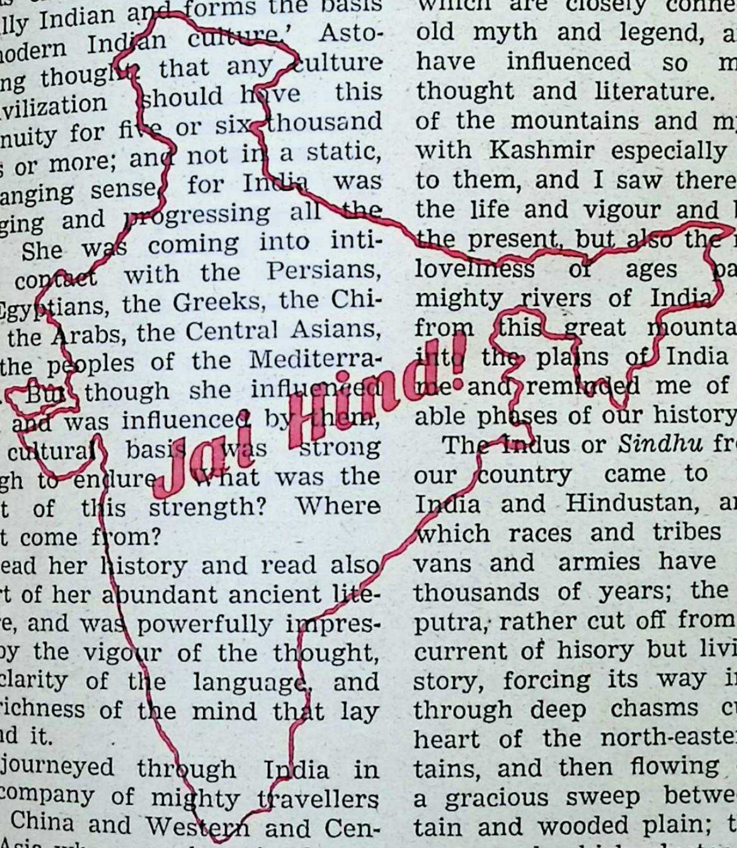
This wider international aspect of the problem grew upon me as I realized more and more how isolation was both undesirable and impossible. The future that took shape in my mind was one of intimate co-operation, politically, economically and culturally between India and the other countries of the world. But before the future came, there was the present, and behind the present, lay the long and tangled past, out of which the present had grown. So to the past I looked for understanding.

India was in my blood and there was much in her that instinctively thrilled me. And yet I approached her almost as an alien cr
full of dislike for the present
well as for many of the relics
the past that I saw. To some
tent I came to her via the W
and looked at her as a frien
Westerner might have done.
was eager and anxious to cha
her outlook and appearance
give her the garb of moderni
And yet doubts arose within
Did I know India—I who presu
ed to scrap much of her past he
tage? There was a great deal th
had to be scrapped, that must
scrapped; but surely India cou
not have been what she undoubt
ly was, and could not have con
nued a cultured existence for th
sands of years, if she had not p
sessed something very vital
enduring, something that
worthwhile. What was this so
thing?

I stood on a mound of Mohen
daro in the Indus Valley in
north-west of India, and all arou
me lay the houses and streets
this ancient city that is said
have existed over five thous
years ago; and even then it
an old and well-developed civili
tion. 'The Indus Civilizati
writes Professor Childe, 'represe
a very perfect adjustment
human life to a specific envir

ndia's Past

ehru



ment that can only have resulted from years of patient effort. And it has endured; it is already specifically Indian and forms the basis of modern Indian culture.' Astonishing thought that any culture or civilization should have this continuity for five or six thousand years or more; and not in a static, unchanging sense, for India was changing and progressing all the time. She was coming into intimate contact with the Persians, the Egyptians, the Greeks, the Chinese, the Arabs, the Central Asians, and the peoples of the Mediterranean. But though she influenced them and was influenced by them, her cultural basis was strong enough to endure. What was the secret of this strength? Where did it come from?

I read her history and read also part of her abundant ancient literature, and was powerfully impressed by the vigour of the thought, the clarity of the language, and the richness of the mind that lay behind it.

I journeyed through India in the company of mighty travellers from China and Western and Central Asia who came here in the remote past and left records of their travels. I thought of what India had accomplished in Eastern Asia, in Angkor, Borobudur, and many other places.

I wandered over the Himalayas, which are closely connected with old myth and legend, and which have influenced so much our thought and literature. My love of the mountains and my kinship with Kashmir especially drew me to them, and I saw there not only the life and vigour and beauty of the present, but also the memoried loveliness of ages past. The mighty rivers of India that flow from this great mountain-barrier into the plains of India attracted me and reminded me of innumerable phases of our history.

The Indus or *Sindhu* from which our country came to be calied India and Hindustan, and across which races and tribes and caravans and armies have come for thousands of years; the Brahmaputra, rather cut off from the main current of hisory but living in old story, forcing its way into India through deep chasms cut in the heart of the north-eastern mountains, and then flowing calmly in a gracious sweep between mountain and wooded plain; the Yamuna, round which cluster so many legends of dance and fun and play; and the Ganga, above all the river of India, which has held India's heart captive and drawn uncounted millions to her banks since the dawn of history.

The story of the Ganga, from her source to the sea, from old times to new, is the story of India's civilization and culture, of the rise and fall of empires, of great and proud cities, of the adventure of man and the quest of the mind which has so occupied India's thinkers, of the richness and fulfilment of life as well as its denial and renunciation, of ups and downs, of growth and decay, of life and death.

I visited old monuments and ruins and ancient sculptures and frescoes—Ajanta, Ellora, the Elephanta Caves, and other places—and I also saw the lovely buildings of a later age in Agra and Delhi where every stone told its story of India's past.

In my own city of Allahabad or Hardwar I would go to the great bathing festivals, the *Kumbha Mela,* and see hundreds of thousands of people come, as their forebears had come for thousands of years from all over India, to bathe in the Ganga. I would remember descriptions of these festivals written thirteen hundred years ago by Chinese pilgrims and others, and even then these *melas* were ancient and lost in an unknown antiquity.

What was the tremendous faith, I wondered, that had drawn our people for untold generations to this famous river of India?

These journeys and visits of

mine, with the background of m reading, gave me an insight in the past.

To a somewhat bare intellectu understanding was added an em tional appreciation, and gradual a sense of reality began to cre into my mental picture of Indi and the land of my forefathers b came peopled with living being who laughed and wept, loved an suffered; and among them we men who seemed to know life an understand it, and out of the wisdom they had built a structu which gave India a cultural sta lity which lasted for thousands years.

Hundreds of vivid pictures this past filled my mind, and the would stand out as soon as I vis ed a particular place associat with them.

At Sarnath, near Banaras, I would almost see the Buddha preaching his first sermon, and some of his recorded words would come like a distant echo to me through two thousand five hundred years.

Ashoka's pillars of stone with their inscriptions would speak to me in their magnificent language and tell me of a man who, though an emperor, was greater than any king or emperor.

At Fatehpur-Sikri, Akbar, forgetful of his empire, was seated holding converse and debate with the learned of all faiths, curious to learn something new and seeking an answer to the eternal problem of man.

Thus slowly the long panorama of India's history unfolded itself before me, with its ups and downs, its triumphs and defeats. There seemed to me something unique about the continuity of a cultural tradition through five thousand years of history, of invasion and upheaval, a tradition which was widespread among the masses and powerfully influenced them. Only China has had such a continuity of tradition and cultural life...

The vision of five thousand years gave me a new perspective and the burden of the present seemed to grow lighter.

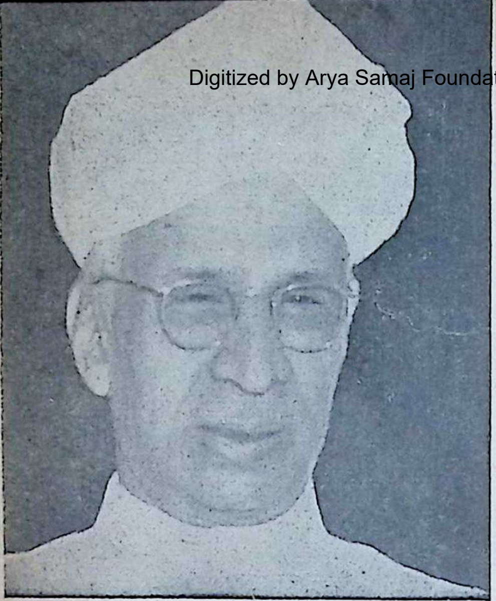
[From *Discovery of India*]

You must know your vast past and recover it for the purposes of your future. First, therefore, become Indians, recover the patrimony of your forefathers. It is the spirituality of India, the **sadhana** of India, **tapasya, jnana** and **shakti**, that must make us free and great..... India's work is world's work, God's work. Our captain is God Himself. He will lead us to the goal.

★

India has a secret Power that no nation possesses. All that she needs is to rouse in her that faith, that will. God has breathed life into her once more. Great souls are at work to bring about her salvation. The movement of which the first outbreak was political, will end in a spiritual consummation. India is still in possession of her soul. The world will receive its message of emancipation from India..... The going forth of Vivekananda, marked out by the Master as a heroic soul destined to take the world between his two hands and change it, was a first visible sign to the world that India was awake not only to survive but to conquer.

—Sri Aurobindo.



meaning of DEMOCRACY

DR. S. RADHAKRISHNAN

.... Violence in a national or international context is a cowardly escape from democratic processes. It is a treason to our past and to our future.......

SOMETIMES it is good for not to be carried away by t controversies of active po tics, but remind ourselves of th foundations of political life. wish to draw your attention to cer tain aspects which may be regar ed as of permanent value—dem cracy as a way of life, as a for of Government and as a metho of approach. We can make a fe general considerations about the aspects.

What is democracy as a visio as a way of life? Our Constit tion in its preamble and Part I lays down what our vision of democratic society is. The princ ples are formulated there. Th central principle is the dignity the human individual, the grea ness of human personality.

We are living in an age of large aggregation of people, ne developments of science, etc. Th individual is getting lost in an a onymous crowd. He does not fe that he has any privacy left f him. But, if a democratic societ

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is to realise its ambitions, it must help the individual to grow in his stature—intellectual, moral, social etc.

It is not right for us to think that the individual can be submerged in a herd. Truth is revealed to the individual; love, hate, joy and sorrow are felt by the individual. The greatest discoveries of science, metaphysics etc. are all done by individuals who are able to handle their solitariness. Even the worst individuals whom we call the derelicts of humanity have also in them the spark of human spirit. A poet said:

> "I have seen flowers come in stony
> places,
> And kindness done by men with ugly
> faces,
> And the gold cup won by the worst
> horse at the races."

We have so many unsuspected possibilities in common individuals whom we dismiss as not altogether of much significance or importance. We have always held that the possession of the self is the highest privilege of man:

आत्मलाभात् न परं विद्यते

"Other than the possession of the human self, there is nothing greater in this world." Jesus said, "What shall it profit a man, if he gained the whole world but lost his own soul?" We have said:

आत्मार्थं पृथिवीं त्यजेत्

If it becomes necessary for you, if the alternative to you is loyalty to your own ideals or giving up the world, give up the world; do not betray the spirit in you. That is the vision, that is the way of life, which we have given in our Constitution.

> **Insurrection is threatened from those who repudiate the fundamental social unity of the modern commonwealth and proclaim the doctrines of the class war. These doctrines menace the very existence of the democratic state, for democracy can only exist where there is a sense of mutual trust, and a tacit agreement to sustain the general will over all conflicting interests and prejudices.**
>
> **—A. F. Hattersley.**

What is the form of Government, what is the political arrangement, by which we can realise these ideals? We have it in the form of parliamentary democracy. It is an old system. Even in our small panchayats, we cannot have direct Government of the people. We have to have representatives of the people sitting together and deciding the issues. That is what we do in the panchayats.

In large States, it is much more relevant. So, it is a representative Government and the representatives have got the power to alter or amend the Constitution or bring about changes in the Government. All these things are done by them. Periodical elections enable the people to decide whether the

Government has been functioning properly or not.

But, we need not think that an elected Government or a Government by majority is infallible. Even Governments based on large majorities are subject to grave abuses even as unmixed monarchies are. So, institutions will have to be set up to restrain these Governments from acting in an arbitrary or tyrannical manner. That is what Lord Acton with a good knowledge of the history of the world's Constitutions opined: "We have scrapped the divine right of kings; we cannot adopt the divine right of majority Governments.

It is, therefore, essential that a Government, if it is to be truly democratic, must recognise the value of the opposition and the minorities and must also have some kind of consideration for what other people have to say.

To liquidate the opposition, to regard certain individuals who hold unorthodox or non-conformist ideas as grave dangers to society, the history of that dogma is written across the centuries of despotism, the cross, the stake, the torture-chamber and the concentration camp.

There they are symbolising for us how people who happen to be in Government should not treat light-heartedly those who seem to be of an opposite view.

In a parliamentary Government, it is essential for us to protect all those institutions which are put into our Constitution for the purpose of enabling us to devel high standards of public life. Ju ciary, Audit, Services Commissio all these things are there. The should be protected from exec tive interference or political pr sure.

The Government of this count is becoming one of a large e ployer. With the increase of t public sector, we are bound to r cruit more and more people an therefore it is essential that t impression should get abroad th not merely in appearance, but reality, recruitment takes place considerations of ability and mer and not on favouritism or infl ence.

It is true that we have the Go ernment of the people; but, th people can be battered, bribe hypnotised into voting for a sorts of things. A Governme may be set up by the votes of t people, but it does not become truly democratic Government the party does not brook an rivals or does not admit any di sensions within itself.

The way in which we treat th minorities is the true test of an parliamentary democracy. Th minorities may not be numerou but it does not follow that th are lacking in political intel gence.

I will now come to the third a pect—the method of approach. " you do not agree with me, I wi hit you on the head."—that is o method. "If you do not agree wi me, let us sit down, talk it ov and come to some kind of agreement on the problems."—that is another method.

The democratic method is the method of asking people who have different opinions to come together, to consult one another, to understand one another and come to some concrete conclusions.

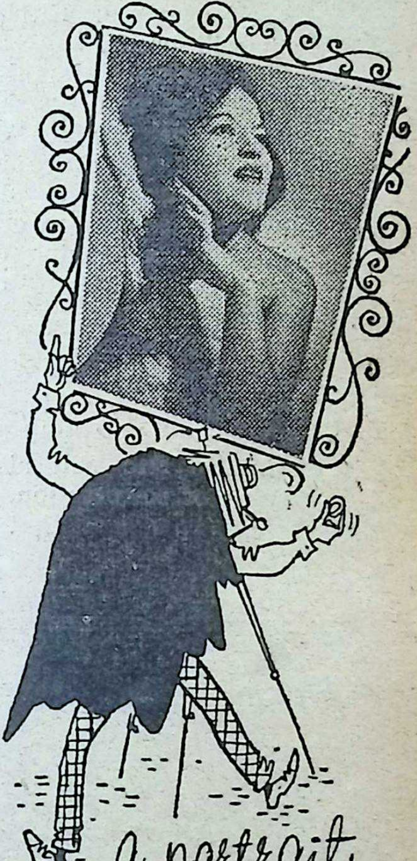
Violence in a national or international context is a cowardly escape from democratic processes. It is a treason to our past and to our future. It is, therefore, essential when we are working in a democratic set-up that we should sit round the table and resolve our differences and come to some kind of agreement.

The ideal of a democratic Government is the development of the human spirit. There can be no free human spirit so long as it is constrained by material and social compulsions.

There are ever so many institutions in our country today which are a handicap to the progress of our country. The human individual must be released from the shackles and chains which are worse than slavery. Restricting institutions require to be removed, if the human individual is to develop a true human spirit.

So long as there are people who are poor, hungry, starved and have no work and no wages, our Constitution and our laws are not things of which they can be proud. It is essential that the changes which we have brought about in our Constitution must be reflected in the structure of our society.

Even the Constitution which is


Is yours the face that rates a Second look?
a portrait

Is yours the face that rates a Second look?

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obligatory on us, so long as it is not altered, can be altered. Either it bends or it will break.

It is essential, therefore, that the true ends of society, namely, the material and cultural welfare of the ordinary people will have to be taken into account by us all. We have always used the word *Dharma* meaning the making of the individual and the drawing of the world together. It has two aspects, an individual aspect and a social aspect. We must, therefore, work for creating a democratic society where each individual will be himself disciplined and will also work in a spirit of co-operation.

The *Mahabharata* tells us that a people flourishes not because of constitution or coercion or la giver but because they are guid by *Dharma* and help each other co-operation and true principles.

नैव राज्यं नरादासीत् न दण्डो
न च दण्डिक
धर्मेणैव प्रजाः सर्वाः रक्षन्ति स्म परस्परम्

If society is to be held togethe if it is to work on a strictly dem cratic basis, what is essential that the human individuals wh constitute the units of that socie must work in a disciplined, co-op rative, non-violent, peaceful spiri That is the meaning of democrac

[From: *Parliamentary Democracy*

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....The Hindu eschews no faith and no path. He does not condemn any form of spiritual search.... The Hindu spirit has been and will for ever be hospitable....

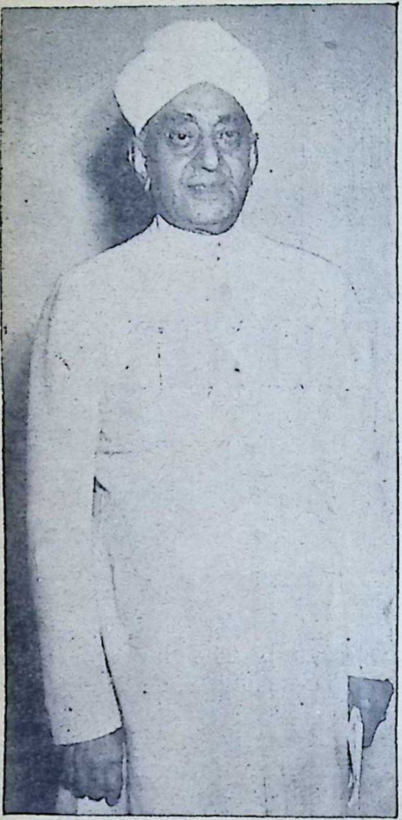
DEVELOPMENT of HINDUISM

☆ **C. P. Ramaswami Aiyar**

WHAT is usually denominated the Hindu faith or religion is composite. It comprises many forms of belief based on several philosophies and is essentially a synthesis of creeds. It relies on many scriptures and regards some as revealed but it is not the religion of a book or books. It exists and can function apart from and irrespectively of them. It comprises many hymns, prayers and rituals as well as stories, parables, miraculous or historical occurrences and descriptions of various worlds and states of existence and stages of being.

But none of these is pivotal in the sense that if they are disproved or controverted, the faith falls to the ground. The laws of irrevocable cause and effect and of evolution, the law of unity of all life and all energy, otherwise termed the doctrine of Karma and transmigration are the common and underlying features of all varieties of Hinduism.

Save the Supreme Self in the ultimate aspect, all other Entities from the stone to the star and from the worm to the highest of evolved beings, the Devas, follow and are bound by these laws and the ultimate Reality, which itself has a dual aspect, personal and impersonal, is reached or attained by the shedding of illusions and along the several paths of action, knowledge and devotion, trodden



Dr. C. P. R. Aiyar

through many lives and forms of life.

The Hindu eschews no faith and no path. He does not condemn any form of spiritual search or attainment. The true Hindu is not alien to the true Christian or the true Muslim and, in any case, sees no hostility between his creed and the fundamental tenets of those religions.

There is no distinction so far the Hindu outlook is concerne between the validity, the authen city and the inspirational chara ter of his faith and other gre faiths of the world. As in th physical sphere, so in the ment and psychological spheres, th Hindu habit and intellect and th Hindu spirit have been and wi for ever be, hospitable.

Sir Monier Williams, for man decades Boden Professor of San krit in Oxford, describes Hinduis as follows after visiting Ind three times and having travelle the length and breadth of th Peninsula from Kashmir to Cape Comorin and from Bombay t Tibet:

> "A characteristic of Hinduism is i receptivity and all-comprehensivene It claims to be the one religion humanity, of human nature, of th entire world. It cares not to oppo the progress of any other system. Fo it has no difficulty in including a other religions within its all-embracin arms and ever-widening fold.
>
> "And in real truth, Hinduism ha something to offer which is suited t all minds. Its very strength lies in it infinite adaptability to the infinit diversity of human character an human tendencies. It has its high spiritual and abstract side suited to th metaphysical philosopher, its practic and concrete side suited to the man poetic feelings and imagination, it quiescent and contemplative side suite to the man of peace and lover of seclusion".

This has been the Hindu outloo and conviction all through th ages. What is the attitude Hinduism towards the spiritu evolution of humanity, towards other religions and towards its own doctrines? Let me quote to you from the *Gita:*

यो यो यां यां तनुं भक्त्या
श्रद्धयार्चितुमिच्छति ।
तस्य तस्याचलां श्रद्धां
तामेव विदधाम्यहम् ॥

"Whoever follows any faith and worships me under whatever denomination and in whatever form, with steadfastness of purpose and of faith, his steadfastness and his faith shall I recognise and reinforce".

Though Hinduism may be regarded as multiform, its underlying characteristic may best be expressed in these suggestive lines:—

> *"Sow a thought and you reap*
> *an act;*
> *Sow an act and you reap a*
> *habit;*
> *Sow a habit and you reap a*
> *character;*
> *Sow a character and you reap*
> *a destiny".*

That doctrine of the infinitude of experience and the comprehensiveness and binding character of Karma constitutes the cement, the cohesive element, in integrated Hindu thought. Let us analyse the matter with some care. What is the main doctrine or the teaching of the Vedas? Interspersed among the Vedas are the sayings which have been reproduced and expanded later on in the Upanishads and which constitute the foundations of the several Vedanta schools of thought and philosophy. But by and large, the Vedas may be described as devoted to things ceremonial and sacrificial, or as hortatory just as the Exodus and Deuteronomy and Leviticus in the Christian Bible are ceremonial and sacrificial, as well as the parts of the Quran. The *Upanishads* and the *Brahma Sutra* and *Gita* are the flower and quintessence of the basic Vedic concepts.

Lord Buddha who was born seven centuries before Christ and was probably contemporary with the early Upanishads, accepted the basis of Hinduism. He accepted even the pantheon of Hinduism but sought to transcend it. He denied the efficacy of Vedic ceremonies and sacrifices. He stood for a rigid logical system of self-perfection designed ultimately to dissolve the self in the great Self which he pictured as essentially impersonal. He was termed in his days as *Nastika,* an atheist. So were the Thirthamkaras, and the great Mahavira, the protagonists of Jainism, termed atheists. And yet, today, the Buddha is regarded and venerated as an *avatar* and Buddhism has profoundly influenced all later Hindu religious development.

Thus, therefore, when we turn to Buddhism and Jainism, we find that what were termed atheistic philosophies have come within the ambit of the Hindu faith. We find in the Sikh doctrine, the Lingayat doctrine and the Bhakti cults including the developments associated with Kabir, Tukaram and the great Saivite and Vaishnava Saints, efflorescences, by-products, and offshoots of the Hindu faith.

Each race, each individual, has a heredity, has an environment, has a background, has inherited certain aptitudes and instincts; and religion is a product not only of mental outlook and effort but of heredity, age-long ancestral, racial and other tendencies operating obscurely and mysteriously in the case of each individual consciousness. To jettison a faith that has been ours and to take up another faith is a serious responsibility—not a responsibility that we should shirk if a real call comes but certainly not one lightly to be embarked upon. This action is manifested in the *Gita's* teaching as to स्वधर्म (one's own Dharma).

Christ's Gospel was one of justice and mercy along socialistic and communistic lines. He anticipated many of the doctrines which are today preached under other names. When a youth, the heir to great wealth, went to him and said in substance "My Lord. I am hungering for the life eternal. What shall I do?", the first answer of Jesus Christ was, "Follow the Commandments. Honour thy father and mother. Do not commit murder; do not steal. You know the Commandments". The young man said: "I have followed these Commandments. I have not wilfully or deliberately sinned. And yet the thirst and hunger in me unquenched". Then Jesus Christ said in substance: "You are a man many possessions. Sell all t goods that you have and give th proceeds to the poor, and the come to me". The young man wa so wealthy and so attached to hi worldly power and his wealth th he could not and would not obe that direction. What Jesus Chri

> **Hinduism is the name which has now been given to our system, but, its real name has always been Sanatana Dharma or the Eternal Law. It does not date from a particular point of time or begin from a particular founder. Being eternal, it is also universal. It knows no territorial jurisdiction. All beings born and to be born belong to it. They cannot escape this law, whether they concede its binding force or not. The eternal truth that fire burns does not depend for its validity upon our allegiance to it. If we accept that truth, so much the better for us. If we do not, so much the worse for us. In either case, the law is there, immutable, universal and eternal. Such is our Sanatana Dharma.**
>
> —H. H. Late Chandrasekhara Bharati of Sringeri.

said on that occasion is very familiar: “It is easier for a camel to enter the eye of a needle than for a rich man to enter the kingdom of Heaven”. That preaching was essentially communistic as well as other-worldly.

On another occasion Jesus Christ, when he entered the temple, went to the place where there were money-changers and sellers of doves and other sacrificial offerings. He remonstrated and drove out the money-changers. Many interpretations have been given of such stories. Two opinions have been expressed on the question of miracles. Anyway, this story also proves his attitude towards property and holders of property. How could he be otherwise? He was a product of the later Roman Empire and he and the Jewish territory were under the yoke of Imperial Rome. Therefore the iron entered the soul of the Hebrews who had been living on promises of the advent of a Messiah, whom most of them expected to be an earthly king. To them Christ preached a religion of sacrifice and of love and bade them turn aside from their fanatical and narrow faith. Jesus Christ has always been recognised by most Hindus as among the great Messiahs of the world.

To say that some of the present fundamentals of the Hindu faith were in existence before the rise of the Hindu religion in its present form is not to disparage Hinduism. Take Shakti worship. Today it is beginning to be recognised that the Shakti cult is anterior to the Aryan invasion and Siva and Shakti were known in Mohenjodaro. When the Aryans came and began to settle here, Shakti worship was part of their religious belief and practice. Where great ideas float in the air, those ideas are seized upon and utilised for the reformation, transformation and sublimation of the human soul. There is no rejection and there need be no spurning of any idea or aspiration excepting what is false.

> Believing as I do in the influence of heredity and being born in a Hindu family, I have remained a Hindu. I should reject Hinduism if I found it inconsistent with my moral sense or my spiritual growth. But on examination, I have found it to be the most tolerant of all the religions known to me because it gives the Hindu the largest scope for self-expression. Not being an exclusive religion, it enables its followers not merely to respect all the religions but also to admire and assimilate whatsoever may be good in them.
>
> **—Mahatma Gandhi.**

What gives to the Upanishads their unique quality and unfailing human appeal is an earnest sincerity of tone, as of friends conferring upon matters of deep concern.

—Prof. F. W. Thomas

The Claim of The UPANISHAD

● R. R. Diwakar ●

THE age of the Upanishads in the history of Indian thought followed that of the Vedas. There is much of intuitive thought and metaphysical speculation in certain portions of the Vedas also. But the Vedic age was predominantly one of deeds, of vigorous life, of rich and brilliant imagination, and of aspiration for good and full life. The age of the Upanishads is characterised by philosophical inquiry of a searching kind, of free and unfettered discussion, and replete with discourses on spiritual experiences. The naughty child Nachiketa, the fatherless Satyakama, the warrior-like woman Gargi, the spiritual-minded housewife Maitreyi, all eagerly seek spiritual illumination. The Upanishads may, on the whole, be said to be an intense inquiry into the world of spirit and spiritual experiences.

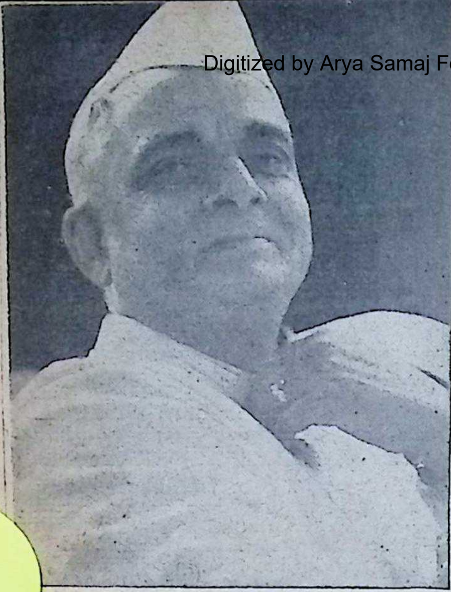
While the Upanishads and the *Gita* have been the sources of inspiration and masterly guidance for the Mahayogi Sri Aurobindo and many others, they embody experiences which Sri Ramakrishna Paramahamsa went through even without reading them. This means that they speak the language spiritual experiences which a common to all aspirants who tre the path with faith and follow with determination.

The Upanishads are not mou tains like the Himalayas nor river like the Ganges. Nor a they like the Pyramids. But even so, they have endured for the la three thousand years. They a as fresh today as they were cent ries before. Being but words a thoughts and experiences, the are in their very nature evan scent and ought to have vanish long ago. But they have lived long and with such vigour, a they still serve as sources of spir tual strength because those wh loved them have cherished and protected them all the time in o der to derive benefit from them The rose plant, though it has n natural agency or contrivance its own to perpetuate it, a though it is so thorny, people hav been taking care to preserve i and cultivate it with great ass duity. The secret is obvious.

Another reason why the Upan shads are so dear to seekers inner truth is that they have n dogma or fanaticism about them. They breathe an atmosphere of seeking, of free exchange of thought, of frank statement of experience as it wells up in the heart. It is like unsophisticated children discussing without any idea of foisting any thought on others or of feeling elated by victory in debate, or of having any motive of conversion. The freshness of the Upanishads is due to their tackling eternal questions in a simple way by giving illustrations that arise out of everyday experience. Theirs is the mixed and undefinable fragrance of the forests in which they were first born and breathed.

For what is it that we go to the Upanishads even now, when we have glosses and commentaries, well-woven philosophical fabrics and elaborate systems of thought? The Upanishads themselves once and often declare that they alone will have "abiding peace that passeth understanding" who know the Atman—*tesham shantih shaswati netaresham*. The inner peace that reigns without disturbance, the superabundant and innate joy that is beyond pleasure and pain is a reality of experience, and there is a standing invitation in the Upanishads to such a buoyant poise of consciousness. Awake, arise, approach the great ones and learn at their feet, say the Upanishads. At the same time, they say that this is not something which can be attained by mere intellect, only by listening to discourses. This requires *Tapas, Brahmacharya,* and guidance by a Guru or by the inner spirit.

We are utterly mistaken if we think that the Upanishads or their philosophy helps us to escape this Samsar or this worldly existence which we, through our weakness and ignorance, dub a "miserable." There is neither defeatism nor escapism nor any cheap temptation to ignore the world and its problems and the call to do one's duties. "Be constantly doing what ought to be done and thus aspire to live one hundred years. Thus alone and not by any other way can you proceed from hither. He who acts thus remains untouched by undesirable reactions of action," says *Ishawasya,* one of the oldest Upanishads. To a query as to who is the greatest among the knowers of truth, among the *Jnanis,* the *Mundaka* Upanishad replies, "he who is sporting with his own inner consciousness, his Atman, he who is immersed in it, and yet who is full of activity, he alone is the greatest." What further proof is necessary to convince us that the Upanishads are not for any anaemic philosophy of pessimism or the unnatural and impossible doctrine of inaction? They stand for a philosophy of life which, instead of preaching mechanical renunciation of the material world by souls frustrated in their career, gives a call for a life of positive joy—*Anand*—which cannot be snatched away by the passing breath of pain or pleasure. The Upanishads



Sri R. R. Diwakar.

do preach *Tapas,* that is, "heating", concentration of thought and intense application in the pursuit of a single ideal but not mere meaningless austerities or privation or fasts or ascetic observance of abstinence without inner detachment. They do stand for renunciation and they declare that renunciation alone (*thyagenaikena*) leads to immortality. But this renunciation is detachment; "enjoy through renunciation," says the *Isha* Upanishad. Neither death nor darkness, neither escape nor defeat, neither ignorance nor weakness of any kind is tolerated by the Upanishads. Destination immortality, destination illumination, destination the true, the good, and the beautiful (*Satyam, Shivam, Sundaram,* or again, *Satyam, Jnanam, Anantam*), is written on th portals of the Upanishads. For, i the Upanishad, the eager seeker i quest of spiritual experience implores, "lead me from the evanescent to the eternal, to the ever-existent, lead me from darkness to illumination, and lead me from death to immortality." It may b mentioned in this connection that most of the seers of the Upanishads were house-holders and they lived a normal family life. Some of them were ruling princes and warrior kings. Some were living with their wives and children and disciples in simple forest homes. Yajnyavalkya, the great Rishi of Brihadaranyaka, was a family man with two wives and enough property to be shared by both of them. He was pleased, when, at the debates held by King Janaka he saw the prospect of getting a thousand cows with a bit of gold tied to both the horns of each of the cows. The boy Satyakama was asked by his Guru to tend cattle till their number increased manyfold. When he returned, the Gurupatni, the mother of the *Ashrama,* took compassion on him and tried to persuade her husband to initiate him into the real wisdom of the spirit along with others.

The Upanishads seem to speak the language of negation when they say that truth is "not this," "not this." But they have a positive gospel to preach, of joy abounding, spirit triumphant. "Anand" is the very essence of the spirit. It is an inalienable attribute of the very stuff of consciousness. It is from *Anand* that everything that is in existence has issued forth as from a mother, it is by virtue of *Anand* that all things live and continue to be, it is towards *Anand* that they proceed, and finally it is in *Anand* that they merge. Further, the Rishi puts a query, "how else and by virtue of what, could any one breathe or for the matter of that, could any one live at all even for a moment, if this universal space were not full of and dense with *Anand?*"

Ours is said to be the age of science, and undoubtedly it has done much to make our lives happier. But can science as understood today give us everything that we want? Can it give us inner peace which everybody hankers after? Can it give us the experience of identity which makes men of God like Gandhi declare that "all life is one" and enable them to base their ethics on it? There is no doubt, that we are all in dire need of these things and we all are thirsting for them. For, no amount of enjoyment of material things, no mastery, however perfect over the world of matter can give us a hold on the inner world of consciousness. It is here that the Upanishads step in and say that the pursuit of *preya* (that which is pleasing to the senses) is unending. The mind's desires go on expanding in inverse proportion to their satisfaction. Even when the very temporary satisfaction seems to be there, our mind is already seen thirsting and planning for new and fresh pleasures.

The first man who produced fire by mechanical means must have been looked upon as one who had mystic powers. Those who exclusively belonged to the age of steam must have looked upon electricity as a miracle. The atomic power is certainly one that is mysterious and ununderstandable to many. But to an atomic scientist it is child's play. I am inclined to say that like many other powers, consciousness is a power whose full significance has not yet been explored. The science of Yoga and perhaps the trained Yogi knows much more of it than other scientists, but it is not less of a science therefore. Conscious control over our sympathetic nervous system might be a miracle to others but it is a common feat for a Yogi to stop his pulse and heartbeat, to enjoy long spells of breathlessness while the mind is attuned with the Infinite. It is true that Patanjala Yoga is not expressed or presented in terms of modern science. Science is the knowledge of natural laws verifiable by experiments and attestable to man's rational faculty. For those who care to know and investigate, Yoga can demonstrate that consciousness is a power which can be controlled and utilised like any other power. *Chit-Shakti* is the term used for the power of consciousness. Every man and woman has it. But it is usually scattered and spilled aimlessly and it runs in various directions like a stream running down a slope.

If one wants to control it, Patanjali, like any other hydraulic engineer, gives a tip. He says, the purpose of Yoga is to stop the spilling of this power by stopping the modifications of consciousness. That may correspond to putting up a dam to store hydraulic energy. When thus under control, one can concentrate it on anything to use it for purposes one wants. In order that there should not be any misuse, one has to be careful and go slow by first observing the Yamaniyamas, the rules of purity, non-stealing, non-injury, and others.

The power of our consciousness which is the real stuff of conscious life is today like a pedigree racer which is unbridled and unsaddled and runs about by itself. It consumes all its energy in running its own errands and doing what it pleases. We ought to develop a scientific outlook as regards this inner power of ours. We must study its laws and bring it under complete control with a view to use it for the best purposes it capable of, but always consist with the all-sided development each individual as well as of t whole of human society. T has to be necessarily along t line of evolution. If from ape man has been a mighty step, fr man to superman would be mightier step. Since we are s conscious beings, let us play o own part also in this grand dra of evolution. The Upanisha show us the way of being maste of ourselves and once we are ma ters of ourselves, we can be ma ters of both the worlds—the inn and the outer—because it is the development and control of th inner power that is necessary fo a balanced development. Let u hearken to the call of the Upan shads when they say, "it is Atma about which we should listen fro people who know, it is Atman tha we should visualize, it is Atma again that is to be meditated upo it is Atman that is to be conce treated upon constantly."

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Stop this Slant to Suicide

S. K. Patil

IT is the fashion to swear by democracy. But it is time we drained our mind of a lopsided conception of the tenets of democracy.

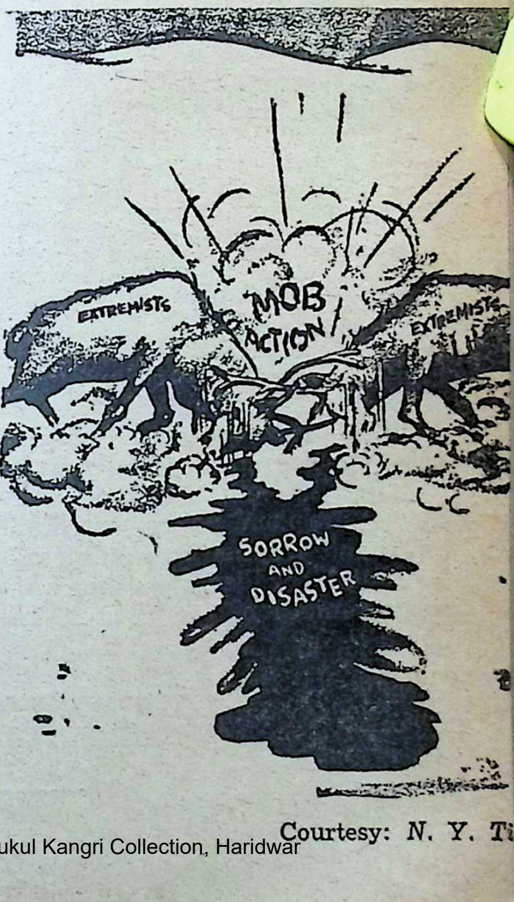
Democracy authorises party interests and even conflicts. But democracy has never taught that such conflicts should be conducted in a way which will jeopardise the very foundations of the State.

It is not open to any group to try to coerce a government freely chosen by the people into submission. No government is infallible; faulty or hasty decisions are at times taken by the most well regulated government. In democratic countries such defects are corrected by popular criticism.

If the government is irresponsive, it is replaced in course of time by the electorate. But no right thinking person can countenance, much less encourage, government being changed by subversive methods.

Democracy cannot be allowed to be hamstrung out of consideration for elements whose precepts and practice run counter to the fundamental concepts of freedom and democracy.

Any sort of direct action is out of place in a democracy. Professor Barker who is an eminent constitutional authority has something to say on this subject over which the country will do well to ponder: "Those who obtrude the rapid dramatic stroke into the process of discussion may believe that they are adding an argument; but an argument which is really an act admits of no answer but a counter-act; and when politics be-



Courtesy: N. Y. Ti

come a matter of acts and counter-acts, discusion has ceased and faction begun."

The anti-democratic heresy has its own lure and its own glamour. For emotion is easier than intelligence, enthusiasm is cheaper than understanding, dogmas and slogans are handier than systematic organised thought and prejudice is a cheaper commodity than reason. But India must strenuously fight this dangerous dogma if she is to survive and prosper. We must argue where some are content to shout; we must prove where they are only too ready to assert.

This is not an issue relating to this party or that party alone but one concerning the entire future of political development in this country. For a sound party system can grow in a democracy only when the natural pride of individuality and sense of personal choice within the party are subordinated to the authority of the collective will and the discipline of the collective decision.

Political freedom has brought great opportunities for India—opportunities both for good and evil. If freedom peters out into licence and eruption of widespread indiscipline or leads to narrow private ambitions, India will be lost.

Among the rival ideas which seem to clash with each other are those of order and freedom. It is obvious that we cannot have o without the other. Order witho freedom is tyranny; freedom wit out order is anarchy. What needed for progress is equilibriu between them and this fact has be intelligently grasped.

The young Indian democracy being assailed by the indisciplin and blatant self-assertion of indivi duals and groups impervious t the national welfare.

What is required today is movement of imaginative unde standing of the free society an the knowledge and love of the m ral law on which it depends an irradiate it with a spiritual disc pline which will reject the tempta tions of lawless thought and law less action.

> We do not slay our enemies when we slay our brothers; we merely multiply them. Hate, fear, ill-will, greed, ignorance, pride, racial and nationalistic bigotry—these are the real enemies of my country, and your country, and every country.
>
> —**Dr. Harold Phillips.**

Immortal India—82

J. H. Dave

MODHERA

MODHERA is a small village about 18 miles to the south of Patan between the railway stations of Chanasma and Becharaji in north Gujerat. It was famous for its very magnificent Sun temple. The country around this village of Modhera is flat. It is situated on the bank of a small streamlet known as Pushpavati. The exact date of this Sun temple is not known but from an inscription on a stone dated 1026 A.D. it appears to belong to early 11th Century. At present there are only small hamlets. But the ruins of the old structure of a prosperous city are still visible in this area. The entire area is strewn with broken images and other remnants of sculpture and architecture.

In front of the temple there are remains of a big lake which was known as Rama Kunda or Surya Kunda. Farroukhi paid a glowing tribute to Modhera. Mudher, he said, had a tank which dazzled the eyes of thought; the more one thought of the tank the less one became of praising it adequately. The tank was of very wide expanse and could accommodate 1,000 small temples. From the description of Farroukhi it is surmised that, when Mohammed passed through this region there was no Sun temple at Modhera, though, of course, as stated earlier a stone inscription dated 1026 A.D. has been found in Modhera. Some people are inclined to believe that the excellent workmanship of the Modhera temple should lead us to ascribe to it an early date. Images of Goddess Sitala, Vishnu, Moon and Ravana are also found in this area. It is said that this Modhera temple had an excellent dome but that the same was blown up by gun powder by the Muslims. Inside the *sanctum sanctorum,* tradition says that there was a standing image of the Sun god. There is also a passage specifically reserved for *pradakshina.* The pillars contain sculptures representing scenes of *Ramayana.* Near the Sabha Mandapa there is a dancing hall, in which are depicted scenes from *Mahabharata.*

Around the main temple of the Sun, there were numerous other temples in this area. It is clear that this temple of Modhera of the Sun God was constructd according to the rules of the Silpa Shastra. The temple is about 51 feet long and 25 feet broad. The ceiling rests on pillars which are about

13 feet high. It is stated that the dome of this temple was similar to domes on the Jain temples at Abu and Girnar. On the walls at many places there are images of the Sun. One peculiarity of these Sun images is that they have long shoes, foreign in appearance, with straps on leather. Even the traces of female dancers and the beards of the men along with these heavy boots of the Sun God, show the Persian influence, particularly of the Maga-brahmins who are stated to have come from that region.

Sun is a Vedic deity. It is one of the clearest natural phenomena visible in the sky. The Sun is worshipped in *Rigveda* in several forms. In his form as Mitra, he is not only worshipped independently but is also worshipped associated with Varuna. As the rising Sun destroys darkness and enlightens everything, he is naturally called the friend or *Mitra* of all. Vishnu is also considered as one of the forms of the Sun God and the three steps of Vishnu, which later developed into the Vamana Avatara of Vishnu, are considered as the three positions of the Sun in the morning, noon and evening, when the Sun crosses the entire firmament. The most famous prayer of the Vedas is the Gayatri *mantra,* which is an invocation of the Sun god. It is to be repeated morning and evening when the disc of the Sun is rising or setting. As a matter of fact, the initiation ceremony of every twice born boy takes place with this Gayatri *mantra.* In the *upasthana,* wh is part of the Sandhya cerem performed by every Dwija, th are *riks* which state that the S god can cure a person of diseases, especially of leprosy a the heart disease; and it is sta that poet Mayura was actua cured of leprosy on his compos 100 verses in adoration of the S God. Every child athlete in In is asked by his teacher to perfo Surya Namaskaras. The figu '12' is specifically connected w the Sun. It is believed that the are twelve Adityas or forms of t Sun. Perhaps this has referen to the Sun moving in the twel *rasis* during the course of twelv months in a year.

The Sun is moving in a chari with seven horses. The chariote of the Sun is Aruna but he is su posed to have only a bust witho any hands or feet. Some schola have coined the word "Aru Chitra" for only a bust represe tation of a man in a picture, wit out hands or feet. Though in late times, the Sun found a place in th *panchayatana* deities viz., Siva Sakti, Vishnu, Ganesh and Sury the Sun was thrown in the bac ground. The principal place importance was taken either Siva, Vishnu or Sakti and in latt times by Ganesha and in Sou India, by Skanda.

It is said that Vishnu, in Ved times, was an aspect of the Su God. After Vishnu worship b came more prevalent, Sun worsh was on the decline. But Sun w always described as Surya Narayana and one famous verse says that God Narayana is to be contemplated upon as seated in the disc of the Sun.

In the Yuddha Kanda of *Valmiki Ramayana*, at the request of Sri Rama, Agastya came to him and imparted to him the knowledge of the *Adityahridaya stotra*, by which one could defeat his enemies and attain victory. It is contained in Sarga 105 of Yuddha Kanda.

In the *Sata Rudriya* of *Yajur Veda*, Siva is identified with the visible disc of the Sun in the sky, whom all creatures and even water-fetching damsels of villages could easily spot. The Sun is one of the eight *moortis* of Siva.

It appears that after the epic period and between the rise of the Muslim Empire in India, many tribes worshipping the Sun came down to India from Persia and other north-western countries beyond the boundaries of India. On their arrival here they found their level and they absorbed the worship and ways of life of Indian people here. Even though the Sun worship had become secondary in India, the arrival of these new Sun-worshippers gave an impetus to the ancient Sun worship in India and in certain parts of the country the Sun worship came into prominence with redoubled vigour. Temples came to be constructed for the Sun God. There were famous temples of the Sun in Western India particularly in Gujarat and Saurashtra and Kutch, during this period. Sun worship was also in great vogue in Orissa, where the magnificent temple at Konarak is still standing as a monument. So also it was in Kashmir where the remains of the Martanda temple are still in existence. We find evidence of Sun worship in many parts of India.

Varahamihira who was a worshipper of the Sun god has invoked the Sun god in his works. In his *Brihat Samhita* he specifically states that the images of the Sun God should be consecreted by the Maga brahmins who are considered as special priests to the Sun God. It is stated that one of the sons of Lord Krishna by name Sambha constructed a temple of the Sun God in Punjab.

The Magas are supposed to have been born of *Jarasabda*. They were putting on a belt round their waist and this belt was peculiarly called *Avyanga*. This heridity of the Magas and the word *avyanga*, and their several other details, connect these Magas with Persia, and Avyanga is being identified with Aivyaonghen of *Avesta*, which is identical with Kasti put on by the Parsis. The Maga brahmins were traditionaly known to have come from the Saka Dwipa and they are identified with the Magi priests of Persia. Hiuen Tsang noted in Multan a great temple of the Sun God. The same temple was also seen by Alberuni. It was destroyed by Aurangzeb. Varahamihira states that the image of the Sun must be so constructed that the nose, the forehead, the thighs, the cheeks and the chest must be sufficiently high and developed; the dress of the Sun deity must be similar to that of the residents of North India; the image must be covered from chest to the legs. There is a garland on the chest, *kundala* on the ears, a lotus in the hand and a belt or *avyanga* around the waist. The deity must have a jewelled head-dress. The face should be smiling. Foreign shoes of the Persian type are found on the images of the Sun god.

It is possible that in the times of the Chalukyas of Gujarat when art, sculpture and architecture were at their height, this magnificent temple of the Sun god was constructed at Modhera. It was in the eleventh century that Vimala Shah, Minister of King Bhimdeva of Gujarat, constructed the famous Jain temples at Abu; and it would not be wrong to belive that the Modhera temple was also constructed during the same period. Construction of the Rudra Mahal at Siddhapur and reconstruction of the Somnath temple at Somnath Patan also took place during this period.

Modhera was also known as Modherapur. It is stated to be the original place from which the Modhera Brahmins and Baniyas have gone to different places. Mahatma Gandhi was a Modh Bania. Similarly the Kali Sarvajna Acharya Hemachan was a Modh Baniya. His pare had established themselves Dhandhuka and Hemachan charya took his initiation or *dik* in Jainism at Khambhat.

Varahamihira salutes the God with the following verse his famous Brihat Jataka:—

मूर्तिस्त्वे परिकल्पितः शशभृतो वर्त्माऽपुनर्ज
आत्मेत्यात्मविदां क्रतुश्च यजतां भर्ताऽमर
तिपा
लोकानां प्रलयोद्भवस्थितिविभुश्चानेकधा

वाचं नः स ददात्वनेककिरणस्त्रैलोक्यदी
रवि

"It is from the Sun that image of Moon has arisen (acc ing to another reading, Sun is of the eight 'moortis' of L Siva). The Sun God leads Moksha, from which there is return or rebirth. He is the S of those who know the Soul. is the Yajna of those who perfor the sacrifice. He is the giver light to all the planets. He capable of creating, protecting destroying the Universe. He described in a number of ways the Vedas. May this Sun God w is the beacon light of the th worlds with his multiple ra give us the power of speech".

Bhagawan Parashurama

PART III: IN A STRANGE LAND

● **K. M. Munshi** ●

PREVIOUS STORY

The Aryas led by King Divodasa of the Tritsu tribe and his High Priest Sage Agastya, are at war with Shambara, the king of Dasyus. Vishwaratha, the king of the Bharata tribe, is taken captive by Shambara. Shambara's daughter Ugra falls in love with Vishwaratha who accepts her as his wife.

Ugra gives birth to a son but is killed by Bhairava, High Priest of Dasyus. Agastya marries Lopamudra and Vishwaratha, Rohini.

Sudasa drives Vishwaratha from Tritsugram. Deeply grieved, Vishwaratha walks up the Gomantaka Hill seeking guidance from Lord Savita. He returns as Vishwamitra and is requested by Sudasa to become his High Priest.

After fifteen years, Renuka, wife of Jamadagni, gives birth to Rama. Disagreeing with others over Rama's education, Kavi leaves for Bhrigugram. Rama goes in search of him and on the way, is captured by strange men, when he gets acquainted with Shunahshepa, son of Ajigarta. He escapes. Vriddha spots him in the forest.

Six years after Rama's return to Jamadagni's ashrama, *Sudasa, now king of the Tritsus, invites Sage Vasishtha to be his High Priest. Shashiyasi, the Arya princess, is known to love the Dasyu prince Bheda, who runs away with her.*

Vishwamitra renounces office. Arjuna, a Sahasrarjuna, the king of the Haihayas, wants to kidnap Loma and take her to his Anupadesha. Rama persuades Arjuna's general Bhadrashrenya, the king of the Yadavas, to take him also with Loma. They arrive by boats in Saurashtra, and Arjuna being angry with Bhadrashrenya removes him from the office of General of the Haihayas. Rama teaches a lesson to Madhu and river Gomti. Rama brings Nagas into the village and starts an ashrama *there.*

8. the EMBASSY of the SHARYATAS

A NEW and more spacious *ashrama* rose on what was once the hated 'Field of the Nagas.'

In this new *ashrama,* Rama trained a hundred Yadava young men in the art of war and the rearing and training of horses. Prateep, who now lived there, was his lieutenant. Vishakha looked after the *ashrama*. Kurma and Ujjayant, the sons of the headman, managed all other affairs.

The Nagas belonging to the *ashrama* lived in a separate enclave, working for it and mixing freely with the Yadavas. As a result, this new community of the Nagas shed the terror-complex which was so common to the other Nagas. Whenever any Naga, even outside the *ashrama,* was in fear of death, he found an asylum there; and even some Nagas belonging to the adjoining Sharyata tribe ran away from their masters to seek safety under the protection of Rama.

In a few months' time the Nagas began to develop a new status which made it difficult for the Yadavas to treat them as before or extract work with the aid of the whip and the lash; and the status of the Nagas of the Yadava *gotra* also began to affect the status of the Nagas who served other Aryan tribes like the Sharyata tribe.

However, the elders of the Yadava *gotra,* who looked upon the
Nagas as their beasts of burd
became dissatisfied, though th
did not venture to express th
feelings. This dissatisfaction w
aggravated because the Nagas d
not do as much work as bef
This led to a curious result. M
and more Nagas were in dema
for serving the growing comm
nity. The demand, however, co
not be easily satisfied. Fresh
cruits were difficult to be secur
for that involved hunting for th
in the deep recesses of the fore
where they lived. This dro
some of the enterprising Yadava
to organise expeditions for captu
ing the Nagas in the forests f
quently. Such expeditions came
conflict with the similar ones
by the Sharyatas from their
joining territory. These led
severe conflicts between the t
tribes, resulting in tension.

Rama, apparently indifferent
these developments, pursued h
course of rescuing the Nagas wi
energy and thoroughness.

Rama was no longer a boy. T
and sinewy, fair like the God S
ya himself, he was worshipped
everyone who had thrown his
with him. But none loved h
more intensely than Loma. Oft
she dreamt of returning to h
homeland, Aryavarta and
among her own cultured peop
again; sometimes, overwhelmed
loneliness, she even shed tea
But she could not think of le

ng Rama, who was the one joy f her life. She lived in and for im. She was by his side in the ajnashala—the hall of the sacricial fire—as often as in the *asvahala* where the horses were traind.

Loma's attitude towards Rama ad now completely changed. She ould not look upon him as an ineparable friend, a part of herself, s she used to do before. She was ow a lover wanting to be one with him and a secret sorrow nawed at her heart. She knew hat Rama also treated her as a art of himself and fulfilled her lightest wish, but so far he had t come to look upon her as his eloved.

Loma had a great friend in ishakha, though she heartily disked her friend Kalvini, the young ife—and the fourth one—of the iddle-aged Kukshi, the High riest. She met Kalvini every day hen, with Vishakha, she went to he river bank to take her bath nd fetch water; for Kalvini never ame to the *ashrama* as her husnd hated Rama and did not penly like to keep any contact ith the *ashrama.*

Loma found that Kalvini was an fficious woman whose main purose in life was to win hearts by mile or glance. Loma knew that he never missed a single occaon to be present when Rama ent to see the King or visited any e of the elders; nor did she talk ith her on any subject other han Rama. She, therefore, had begun to look upon this plump, soft, voluptuous pussy-cat of a woman with deep mistrust.

As the disciples grew in number, Rama divided them into 'Satakas' or 'Hundreds'. Each 'Hundred' was trained as a compact group, the members of which lived, moved and had their being as a single unit.

Rama was strongly attached to his disciples. He looked after them with great solicitude. He spared no pains to train them, but he would suffer no breach of duty and had no mercy for the dilettante, the idler, the rogue or the grumbler. One day, when one of the disciples began to grumble, he lifted him off the ground and threw him down a precipice.

Though the disciples were trained rigorously, none of them could come up to Rama either in strength or skill, or the use of arms and horses. No one had the absolute fearlessness which he alone possessed. Above all, he released mysterious streams of faith which bound everyone who came near him by unwavering loyalty.

Instinctively, Rama wanted his disciples, his horse and his weapon to be the most effective.

Out of the ordinary axe, he evolved his favourite weapon, the battle-axe *'parasu.'* It was no longer an instrument to fell the tree or hit on the head. With its sharp, thin blade and strong handle, it became a terrific weapon of destruction which could be wielded on foot or on horse-back.

Within a few years, Rama's 'Satakas' were valiant groups of young men who rode powerful horses, each with a battle-axe of his own. And at the head of them was found Rama with his majestic face and commanding presence, and his *parasu*, the battle-axe, was the longest and the sharpest.

Bhadrashrenya was now very happy. Due to the organised strength which his young Gurudeva had imparted to his people, they were becoming strong. He could, therefore, look upon the future with some hope. Thanks to the young master, the Yadavas had already become powerful in Saurashtra. With the increased strength of the 'Satakas', they extended their territory in every direction, established check-posts on the frontier which touched the domain of the Sharyatas who, so far, had been the more powerful of the two tribes. Bhadrashrenya was now easy in his mind. Sahasrarjuna, his great Chief, was still busy with his expeditions beyond the Narmada and by the time he returned and directed his attention to Bhadrashrenya, the Yadavas would be too formidable to be crushed.

Revat, the King of Sharyatas, the father of Bhadrashrenya's youngest queen Revati, saw that the Yadavas were growing powerful and began to take steps to consolidate his own strength and extend his frontiers. This also led to clashes between the two tribes.

Another cause, led to a serious deterioration in the relations ween the two tribes. So far sea-faring traders of Patala (Hy rabad-Sind), when they came Saurashtra in their ships for tr ing horses for various merch dise, dealt with all the Aryas equal terms. The horse was most valuable instrument of Aryas in war and, therefo every fine horse meant ad strength in war.

These traders from Patala, wh travelling from the ports into interior, were, more often th not, looted by robber gangs belon ing to several tribes. This norm ly led to a free fight between robbers for their booty. Kurma however, with his extraordina ingenuity, stole a march over other tribes by entering into ne tiations with the traders. The t ders were to supply the fin horses to the Yadavas in retu for Rama's 'Hundreds' undertaki to protect their route from ports to the Yadava *gotra*. sooner were the negotiatio completed than Rama establish check-posts on the highway an his disciples began to keep roads clear of the robbers. As result, the grateful traders beg to present their finest horses Rama, and gave preference to Yadavas in their barter of hors

Revat, the King of the Shar tas, was very perturbed over the developments. With the Yada *gotra* growing in prosperity the 'Hundreds' riding their fi horses and dominating the co try side, the Sharyatas were losing the advantage in war. He, therefore, decided to bring things to a head. He invited all his tribesmen to a sacrificial session and sent his son, Jyamagha, to the ashrama of Bhargava to invite him to attend the sacrificial session and be the principal priest on the occasion.

When Jyamagha arrived at the *ashrama*, he was surprised to see how well the *ashrama* was organised. He also saw the disciplined strength of the 'Satakas' and was struck by the way in which they were being trained in arms and horsemanship. He realised the importance of the mission on which his father had sent him.

Jyamagha prostrated himself before Bhargava, presented him with gifts of cows and horses and respectfully invited him to preside over the sacrificial session.

Rama smiled indulgently. “Jyamagha, your father is very kind, but before I come, the Sharyatas would have to purge themselves of the sin they have been committing. If you give up *adharma*, I will call off the curse of the Maha Atharvan.”

“*Adharma?*”, asked Jyamagha in surprise. “Are we devoid of *dharma?*”

“Brother, yes, there is *adharma* among the Sharyatas” replied Rama affectionately. “If once your father decides to uphold *dharma*, there will be no need to send me any invitation. I shall come to you myself.”

“What do you want us to do, Lord?”, asked Jyamagha. Though he was not accustomed to the blunt manner of being talked to in this way, he could not help feeling humble in the presence of Rama.

After a few moments of silence, Rama said in accents slow and calm: “Jyamagha, tell your father that the Sharyatas should give up hunting the Nagas. It is *adharma* to capture the sons of Manu as if they were rabbits.”

“But the Yadavas also capture the Nagas in the forests,” said Jyamagha.

“I know they do. I wish I were their High Priest; I would then ban it. Bhadrashrenya is willing to do so and the expeditions are becoming fewer every day. And here, my *ashrama*, provides them a safe asylum. Why does not your father help me?”, said Rama.

“But, won't you, Lord, come to the sacrificial session and tell my father what you want him to do?”, asked Jyamagha.

“No. I will come if he bans the hunting of the Nagas, and no sooner he agrees to do it, I will see that the Yadavas stop it, High Priest or no High Priest,” said Rama.

Jyamagha shook his head signifying that that was not an easy matter. “I will convey your message, Lord, to my father. But we are a very high-spirited people. We do not like the Yadavas encroaching upon our territory when they come to hunt the Nagas.”

“The best way, therefore, is for

your father and Bhadrashrenya to agree to stop this hunt of the Nagas. It is the lowest of all *adharma*. And you can assure your father that the moment he agrees to stop the hunts, Bhadrashrenya will agree to do so," said Rama.

"Should I go empty-handed, Lord?", asked Jyamagha.

"No, Jyamagha," said Rama. "Take this message from me to your father. Tell him to make friends with the Yadavas, to send you with 50 young Sharyatas to live with me. You should associate yourself with Prateep in suppressing all robbers from looting or kidnapping the Nagas. You should join me in protecting the traders from any harassment in the Sharyata territory. I want your father to stand by Bhadr renya and spread *dharma* throu out Saurashtra. You cannot spr *dharma* by fighting the Yadav

"We do not want to fight the davas, I assure you," said Jya gha.

"But are you sure of yo father?", asked Rama.

When Jyamagha was leaving *ashrama,* Rama gave him his f message: "Tell your father, J magha, that I am not an ins ment for increasing the power Bhadrashrenya. To me he is o an instrument for spreading *dh ma.*" The voice of Rama had deep note of decision. 'If Bh drashrenya is attacked, I sh take it that *dharma* itself is tacked.'

[To be contin

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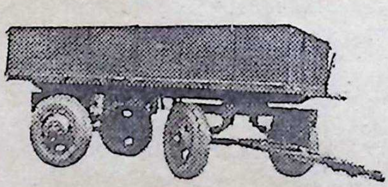

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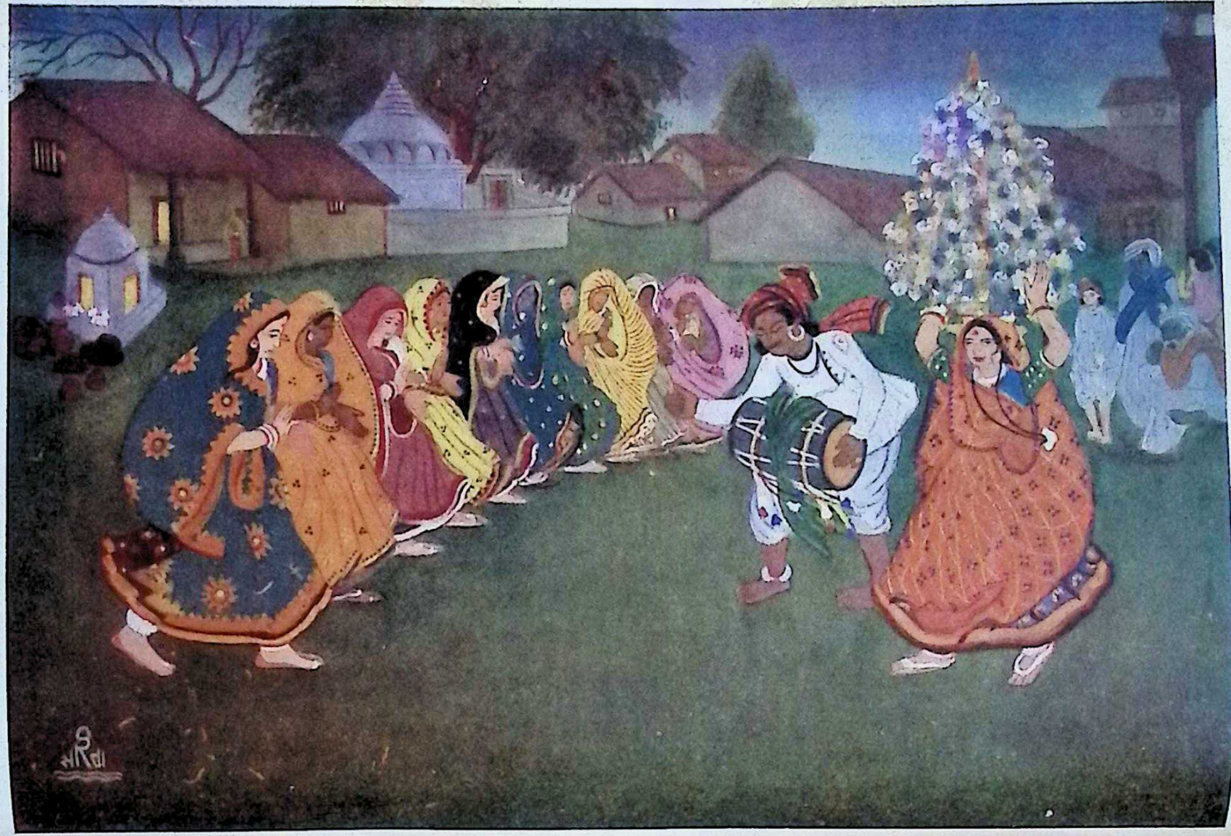
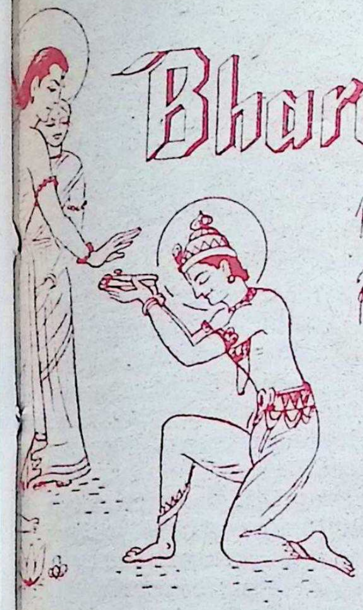


Bharata



P. Seetha Ramiah

THERE is to my mind only one character in the whole story of Ramayana, the immortal epic of India, which is most blemishless and noble and which shines forth with resplendent lustre; that is that of Bharata, my hero of Ramayana.

Like its twin epic of *Mahabharata, Ramayana* too contains certain lapses of Sri Rama, which seem to be at variance with the ethical standards of human conduct i.e. Dharma, at least as one understands it today. This is understandable because the primate bard realised only too well that his deification of Rama as an *avatar* might ultimately create in the minds of the common folk a feeling of awed despondency that it was after all God Almighty, who did all the great deeds and that it is not possible for an ordinary human being to accomplish such high objects.

Therefore Bhagavan Valmiki introduced such 'cliches' as the killing of Vali by Sri Rama from a hiding or his guileful manner of obtaining Brahma Dart from Queen Mandodari in order to kill Ravana. Such acts bring down Sri Rama from the high pedestal of a predestined incarnation of Maha Vishnu to an ordinary mortal.

PRIZE WINNING ENTRY
2

But in the case of Bharata, it is reversed. Here Valmiki with the craftsmanship of a master mind raises an ordinary insignificant brother to the lofty heights of a superman!

Hence for a layman Bharata is easier to follow and naturally his sympathy goes out to him at once. Bharata was younger to Sri Rama; he had not fought any Rakshasas as Sri Rama had, nor was he known for his outstanding valour as his elder brother. Yet he was an embodiment of virtue in all its glory.

Within his own sphere of activity he was a brother unrivalled in his devotion to Sri Rama, a regent honest to the core, a true Karma Yogi and above all, a king among saints!

Lakshmana did, of course, follow Sri Rama to the forests braving many hardships without food or sleep for fourteen years and slay Indrajit. Yet one cannot help feeling uneasy at his occasional outbursts of temper as for instance, when he talks ill of Dasaratha at his foolish banishment of Sri Rama or when he attributes all base motives to Bharata on seeing him at Chitrakoota. Sri Rama was always there of course to correct him.

But what about Bharata? If he were present at the exilement of Sri Rama, he would have been the first to follow him, not only to the forests but to the very end of the world! This was amply proved by his later actions of self abnegation and heroic sacrifices. Indeed the course of Ramayana itself would have been changed. For, Bharata would have abdicated the throne again in favour of Sri Rama and himself taken to forests to atone for the death of Dasaratha. Then perhaps we would have had not Ramayana but another Mahabharata! Alas, the Fate decreed otherwise and poor Bharata was ignorant throughout the enactment of the tragic drama.

When Bharata arrived in Ayodhya, the city looked 'like a woman cast away by her spou There was no mirth or joy a where. The streets were all em and everything looked gloomy a cheerless. He rushes to the ap ments of his father but is shoc to find them empty.

With a throbbing heart, he r to his mother, who first enqu of the welfare of her fath household. But the impati Bharata questions her about King of Ayodhya. When Kaik reveals the death of Dasarat Bharata collapses. He imme ately asks her about Sri Rama w is next to his father. When learns of the double tragedy a his mother's foul play, Bharat tender heart breaks down and swoons.

On regaining consciousness, whole frame shakes with ina culate rage. Anger, scorn, sor and pity are all warring in h The thought that he was the ca of all this misery is mortify him. With an uncanny cour and fortitude, he controls his ger. Yet his tongue fails him:

> "Your machination foul and wick
> Has killed my father and consig
> My noble brother to forest life;
> And you boast to me of this do
> achievement
> Yet I tear not your wicked mout
> And do you want me to complet
> This plan abominable
> By eagerly seizing my brot
> Crown?
> ....
> 'No, Dharma is not dead', he crie
> Dharma has survived wickednes

A person of lesser fry w have been perhaps only too ha at this unexpected windfall of power and wealth. It was quite lawful for Bharata to ascend the throne. He got it after all through his mother, whose one of the two boons was that he should be made the King of Ayodhya. He could, without the least compunction, have become the Emperor even by the tenets of Dharma.

Yet he did not stoop to it for, he did not approve of the means employed to get it.

It was Bharata, who first showed to the world that ends should always be justified by means. This self-denial of Bharata is typical of the Indian thought and her rich culture and it has few parallels in the history of human achievement.

After more than 3,000 years it was again given to Mahatma Gandhi to expound this fundamental necessity of every human achievement. Like Bharata he proved that things obtained through foul means cannot survive for long. Bharata knew well that the power and splendour offered to him were ill-gotten and so with the speed of a lightning he rejected it.

The self-reproach of Bharata is astounding. Having left his mother, he runs to Kausalya. On seeing her sorrowful and forlorn face, his grief overwhelms him again and he falls at her feet weeping bitterly. He cries:

"Mother dear! . . .
Your wretched son craves your blessing.
....
The evil woman that brought this about
The Gods and her sin could have struck her dead.
But how can I ask for that when this thief
That is son of her body is not dead but alive?"

The contrite heart of Bharata actually bleeds.

"Heaven's charioteer that drives
Darkness out of the world
Was father to this ancient royal clan.
Came a scion of that house to be born
Bharata, another name for shame
O! my mother, why was I born?"

Can there be a nobler son, a greater prince or a more devout brother? His mental agony is extreme. The thought that he, who was quite innocent, was made the cause of this unfortunate calamity is torturing the mind of Bharata.

His sorrow and self-pity could melt the stoniest heart and naturally the soft-hearted Kausalya could not withstand it long. Though she had first some misgivings about Bharata's sincerity, her vision is cleared up quickly. She gathers him up and presses him to her bosom. Then she pays him the highest compliment ever showered on him.

"Prince among Princes
Bharata, my son", she cried
"In the long line of your great race
There was none so noble as you, my son!"

Mark that it was a compliment from the mother of Sri Rama!

The Queens, the Ministers and Sage Vasishta are all perturbed about Bharata, who does not eat or talk and who is roaming about like a nomad. They summon an urgent council. Then Sage Vasishta preaches Dharma and advises him to take the reign as his father was dead and his elder brother was in forests. But Bharata would not yield. It looked as though 'he is offered a cup of poison to drink and die.'

He declares that he would go to the forest at once and bring back Rama and instal him as King. If not, he vows that he too would go to forests or die. Bharata's courage and nobility of character and above all his sense of duty are unparalleled. The joyous crowd applauds:

"Noble prince, you need no crown
Nor deeds nor sacrifices, religious.
The fourteen worlds may disappear,
Your glory shall, shall be
For ever and ever!"

So Bharata sets forth to Chitrakoota, with a large retinue of soldiers, elephants and cavalry in order to bring back Sri Rama. Lo, when everybody rode on elephants and horses, etc., Bharata walked! His devotion to his brother and his humility were overwhelming. How could he ride when Sri Rama had walked?

The Royal party reaches the banks of Ganga. The minister Sumantra informs Bharata about Guha, the Lord of the Jungle and the help he rendered to Sri Rama. Bharata at once orders his army to keep back and goes forward to greet Guha. Guha, who first suspects Bharata of ill intention of chasing Sri Rama, drops his bow on seeing the grief-stricken face of Bharata, his hermit's cloth
and anchorite hair.

Even before Guha could gr
him, Bharata falls prostrate at
feet of the jungle Lord! For, G
succoured Sri Rama when his
mother had wronged him. W
the mission of Bharata is reve
to him, Guha sheds tears of joy
the nobility of Bharata and he
turn falls down at the feet of
latter in gratitude. Says he:

"The Kingdom of the world was yo
....
You refused to touch the gift
Avoiding it as an evil thing
Grief is in your face
Like a great river dammed.
Admirable soul, your greatness
more
Than a thousand Ramas, believe
prince".

After taking leave of Guha, B
rata goes towards Chitrakoota
arrives at the hermitage of B
radwaja. The sorrowful sight
the former moves the sage
when he is informed of the prin
intention, he is overjoyed to

"The youthful prince by love
achieved
What sages by penance struggled
attain
True Sanyasa and self-command"

Now the Gods themselves w
at their wit's end! They
faced with a new problem.
rata's devotion to Sri Rama
so great that he might succee
getting him back! Then the
purpose of Vishnu's *avatar* w
be defeated. For, Ravana's m
was unchallenged in all the t
worlds and none except Sri R
could slay him. So the Gods,

the connivance of the sage arranged a clestial dinner for Bharata and his whole army. Everything beautiful and nice was brought; divine drinks, tasteful and delicious sweets, golden robes, beautiful men and women, huge golden palaces—most charming and attractive. Thus they thought they could divert Bharata from his quest for Rama.

Yet when everything is over, Bharata thanks the sage and to the utter disappointment of the Gods, sets out for Chitrakoota to bring back Rama.

The ever vigilant Lakshmana observes the large army of men led by Bharata. At once he informs Sri Rama about this. He is enraged at his brother's conceit. He requests Rama to permit him to fight Bharata alone. He would tear him and his army to pieces and instáll Rama on the throne! But Sri Rama knows the love-blind Lakshmana and counsels patience. He explains the folly of attributing such base motives to Bharata, who was a noble descendant of the Raghu race.

The meeting of Bharata and Rama is very poignant. Sri Rama is moved beyond depths, when he sees Bharata in clothes made of bark, his wasted form and anchorite hair, the very personification of grief! Lakshmana bows down his head in shame. Feelings of sorrow, joy and self-reproach overwhelm Bharata. He cries "Forgive me, O Rama! Why did you leave the throne?" Here Bharata's emotions overpower him and down he falls at the feet of Sri Rama.

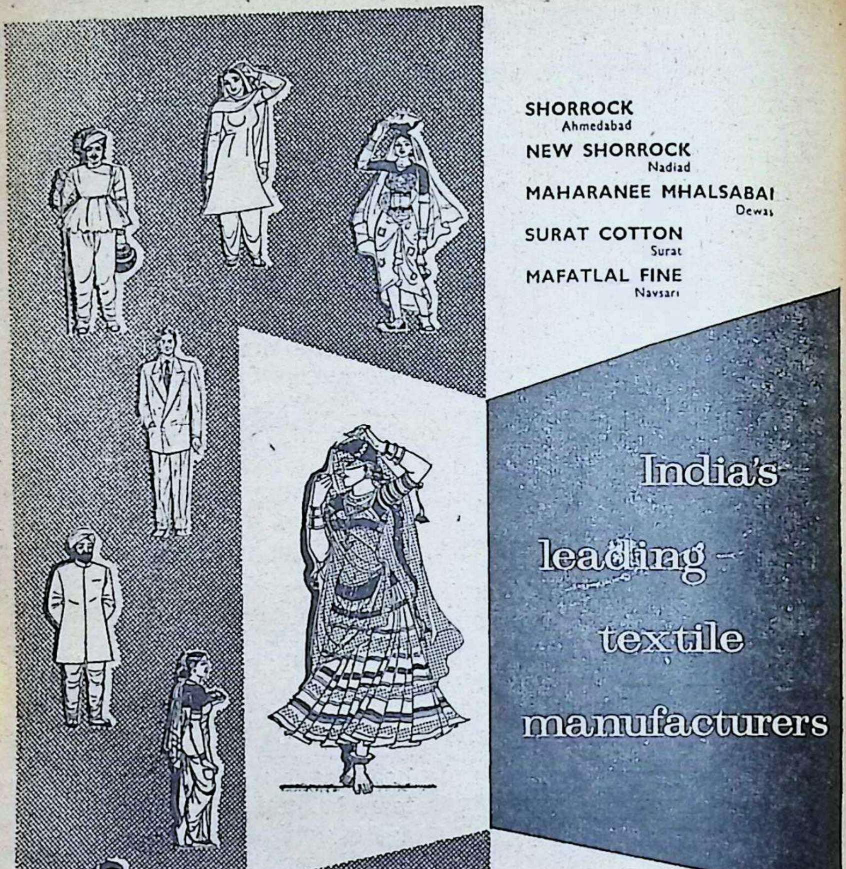
Rama too is in a similar state. He gathers his brother and both the brothers are locked in a warm embrace; 'Innocence and Compassion.'

The news of the death of Dasaratha plunges them all in sorrow once again. After obsequies by the brothers, Bharata pleads before Rama to come back to Ayodhya. After an exhaustive argumentation, Bharata takes a vow that he would be only a regent of Rama till he returns and at the end of fourteen years if his brother did not return he would commit suicide by entering into fire. Sri Rama, knowing the implacable Bharata, agrees to this.

Then Bharata asks for the sandals of Sri Rama as a blessing which the latter gives immediately. Bharata wears them on his head saying 'My crown!' With tears brimming in his eyes, he falls again at the feet of Sri Rama in humble salutation.

Bidding good-bye to all, he starts back on foot with sandals on his head. He instals them on the throne amidst bejewelled silks, muslins and pearls and diamonds with a golden umbrella over-hanging.

For himself he chooses only the bark for clothes and a mat for bed. Thus ruled the divine Bharata for fourteen years with unstinted devotion and unparalleled glory!



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the LANGUAGE of the DANCES

Shri PARVATI KUMAR
Shri YOGENDRA DESAI

In the 1956 Annual Number of the BHAVAN'S JOURNAL we published an exhaustive, illustrated article on the 'Hastha Mudras' used in Kathakali.

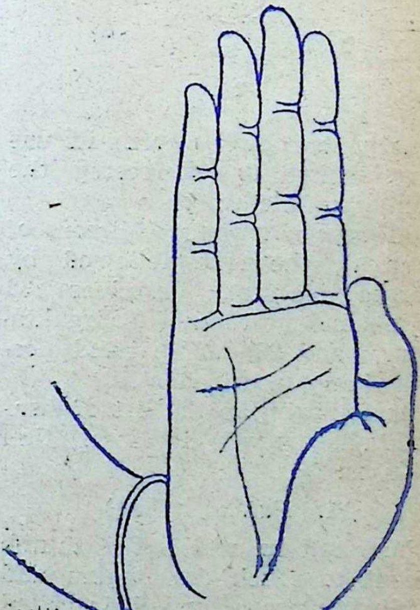
In deference to the wishes of many of our readers, we are now starting a new series entitled THE LANGUAGE OF THE DANCES, wherein will be given a detailed explanation of the various Mudras and 'abhinayas' used in different systems of Indian dancing.

The present article deals with 32 Asamyukta Mudras in Bharata Natyam.

THE Mudra or the language of the fingers varies with each classical dance-style. Though the Mool-Mudras or the root alphabetic gestures remain more or less the same, the meaning attributed and the word-formation differ in each dance-style. Kathakali, Bharata Natyam, Kathak and Manipuri are the four principal dance-styles in which the use of the Mudra-language is made in varying ways and with varying effects.

Kathakali has almost a complete language with grammar, and Kathakali actors converse with each other on the stage through Mudras with the same ease as the actors do in a drama through speech.

Bharata Natyam has also a complete language but it is not in



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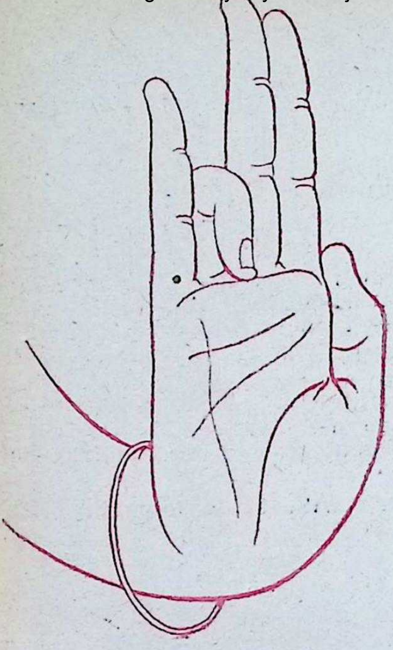

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vogue in its complete form, its use being limited to expressing the meaning of the songs.

Abhinaya Darpana (Mirror of Gestures), the text, followed by Bharata Natyam, describes 32 single hand postures (Asamyukta-hastas), and 23 double hand postures (Samyukta-hastas).

The following is the list of Asamyukta-hastas with its description and uses:

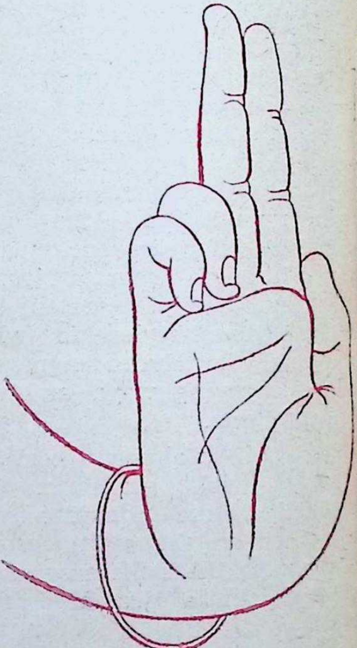
★1. *Pataka* (Flag)

The hand in which the thumb is bent to touch the fingers and the fingers are extended, is called Pataka.

Uses: beginning of a natya, clouds, forest, forbidding things, bosom, might, river, region of gods, horse, cutting, wind, lying down, attempt at going, prowess, favour, moonlight, strong sunlight, forcing open doors, meaning of seven case-endings, wave, entering a street, equality, accounting the body of one's ownself, taking oath, silence, palmyra leaf, shield, touching things, benediction, ideal king, saying 'such and such a place,' sea, the succession of good deeds, addressing a person, going forward, holding a sword, a month, a year, a rainy day, and cleaning with broom.

★2. *Tripataka* (A flag with three)

When the ring-finger is bent in a Pataka hand it is called Tripataka.



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Uses: crown, tree, *vajra*, (thunderbolt of Indra), bearer of *vajra* (Indra), Ketaki flower, lamp, raising flames, pigeon; patterns drawn on the face or breast (*patralekha*), arrow, and turning round.

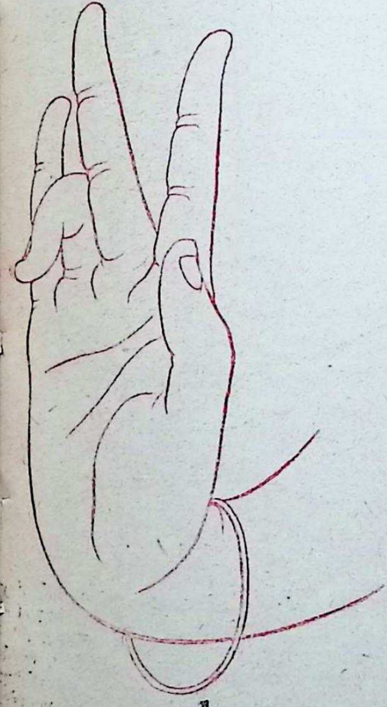
★ 3. *Ardhapataka* (Half-flag)

If the little finger of the Tripataka hand is bent down it is called Ardhapataka.

Uses: board or slab for writing or painting, bank of river, saying 'Both', a saw, knife, banner, tower, and horn.

★4. *Kartarimukha*

If the forefinger and the little finger of the same hand (Ardhapataka) are outspread it is called Kartarimukha.



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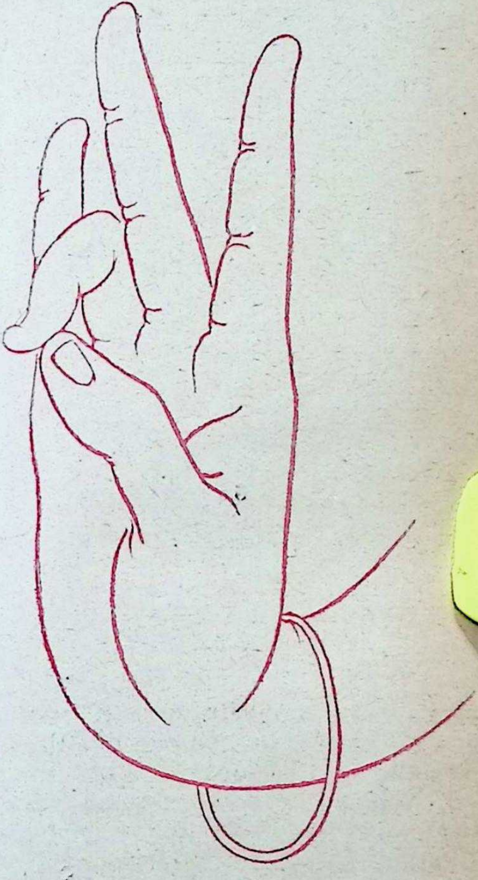

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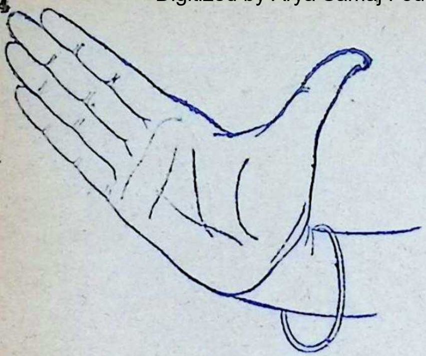
Uses: separation of man and woman, overturning or opposition, plundering, corner of eye, death, estrangment, lightning, sleeping alone during separation, falling and creeping.

★5. *Mayura* (Peacock)

When the ring-finger of the Kartarimukha hand is joined to the thumb and other fingers are ex-

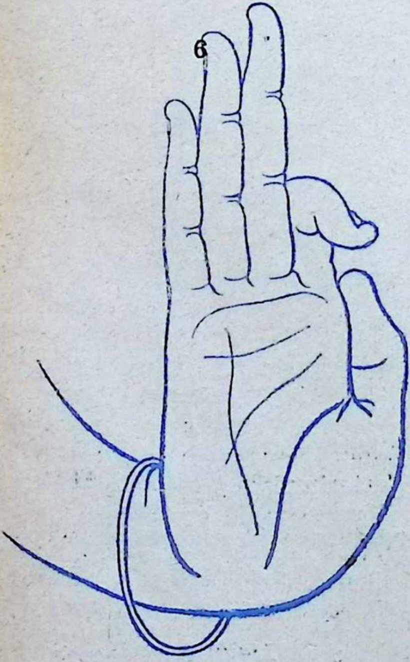


tended it is called the Mayur hand.

Uses: peacock's neck, creeper, bir vomiting, removing hair, ornament mark on the forehead (*tilaka*), scatte ing (agitating) river-waters, discussin *Sastras*, and a famous thing.

★6. *Ardhachandra* (Half-moon)

If the thumb of the Pataka har is stretched out the latter is calle Ardhachandra.



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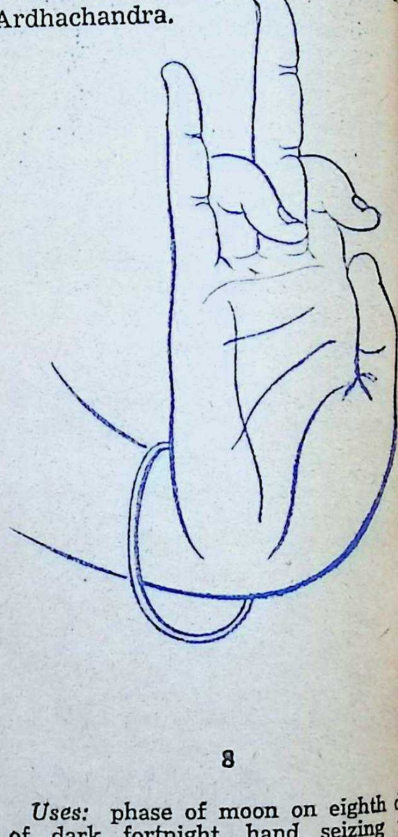

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Uses: phase of moon on eighth d of dark fortnight, hand seizing t throat, spear, consecrating image, di ing plate, origin, waist, musing, on own self, meditation, prayers, touchi limbs, and greeting by common peop

Wh
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★8.
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Mush

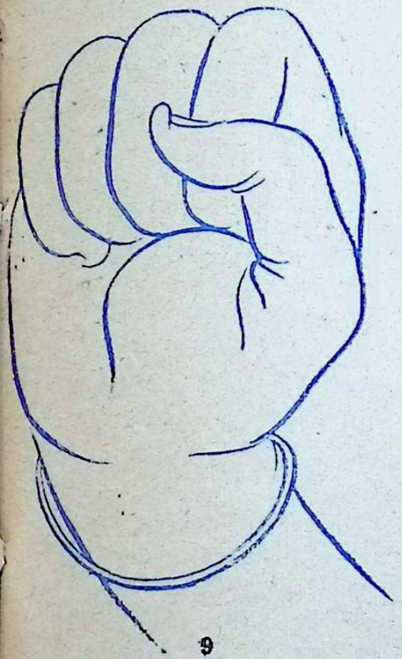
★7. *Arala* (Bent)

When the forefingers of the Pataka hand is curved the latter is called Arala.

Uses. drinking poison, nectar, etc. and violent wind.

★8. *Sukatunda* (Parrot's head)

Arata when its third finger is bent, is called Sukatunda.



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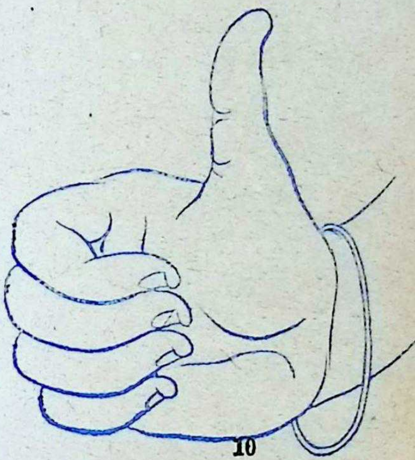
Uses: shooting of arrow, spear, remembering one's abode, saying of mystic things, and violent mood.

★9. *Mushti* (Fist)

When the four fingers are bent into the palm and the thumb is set on them that hand is called Mushti.



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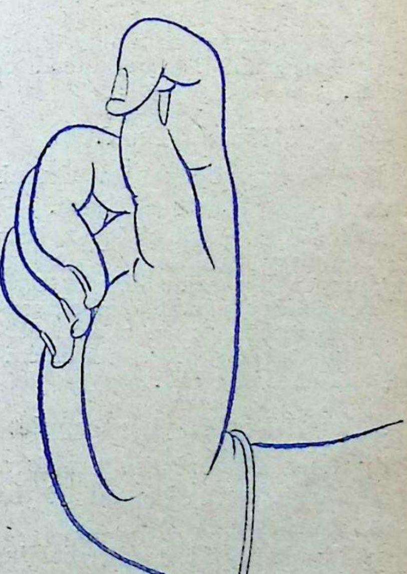

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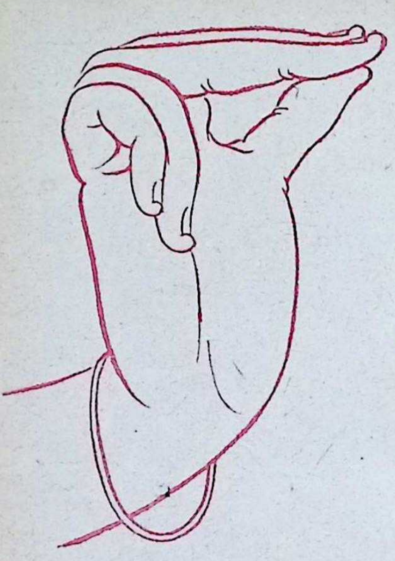

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Uses: steadfastness, grasping hair, holding things and fighting mood of wrestlers.

★ 10. *Sikhara* (Peak)

If Mushti hand has its thumb raised up it becomes Sikhara.

Uses: amour (or god of love), bow, pillar, certainty, making offering to manes, upper lip; something entered, tooth, questioning, phallic symbol, saying 'no', recollection, near about *abhinaya,* putting at the girdle, act of embrace, and sounding bell.

★11. *Kapittha* (Elephant apple)

If in the Sikhara hand the forefinger is bent over the top of the thumb, it is called Kapittha.

Uses: Lakshmi, Saraswati, holding cymbals, milking cows, collyrium, holding flowers at the time of *dalliance,* grasping end of robes, gathering of cloth and offering light.

★12 & 12a. *Katakamukha* (Ope ing in a bracelet)

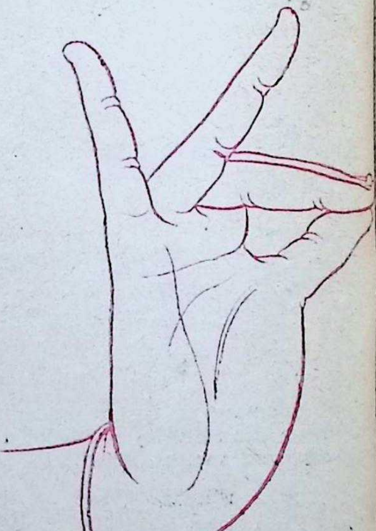
The Kapittha hand with th forefinger and the middle fing applied to the thumb is called th Katakamukha.

Uses: picking flowers, holding pea necklace or garland of flowers, drawi middle of bow, offering betel leave preparing the paste of mask and sand etc. by rubbing them against somethin applying perfumes to something, speak ing and glancing.

★13. *Suchi*

The Katakamukha hand with it forefingers raised is called Suchi.

Uses: number one, the suprem Soul (*Parabrahma*), one hundred, su city, world, saying 'like that' and 'that which', in the sense of crowdles threatening, growing thin, rod, body



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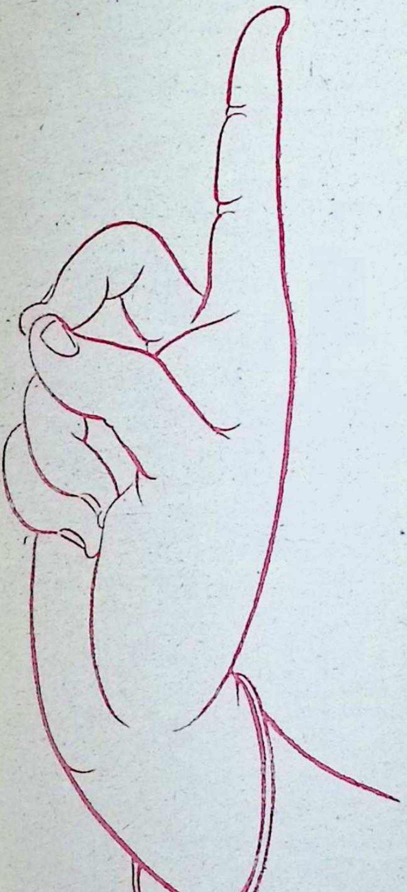
astonishment, braid of hair, umbrella, capability, hands, beating horn, potter's wheel, circumference of wheel, concentration and decline of day.



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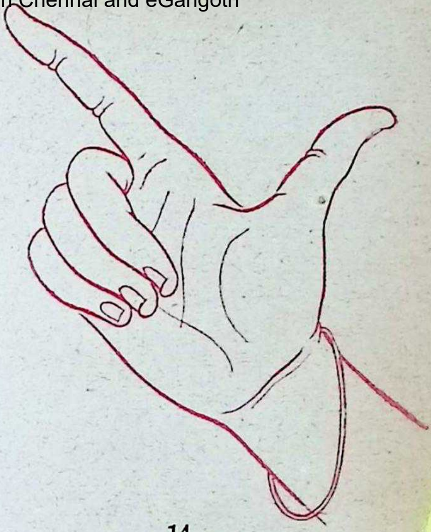
★14. *Chandrakala* (Light of the moon)

The Suchi hand after releasing the thumb is called Chandrakala.



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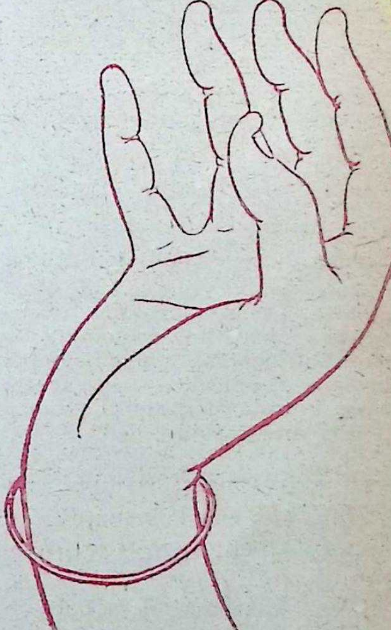

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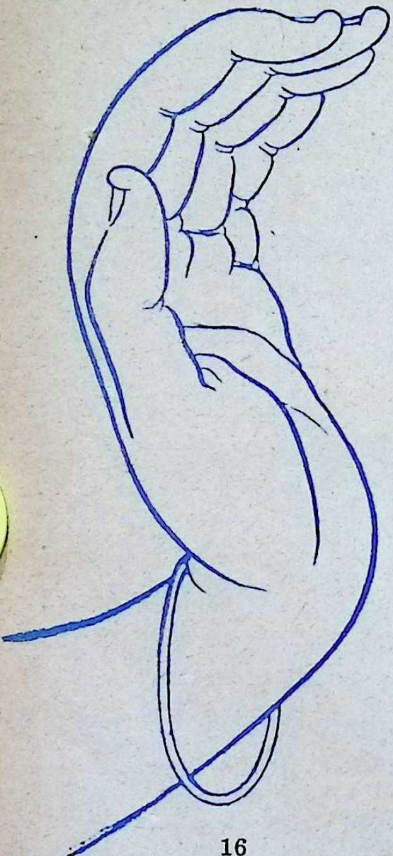

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Uses: the moon, face, span of the thumb and forefinger and objects of that shape, crown of Siva, Ganges and cudgel.

★15. *Padmakosa* (Lotus-bud)

When the fingers are separated and a little bent and the palm is also a little hollowed, the hand is called *Padmakosa*.

Uses: fruits such as the *bel* and
elephant-apple, round breasts of
man, circular movement, ball, coo
pot, taking meals, a flower-bud, ma
scattering flowers, cluster of flow
japa flowers, bell, ant-hill, lotus
egg.

★16. *Sarpasirsa* (Snake-hood

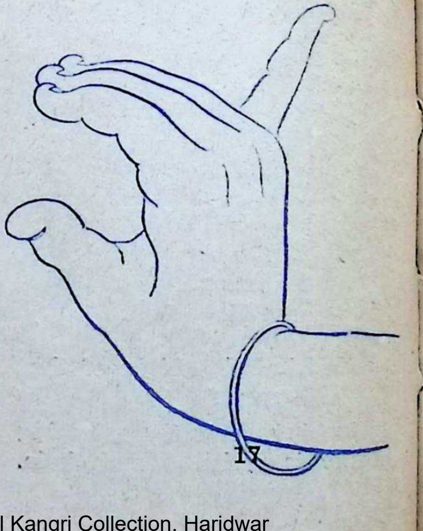
When the tip of fingers in
Pataka hand are bent it is cal
Sarpasirsa.

Uses: sandal paste, snake mi
tone, sprinkling, nourishing, giv
water to gods and sages, moving to
fro of the two *Kumbas* (the slight p
tuberances of the head) of elephant
arms of wrestlers.

★17. *Mrigasirsha* (Deer-head)

When the thumb and the litt
finger of the Sarpasirsa hand a
extended it becomes Mrigasirsh

Users: woman, cheek, wheel, li
fear, quarrel, costume or dress, call
tripundraka mark on forehead, de
head, lute, massage of feet, getting



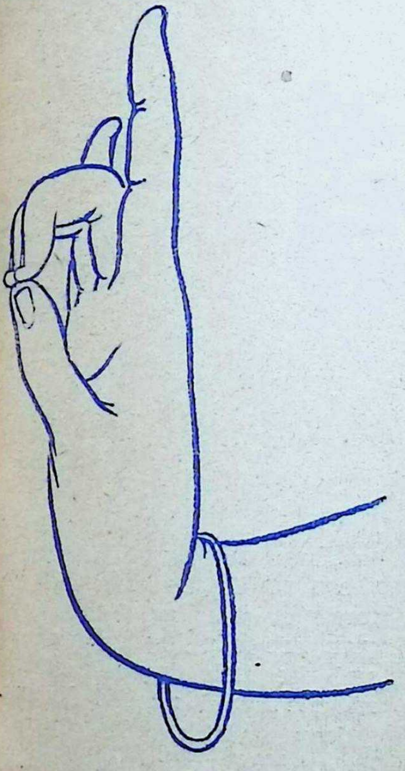
17

one's all, female-organ, holding umbrella, stepping and calling beloved.

★18. *Simhamukha* (Lion-face)

When tips of the middle and third finger are applied to the thumb and the rest of the fingers are extended the hand is called Simhamukha.

Uses: homa (sacrifice) hare, elephant, waving *kusagrass,* lotus garland, lion's face, preparation of medicine by physicians and purification.



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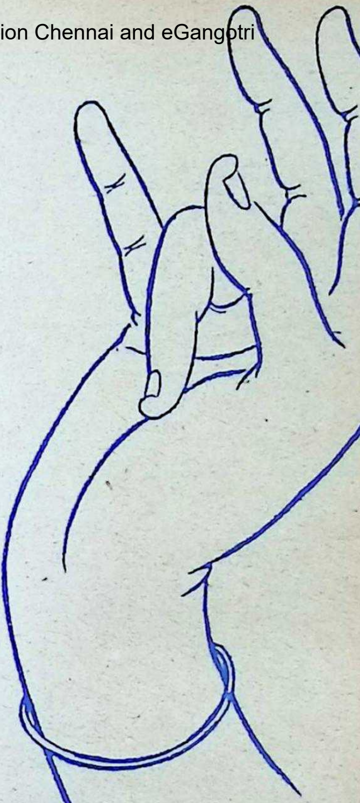

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★19. *Kangula*

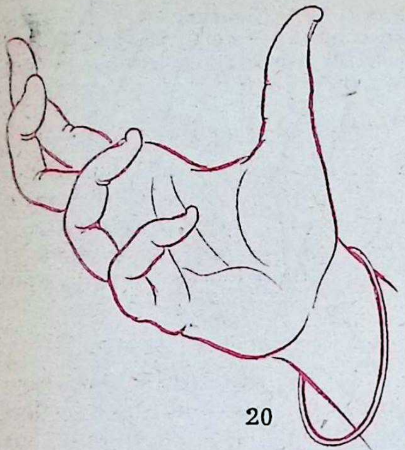
The Padmakosa, when its third finger is curved, becomes Kangula.

***Uses:* *lakuca* fruit, bells worn by children, any other bell, *partridge,* betel-nut tree, breast of young girl, white water-lily, *cataka* bird and *malikera* creeper.**

★20. *Alapadma*

When fingers beginning from the little finger are bent and separated from one another the is called Apapadma.

Uses: full blown lotus, elephan ple, circular movement, breast, se tion from beloved, looking glass moon, beauty, hair-knot, moon- village, height, anger, lake, cart, *ravaka* murmuring sound, and pra



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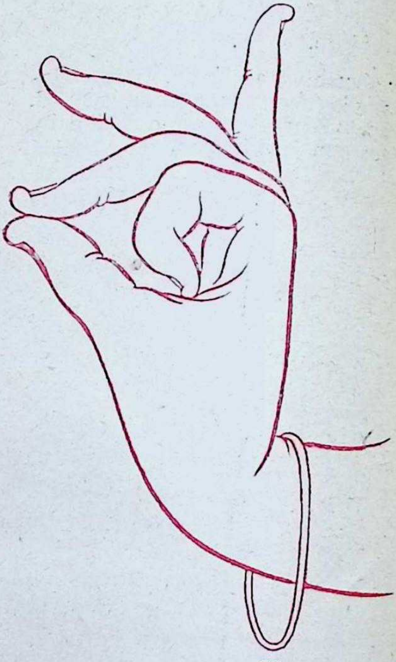

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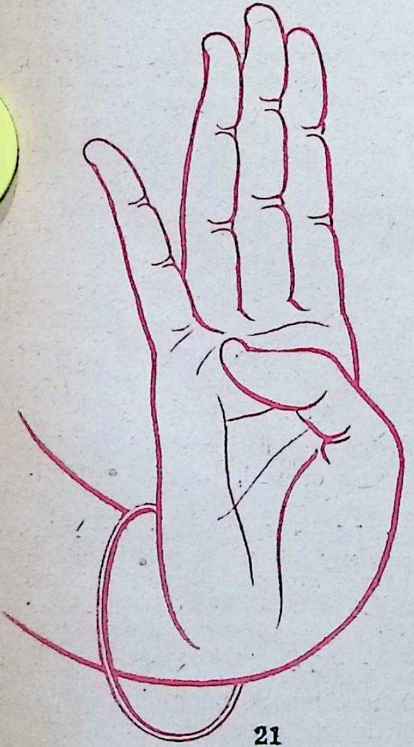

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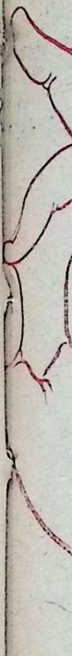
★21. *Chatura*

When the thumb is placed the foot of the third finger forfinger and adjoining two gers are clinging to one anot and the little finger is outstret ed, the hand is called Chatura.

Uses: A little, gold, copper, wet, sorrow, aesthetic pleasure, difference of castes, proof, sweetn slow gait, breaking to pieces, face, or ghee.



Wh
finger
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★2

If
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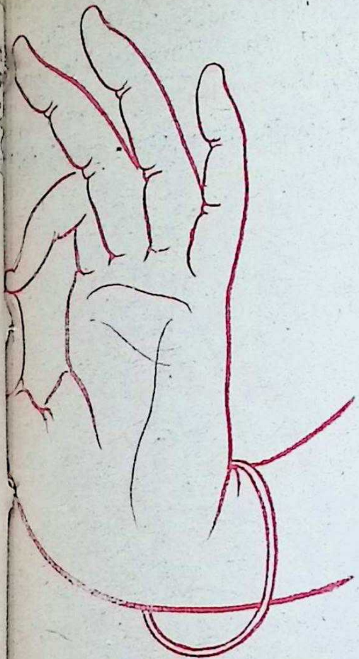
Uses
thread



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★22. *Bhramara* (Bee)

When the thumb and the middle finger touch each other and the forefinger is curved and the remaining fingers are outstretched the hand is called Bhramara.

Uses: bee, parrot, wing, crane, cuckoo, and similar birds.

★23. *Hamsasya* (Swan-beak)

If the thumb and the forefinger touch each other and the remaining fingers are stretched out, the hand is called the Hamsasya.

Uses: **Blessing or festival, tying with thread, ascertaining instruction, horripilation, pearls, putting forward wick of ar lamp, touchstone, jasmine, painting, act of painting and dyke impeding a current.**

★24. *Hamsapaksha* (Swan-wing)

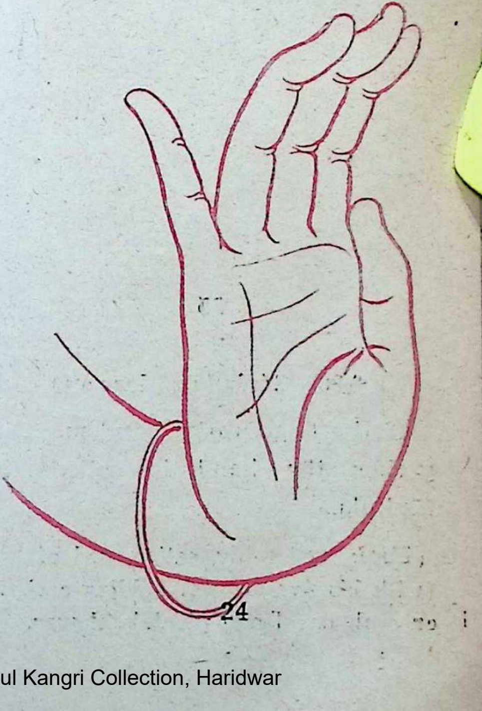
If the little finger of the Sarpasirsa hand is outstretched the hand is called the Hamsapaksha.

Uses: **number six, construction of bridge, cutting nailmarks and covering or sheath.**

★25. *Samdamsa* (Pincers)

If the fingers of Padmakosa are brought close to one another and drawn apart from one another in quick succession, the hand is called the *Samdamsa.*

Uses: **belly, presentation of offering to deities, wound, worm, great fear, worship, and number five.**



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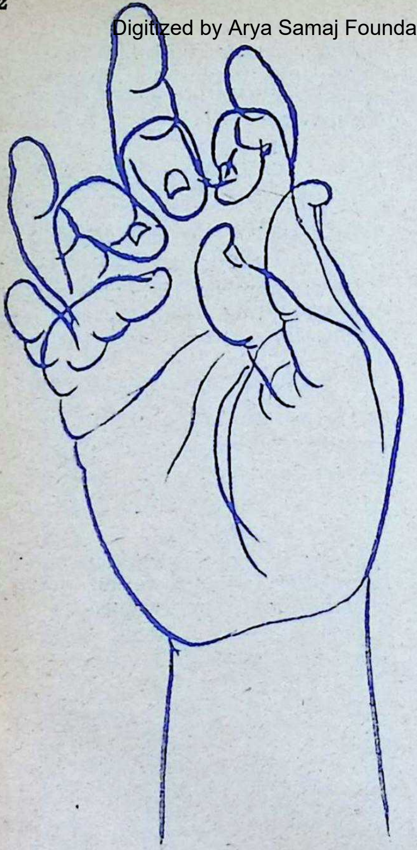

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★26. *Mukula* (Blossom)

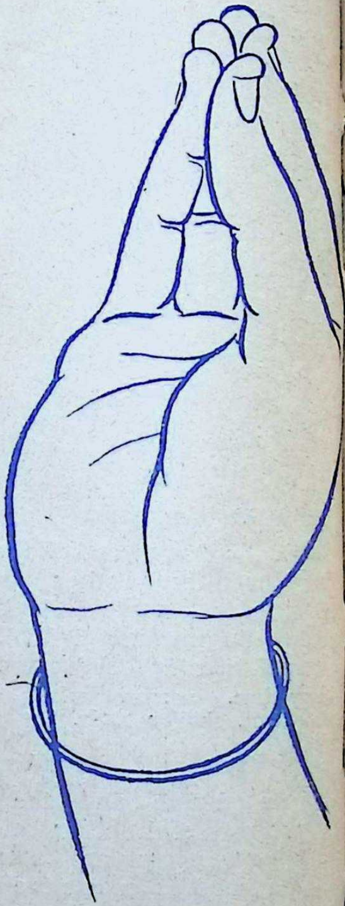
If the fingers of a hand meet together the hand is called the Mukula.

Uses: **water-lily, eating, god of love (with his five arrows) holding a signet or seal, navel and plantain flower.**

★27. *Tamrachuda* (Cock)

If the forefingers of the Muk is curved the Tamrachuda h will result.

Uses: **cock, crane, crow, camel, and pen.**



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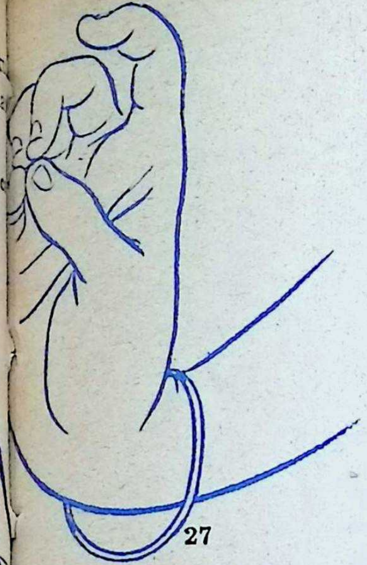

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★28. *Trisula* (Trident)

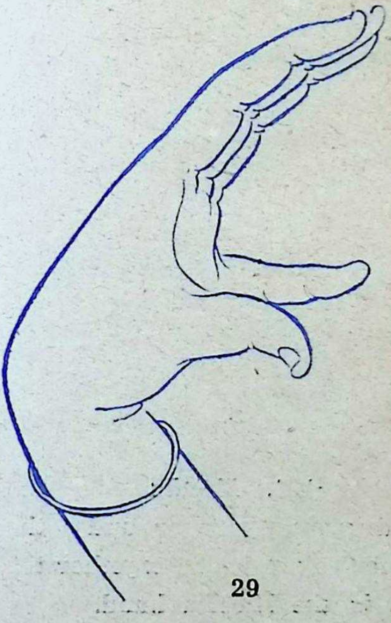
If the thumb and the little finger are curved the hand is called the Trisula.

Uses: **betel-leaf, and idea of trinity.**

★29. *Vyaghra* (Tiger)

If the little finger and thumb are bent in the Mrgasirsa hand the Vyaghra hand will be the result.

Uses: **tiger, frog, monkey and mother of pearl.**



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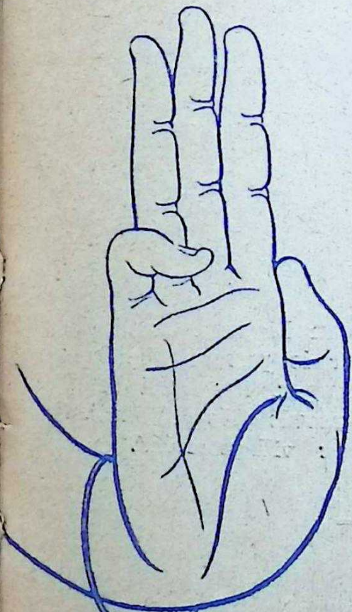

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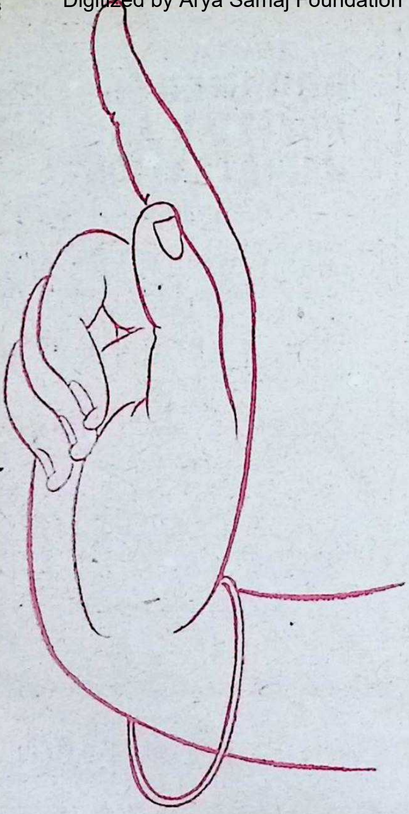
★30. *Ardhasuchi*

If the thumb is moved above in the Kapittha hand the result will be the Ardhasuchi hand.

Uses: **sprout, young ones of bird, and big worms.**



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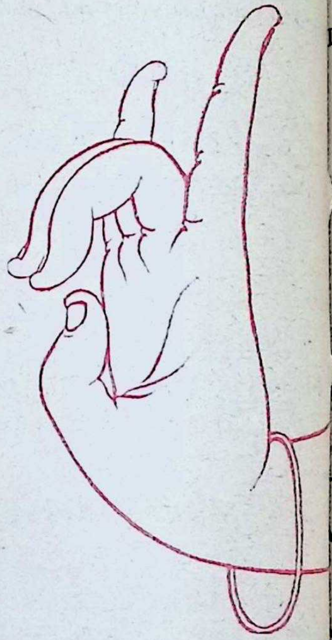

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★31. *Kataka*

If the middle finger and the third finger are joined together the result is the Kataka hand.

Uses: calling and moving.

★32. *Palli*

If in Mayura hand the mid finger is put on the back of forefinger, the Palli hand will the result (No illustration).

Uses: village or hut.

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PANCHAKARMA TREATMEN

(Ayurvedic

Dr. M. C. K. Namboodiry

TRADITION has it that the Ashta-vaidyas of Kerala from time immemorial have been carrying on treatments in the eight different branches (Ashtangas) of Ayurvedic therapeutics, viz., *Salyam, Salakyam, Kayachikitsa, Balachikitsa, Grahachikitsa, Vishachikitsa, Vrishachikitsa* (Rejuvenation treatments) and *Rasayanachikitsa.*

Panchakarmas or the five purificatory measures are the essential prerequisites of every one of these therapeutics. They are known as "Sneha-Swedakriyas" in their wide terms.

These principles of Panchakarma treatments elaborated by Charaka, Vagbhata and others are practised with certain modification by the Vaidyas of Kerala with greater advantages in the results achieved. The main branches of treatments in which Kerala has specialised are: (1) *Dhāra* (2) *Mukki Pizhichil* (3) *Uzhichil* (4) *Navarakkizhi* (5) *Snehapānam,* and (6) *Vasti.*

All systems of medicine have twofold functions, preventive as well as curative. The treatments enumerated above are applicable to the sick as well as to the h

The main principles under all these methods of treatm well known as *"Sneha kr* (oily massage, internal lubric and general detoxication) are promotion of better circulation blood in the system, free diaph sis *(Swedana)* etc. by mean warmth and massage. The ministration of *Gandharvaha Kwatha* (decoction) ensures s factory evacuation of the bo and better cleansing of the e tory organs. The fat contents factors in the medicinal ungu are absorbed by the skin resu in the toning up of the sub The soft daily massage itself h marked soothing effect on the n vous system as a whole; it proves the working power of muscles, favours prompt reco from the effects of fatigue. stimulating effect on the ca vascular system is marvellous. effect on the neuro-muscular paratus and on the respira organs is conducive to a gen improvement in the metabolic tivity of the entire constitu The restricted regimen in col ation with perfect physical and ental rest gives the mechanism the body the best chance to reoup its strength and functional fficiency.

These measures do not involve he forcing of a tired system to ork nor whipping up of a falling orse. Nature is given the fullest hance to work effectively on the atient in restoring back to health well as in rejuvenating him. one of these measures acts in ontradiction to any of the scienific principles of the modern meical science. They are rational to he core.

MASSAGE TREATMENT IN GENERAL

That massage plays an imporant role in every system of scince of healing is evident from he popularity of the same as an nevitable adjunct in physio-theapy. What is achieved by the arificial means such as electro-theapy, occupational therapy, etc., is chieved by the scientific method f massaging followed in Malabar. odern types of massages known s Effleurage, Petrissage and apotment, etc., cannot yield as uch good result as the Kerala assages. This treatment is not nly done by the pressure of palms but also of the sole, of the eet when necessitated by the cirumstances of the subject.

THE TROUGH TREATMENT

The treatments of *Dhara*, *Pizhichil* and *Navarakkizhi*, are usually conducted by laying the patient in a long wooden trough. The trough should be about four *"kols"* (8 feet) long and 1 *"kol"* (2 feet) broad. The ridges all round may be four to six inches in height. The trough should be made of medicinal wood such as sandalwood, *Kanjiram* (Nux vomica tree), *Ilavangam*, etc.

The treatment is usually conducted when the climate is moderate without rain, snowfall or extreme radiation. Such an ideal climate as far as Malabar is concerned is within the months of mid-July to mid-August (*Ashadha*), mid-October to mid-November (*Tula*) and mid-February to mid-March (*Kumbha*).

Attendants should be well versed in their function, evoke trust in the minds of the patient and be cleanly in their habits and personal hygiene. Usually there are four attendants in *Pizhichil* and *Navarakkizhi*.

The ingredients for *Dhara*, etc., are determined according to the condition of the patient. They are decoctions, butter-milk, medicated oils, breast milk, tender cocoanut water, etc.

TAKRA DHARA

As the patient lies in a supine position in the trough, the medicinal *takra* is allowed to drop down on his forehead and head from a height of about two inches through a bundle of threads connecting the hole in a *dhara-patra* (made of clay or silver or gold) to that of a cocoanut shell placed above it with face downwards and with serrated ridges to regulate the flow of the medicine. The duration of the *dhara* is about half an hour to two and a half hours according to the condition of the patient and the nature of the disease.

This special treatment is indicated in mental diseases, nervous disorder, insomnia, blood pressure, general debility, urinary diseases, and especially in the diseases of organs above neck.

PIZHICHIL

All parts of the body other than the head are subjected to this treatment. About six lbs. of medicated oils are used per day. Four attendants (two on either side) let fall the oil (kept at the body temperature) on the body and massage it simultaneously. This treatment is indicated in fits, convulsions, paralysis, rheumatism, etc.

NAVARAKKIZHI

The patient is anointed with suitable medicated oil all over the body and is massaged in seven different postures such as sitting, lying (supine or prone position) or on either side. *Navara* rice is cooked in milk and medicinal decoction, and tied up in 8 bundles of clean smooth cloth. The medicinal decoction and milk is kept warm constantly. Four bundles are kept inside while the other four are used for massaging. The bundles are replaced when they lose their heat. The duration is half to two and a half hours. This treatment is indicated in all kinds of rheumatism, paralysis, poli congenital deformity of the dislocation of bones and j The treatment is continued seven, fourteen or twent days.

UZHICHIL

This is very popular, an scope is far wider than simila thods of treatments followed where. Its rejuvenating effe persons who move their limb often such as acrobats, ath Kathakali dancers, etc., is vellous.

PATHYA

The patient is advised to f strictly certain rules of con during the course of these t ments. He or she is not exp to be over angry, over anx over sorrowful. Perfect m and physical rest is advised. is to avoid sleep during day and keeping awake at night. ertions such as too much walking, etc., are to be avoi Warm food alone is to be ta avoiding cool or cold things; mulents like coffee, tea, wine, and pungent and sour things as chillies, tamarind, etc., are to avoided. Hot water alone is to used for bath as well as for dr ing purposes. The patient sh avoid journeys and exposure direct sun rays.

SNEHAPANAM

(Graduated administration of dicated ghee or oils.)

The treatment is begun by ministering about 3 ozs. of m ed ghee and the dosage is gra-lly increased up to a limit of oz. in the course of twenty-one s or earlier if the patient is e to digest the same. The whole nstitution is thereby well lubri-ed. Light food alone should be ken after the medicine is well ested.

This treatment is indicated in tric or duodenal ulcer, rheuma-n, epilepsy, insanity and ute-e disorder of woman, etc.

VASTI

This is the administration of me-ine through the rectal or uro-nital tract. This is indicated in diseases affecting the excretory well as reproductory organs, rvous disorders, rheumatism,

SIRO-VASTI

A leather belt of two or three hes width is tied round the ad and firmly fixed in position black gram paste. Suitable me-ated oil is poured within and owed to remain until the oil kles down through the nostrils. s is indicated in all kinds of onic headaches such as mig-e, Ardita vata (facial paraly-), etc.

From the foregoing description it evident that our ancestors have e everything for the prevention l cure of all kinds of diseases. is our duty to preserve these ditions and we can well be ud of our heritage.

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QUESTION BOX

ANSWERS by K. M. Munshi

Kulapati Sri K. M. Munshi has kindly agreed to answer in these columns questions from readers of Bhavan's Journal on topics falling within the scope of the Journal.

340

Sri C. Shankaranarayana, Mysore.

Q: *From your novel* Bhagawan Parashurama *appearing in the "Bhavan's Journal", I find that Sage Viswamitra you write about, appears to be quite different from the one appearing in the* Valmiki Ramayana. *Will you clear this doubt?*

A: The original Viswamitra, the Rishi of the Gayatri, fought *Dasarajna*, the 'Battle of the Ten Kings' referred to in *Rigveda*. Very little is known of what he did, except that during this war, he fought the Sage Vasishta.

(2) Thereafter, the names of Viswamitra and Vasishta came to be associated with several traditions. The Viswamitra referred to in *Ramayana* by Valmiki could not be the ginal one who fought 'Battle of the Ten Kings'. Rama, for instance, Janaka, the father of flourished a few hun years after that event. Viswamitra associated them can only be a descen of the Vedic Viswamitra.

(3) In writing this n *Bhagawan Parashurama* have tried to re-create personalities of the orig Vasishta and Viswamitra of imagination. I have wo the materials contained in Vedic hymns and some P nic traditions in imagi incidents and personalities

341

Sri P. B. Ranganath Na Bombay.

Q: *I feel that the Aryan-D dian theory contradicts*

Hindu theory of the four Yugas according to which the events of the great epics took place lakhs of years ago. But modern historians date them only to 3000 B.C. Even then the epics are universally accepted. How to reconcile these?

(1) There is no doubt that our Puranas, which accept the theory of the four *yugas*, give lakhs of years to them. They have also their own Puranic chronology.

(2) Modern scholarship which takes historical sources and archaeology into account, has not accepted those dates. For instance, the excavations of Rupar and Hastinapur show that the Bharata War, must have taken place about 1000 B.C. That is also the evidence drawn from the evolution of language.

(3) There is no possibility of reconciling these two methods of computation. If you take the scientific approach into account, the Puranic chronology cannot be accepted.

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Sri K. R. Sundareshan, Kadaba.

Is it not possible to give a good dramatic piece in your Journal in every issue?

It is possible to do so, but no appropriate dramatic piece has been forthcoming.

343

Sri J. T. Somasekhar, Mysore.

Q: *Which is the oldest religion in the world and how it began?*

A: (1) So far as I have been able to judge, the oldest is the worship of the Mother Goddess who was known as 'Ma' to the Asian and East Mediterranean people. Ultimately she came into the modern pantheon of India as 'Uma' and 'Amba'. Our 'Shakti' worship is based on this old cult.

(2) Worship of the Sun is also one of the most ancient religions.

(3) The testimony available from relics of Mohenjodaro and Harappa proves that worship of Shiva was also one of the most ancient in India.

(4) Among the religions of the world which prevail at present, Hinduism is the oldest.

344

Sri R. C. Kowligi, Madanapalle.

Q: *Do you think that the ruling party should respect the advice of Sri Vinobaji who prescribes age restrictions, political and educational qualifications for the appointment of responsible jobs like that of a Governor or Minister?*

A: I do not know what exactly Sri Vinobaji has advised. But in my opinion there is no need to prescribe the age for responsible job like that of a Governor or Minister. There is scarcely anyone occupying those posts who is not atleast of middle age. In democracy, it is difficult to prescribe political qualifications for such offices, particularly for the office of a Minister. A Minister is selected because of his ability as much as for the influence he wields over the sections of his party. One would wish that there should be educational qualifications prescribed for a Minister. But higher education being at a discount, politicians would not be prepared to accept any such qualification.

345

Sri N. Kamalamanohar Rao, Pedda Pendil, Hyderabad.

Q: *Through centuries has the world been dominated by Capitalists or intellectuals? Please give a straight answer.*

A: The intellectuals. At all stages, in the evolution of man, we find that the predominant forces of the age have been created, propelled and strengthened by them. The fact that they have been called sages, prophets, apostles, priests, poets, seers, ph
phers, literary men or
tists makes no difference.

346

Sri R. Padma Nabham, Kha
meth, Andhra Pradesh.

Q: *My friend says that M*
(Chandra Gupta) and
(Chandra Gupta) dynasti
the same. Which is cor

A: Your friend should loo
some authentic histor
India. Between the two
asties there was a differen
500 to 600 years and bet
the two Chandra Guptas
ference of about 700 year

347

Shri P. Venugopalan, Kozhi

Q: *What do you think of*
ting a non-Hindu Bhakta
Hindu temple for wo
when he desires to do s

A: Every shrine, includin
Hindu temple, is a hou
God, and everyone irresp
of caste, colour or rel
should have free access
subject to a uniform co
cleanliness and devout
viour.

Always use

G. G.

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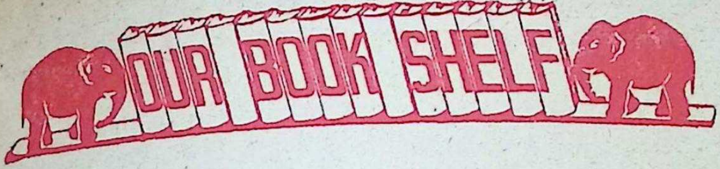

DARSHAN AUR CHINTAN. (In Hindi.) Vols. I & II. By Pandit Sukh Lalji. Published by Pandit Sukh Lal Sanman Samiti, Gujarat Vidya Sabha, Bhadra, Ahmedabad—1. Demy Oct., Pp. 598. Price Rs. 7.

DARSHAN AUR CHINTAN (Philosophy and Meditation) is a collection of the articles and speeches in Hindi by Pandit Sukhlalji. It is edited by an editorial committee consisting of five editors, the chief of whom is Shri Dalsukhabhai Malvaiya, who is the publisher too.

The book consists of two parts. In the first part are collected good articles of his on religion and society published in various Hindi magazines from time to time. The latter portion of the same first part deals with Indian philosophy and a critical study of some Sanskrit books. The second part of the book contains Jain religion and Philosophy, for which more than 550 pages are devoted. It would have been better and proper if the book was divided in three parts namely (1) Independant articles (2) Indian Philosophy and (3) Jain Religion and Philosophy.

I will not like to say much about the learned author, for he is very popular as a genius. Still it will not be out of point to say that Pandit Sukhlal, though a Vaishya, is most rightly called 'Pandit', the title which he earned by his complete dedication to the Goddess of learning Saraswati. This example reminds us of the Pauranik age, in which Vishwamitra, being a Kshatriya, earned the title of 'Brahmarshi' by his hard penance and other virtues befitting a Brahmin.

His articles on various topics of religion and society are of greatest value, for they are much in tune with the present day problems and situation. Defining धर्म he gives his own interpretation that to desire pleasure and to keep pain away is its route. Panditji is not afraid to say that India which is, very proud of her religion and culture, is far away from it. He wonders and wants to know why there is so much illiteracy in India where there are crores of Brahmins whose main job is said to be to study and to teach. Why society is without a base when there are lakhs of Saints and Sanyasis? The author very correctly says on page 15 that so far, there is a clash between Religion and intellect.

Being a Jain himself the learned author has not hesitated to say that not a single learned Sadhu has been produced by the Jain tradition as such who can sit among the learned man of Brahmin tradition. He says that the detail of initiations alone is published by Sang or Ashram but not how many have left it and why. In his opinion the heads of the Sangh are responsible for such cases.

The next portion of the first part, which is termed as "DARSHANIK MIMAMSA", purely deals with philosophy. Before giving a special meaning of the word "Darshan" (Philosophy), the writer has shown the relation between the philosophy and the different sects and how each sect has tried to interpret according to its own suitability.

He has found out certain Sanskrit works written on palm-leaves and has presented a critical study of them before the literary world. In his criticism which comparative and historical he is impartial. He is equally well versed in the Upanishads, Buddha and Jain philosophy. After studying the philosophy of all the different religions he has realised that ultimately all are the same and a single thread of uniformity passes through them all.

He considers Indian Philosophy as spiritual and Western philosophy as intellectual. He is of opinion that the study of one language is incomplete study, one must know many languages, that is why he does not believe in that education that imparts the st of one language only.

The second part is comple devoted to Jain philosophy exc one or two letters in the end. writer has given his unprejud explanations and interpretati without caring for the great Acharyas. I think this should be taken as the preci gem by the Jain Sect. Here Panditji has not trodden beaten path but has beat a c path for himself and for others well.

The style is quite impressive a precise and is more satisfacto than what can be expected fr a non-Hindi speaking writer. B ing well versed in Sanskrit it quite natural that his Hindi full of Sanskrit words but at same time he has not hesita to use Urdu words also l (ख़ागख़याली) (तालीम) (महसूस) (हिमाय and (फ़िरका). He has used so Gujarati words also like (बंधा and (धोरण) but very rarely. some places the old form of ve is used such as (रहा) instead (था) and (जतलाना) inste of (बताना) It is quite po ble that he wrote such langu when he started to write Hin but later on he gained maste over it. In the end I am for to say that Pandit Sukhlaji is o of the great literary personalit of India and we must be proud him.

—*Prof. Chandrasekhar Pan*

Bhavan's News

KALIDASA JAYANTI

Kalidasa Jayanti was celebrated with great eclat on Thursday the 3rd October 1957 at 5-30 P.M. in the Gita Mandir under the joint auspices of Bharatiya Vidya Bhavan and the Sanskrit Vishva Parishad. Smt. Lilavati Munshi presided.

The function began with the Vedic prayer by the Sanskrit Mahavidyalaya students and with eulogies on Kalidasa sung by Acharya Prabhakar Mishra.

Acharya Shri Dikshitarji discoursed on the philosophical and ethical aspects Kalidasa by illustrating them with quotations from Kalidasa and the scriptures, emphasising the system of education which brought about the full development of the individual"s personality.

Shri H. R. Karnik, Principal, Siddharth College, then addressed the audience on the life and works of Kalidasa. He was followed by Shri Nallin Bhatt, Prof. G. C. Jhala of the St. Xavier's College, Dr. V. M. Apte, and Shri Bhaishankar Purohit.

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GARBA MAHOTSAVA

The Kala Kendra wing of the Bharatiya Vidya Bhavan celebrated its 7th Annual Garba Mahotsava at the Bhavan's auditorium from the 4th to the 8th of this month. Smt. Lilavati Munshi inaugurated the festival which was largely attended by the elite of Bombay.

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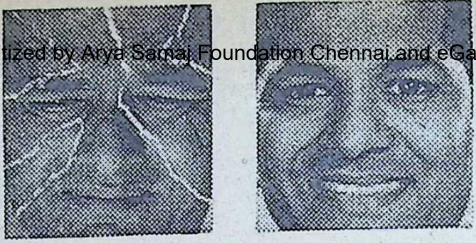

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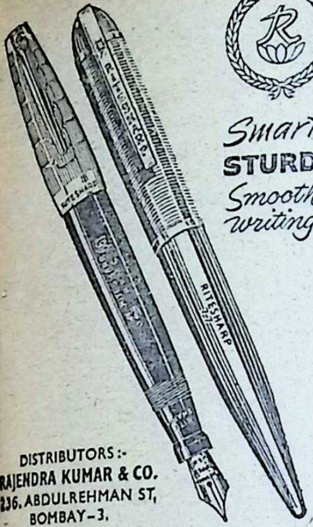

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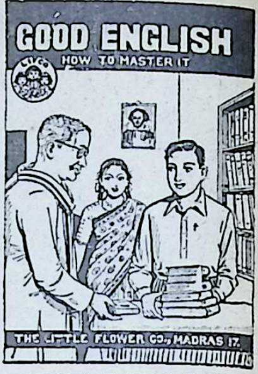
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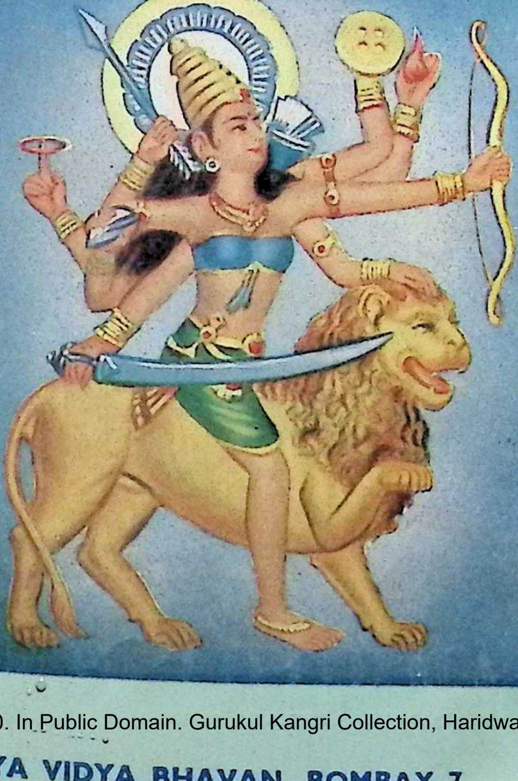

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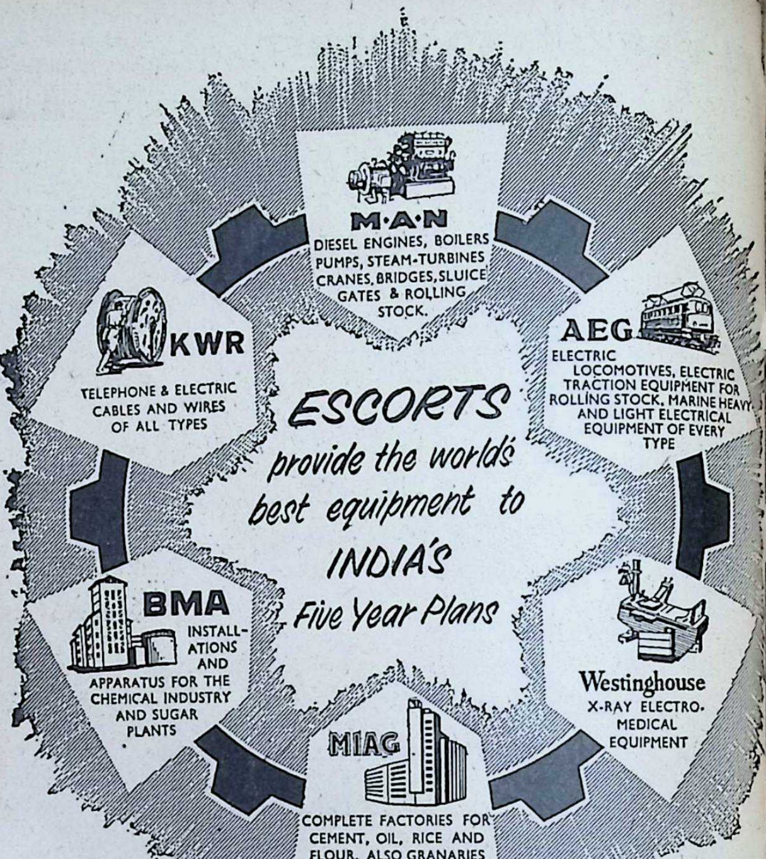

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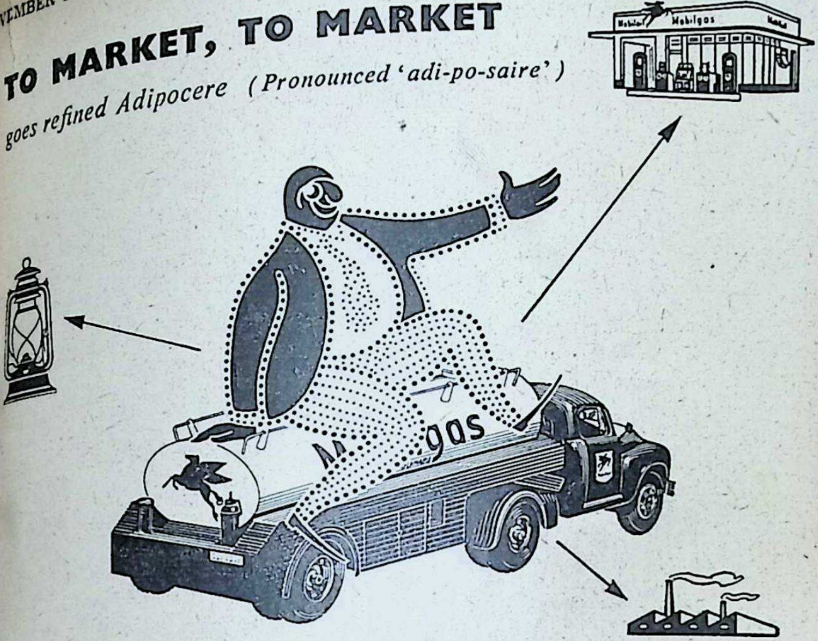

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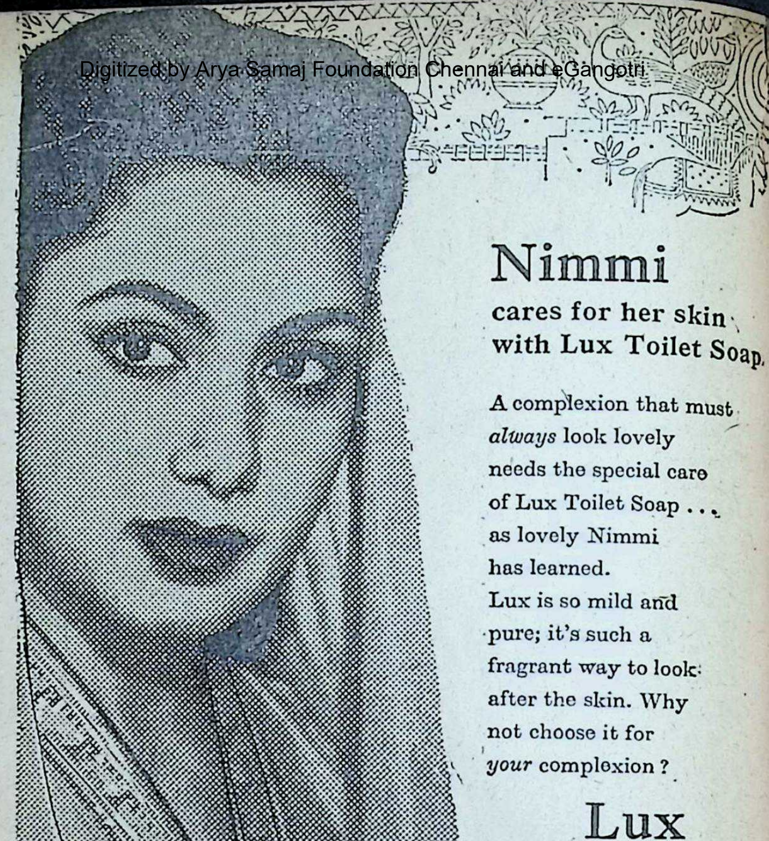

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BHAVAN'S JOURNAL

NOVEMBER 17, 1957

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Vol. IV, No. 8
November 17, 1957

आ नो भद्राः क्रतवो यन्तु विश्वतः ।
Let noble thoughts come to us from every side
—*Rigveda*, I-89-i

BHAVAN'S JOURNAL

PRAYER TO MOTHER GODDESS

विद्युद्दामसमप्रभां मृगपतिस्कंधस्थितां भीषणां
कन्याभिः करवाळखेटविलसद्धस्ताभिरासेविताम् ।
हस्तैश्चक्रदरालिखेटविशिखांश्चापं गुणं तर्जनीं
बिभ्राणामनलात्मिकां शशिधरां दुर्गां त्रिनेत्रां भजे ॥

I worship Durga, the three-eyed,
Radiant like the fury of lightning,
Seated on the lion's shoulders, fierce,
Surrounded by virgins armed with sword and shield,
Herself wielding the discus and the conch,
The bee, the shield, bow and arrow, the rope and
    tarjani,
Self-constituting Fire, wearing the Moon on Her head.

[The cover page of this issue is a coloured photograph of the famous Mahishasuramardini of Mahabalipuram. The above verse, taken from *Saptashati*, is the prayer for Mother Goddess in that form.]

Kulapati's Letter
ON
LIFE, LITERATURE & CULTURE

No. 140

'MINDS IN TRANSITION' ★ SOCIAL STUDIE ★ LIVING IN DEMOCRACY

Bharatiya Vidya Bha
NOVEMBER 17, 1957

MY YOUNG FRIEND,

AT no time in the history of this country has the need for researchers in social studies to search their hearts been more imperative than at present. In India today, we have to develop traditions of high research if we want to remain abreast of the times; for the world is changing fast, life is becoming more complex and the bounds of knowledge are being enlarged from day to day.

It is true that we have thrown off colonial chains and become politically free. With courage and the will to work, we might reach economic self-sufficiency. But in matters intellectual, we would still remain colonial in outlook if our theories of life and knowledge-values continue to be borrowed from the West, and if our students have to go to Western Universities to acquire higher knowledge. We can shake these chains only if we mak rapid advance in the differ spheres of research. Instead going to foreign lands to learn to borrow, we should become th partners in the development of sciences and arts. Without borr ing an alien outlook on life, should restore our philosophy life to its pristine vigour and pla it before the world in a fo suited to the conditions and ne of our age.

This age of ours has b variously described as the 'Ato Age', as the 'Age of the Ballis Missile' or as the 'Age of Sputnik'. In fact, it is the age the 'minds in transition'. Scie fic discoveries have created con tions with which the spirit of m has not yet come to terms. most countries, and particularly India, we have been losing grip on the old philosophy of life; we have not yet seen the light of a more meaningful philosophy. We are only groping towards it. It is, therefore, necessary to study the mind, the urges and the spirit of man in the light of changing conditions.

All the discoveries of science will not yield any happiness unless the 'mind in transition' is sympathetically studied and its difficulties appreciated. This means that we should study the urges and responses of men so that they could be correctly moulded and guided, so that they attain harmony between man and his new environments. This opens up a new field for those carrying on research in the Social Sciences, as well as in what I may be permitted to call the 'Science and Art of developing human personality'.

* * *

For a research of this nature, the achievements of the physical and social sciences in the orthodox sense will not suffice. It requires an insight into the historical processes of national growth; into the working of the 'Collective Unconscious' of men resulting in behaviour; into the way in which the higher aspirations of man can successfully react upon his environments; into the methods by which such aspirations can be stimulated, strengthened and purified. The aim of such research should be the total welfare of man. Mere analysis and description of his existing conditions, or the elements of his material well-being will not suffice. It is necessary that an investigation should be made into the methods by which and the circumstances in which the emotional balance of man could be promoted and his sense of moral and spiritual values strengthened. That is the only way in which his nature can attain harmony and his personality integrated by a sense of self-fulfilment.

If such is the aim of true research, it throws a great responsibility on the research worker. Has he the faith and the vision to go forward in search of conditions which lead to a sense of self-fulfilment, economically, politically and socially, as well as morally and spiritually? Or, is he afraid of moving ahead because of the self-imposed fetters of the so-called 'scientific method' of research; or, is his movement hampered by his regarding the ancient heritage merely as a shrine to be worshipped at, not as a living faith with which to face realities?

The task has become a difficult one because the impact of technological forces and conflicting ideologies has left us uncertain of where we are, what we are for and what we are up against. We easily draw upon our glorious heritage or are apt to lose ourselves in the dreams of a still more glorious future. At the same time, both as a people and as average individuals, our life is dominated by a desire to get rich; to get rich as quickly as possible, dishonestly if we have to, honestly if we can, and to develop increasing emphasis on material comforts. In the sphere of politics, we want free speech and free action, sometimes bordering on anarchy, ignoring the need for self-discipline. Yet, we yearn for some quick cure which would save us the need for imposing self-discipline, whatever it might cost us in terms of freedom. All this is leading us to lose our sense of values, to develop a cynical or frustrated attitude towards life and so to disregard the role of the noble, the heroic and the ideal in actual life.

If we look at life in Gujarat, for instance, we must, as students trying to investigate the truth, confess that Gandhism came as a roaring flood and swept us on; the flood has receded and now we shiver with a sense of naked helplessness. The values of Gandhism have become distant, sometimes even unwelcome, memories, if not altogether forgotten.

This situation which faces the student of social sciences is a difficult one, for it is not enough for him to understand why people behave as they do. He has to discover how they could be made to behave as they should and how he could help them to behave in this way.

In considering social behaviour in Free India, the research student has constantly to keep in mind the main purpose of social groupwork. It is to intensify the programme of democratic educati that is, to educate not only youth but the adults as well to l in a democracy. This means t both the research student and social worker should have a c conception of the social goals our national life. It is not eno to aim at defeating any poten enemy from without; the ai should be to protect and stre then our social structure agai two possible dangers from with One danger to which we are ea prone is lapsing back into a revi list or reactionary frame of mi The other is a progressive acc tance of totalitarian tendencies.

To secure this aim, we must u derstand and study the role of old social institutions; investig the 'unconscious' urges of collective mind; examine the i fluence exercised by our de cratic set-up and the interplay services like those of educati recreation, health, welfare a development which represent t positive approach to the new de mocratic way of life, which is ou

◦ ◦

I realize that this effort at a justment is hindered by many o stacles. Of them, the greatest h been that the social sciences ha moved from the earlier empha on values to what we call 'scient approach'; in fact, they are faci the danger of being dominated a 'conscienceless scientism'.

The scientist, in the area of search, gives up the study alues, regarding them as a subective approach, and therefore nsiders them outside the realm scientific discipline. But the cial scientist, when he adopts uch an attitude, forgets many ings. He forgets that the material on which he is working is not, in the case of physical sciences, ert matter without initiative, e or aspiration. He also forgets he is dealing with men and ir problems which defy investiion under the rigid conditions aining in a laboratory.

Naturally, therefore, the moent a social scientist in his apach to his problems reaches the el of so-called objectivity, he dersonalizes personal problems and ereby loses the basic and imporent element in his researches. t in social sciences, neither the proach of the researcher nor the ctions of the elements are rally and spiritually neutral.

We may analyse social elements activities to our heart's cont. We may gather any amount facts and analyse them with obive accuracy. We may seek e aid of materialistic interpretan, if we are so minded. But, so g as we cannot appreciate the es of men and women, discover r difficulties in attaining a e satisfying life, or investigate ir responses to individual and llective urges, we would always nd baffled.

The so-called scientific approach n never unravel the secrets a Gandhiji, who could release mysterious stream of faith; nor can it explain the need of the masses to congregate at the Kumbh Mela in satisfaction of an inner urge; much less can it discover how the urges of the collective mind can be led into well-defined channels.

The great problem, therefore, which faces the student of social sciences is this: Will he have the courage to cross the frontier which separates physical science from human values? He can only do justice to his task if he has the courage to answer an unequivocal 'Yes'.

It was Sir Francis Bacon who impressed his outlook on the European sciences. He initiated the separation between science on the one hand and religion and philosophy on the other, the former dealing with initial causes, the latter with final causes. He also paved the way for the experimental method. Thus, lacking a synthetic approach, scientific knowledge was divided into more and more specialised fields, each demarcated from the other.

This is true even of social sciences. Auguste Comte conceived sociology as a synthetic science, covering all human conduct. It is now divided and sub-divided. Sometimes it is even considered identical with anthropology. And as the approach to physical sciences overshadows the approach to social sciences, a tendency is developed to apply mathematics, or in our days statistics, reducing human urges and values to mechanical laws. We must, however, realize the limitations of such a mechanical methodology. Even Einstein, dealing with physical sciences, had to rely upon Law of Uncertainties.

The human mind is one and indivisible. The interpersonal relations on which society is founded are not governed by mechanical laws. The values for which humanity strives, the fundamental aspirations which lift man above himself, cannot possibly be ignored. Specialised studies in social sciences can therefore remain divided or isolated from human urges and values only at the peril of forgetting the man and studying his bones before he is dead.

We have, therefore, to face the truth frankly. No broad scientific thinking can ever avoid taking into account the essential human problems and values. No philosophy or religion can possibly disregard the achievements of science. This was the basis on which all knowledge, scientific, philosophical or religious, was sought to be synthesised in ancient India.

• • •

It is only when we appreciate this that research in social sciences can hope to answer the two major questions confronting us: Have democratic instincts and institutions become a part of our collective nature? Or, whether increasing progress in technology is likely to undermine them. It must not be forgotten that w
is being investigated is a situati
in which 'minds are in transiti

Before social instincts and i
tutions are studied in this resp
we have to take note of an imp
tant change in world conditi
Technology has given to the St
the monopoly of mass communi
tions and weapons; the control
centrally-directed economy; a
the power to enforce a commo
ideology not only through the s
tle instrument of State control
education but through coerc
and fear. This gives the State
easy instrument for establishi
and maintaining unicentral d
potism.

In the worst of ancient des
isms, life was multi-centr
Against the demands of the St
were ranged the counter-balanc
forces of property, commerce,
ligion, literature, education a
social organization. Today, t
sense of property is being und
mined. Anyway, it is politica
impotent. Commerce has larg
come to depend on the State. T
farming community—always a b
wark against despotism—can
rendered impotent by collectivis
and by force by the State. In t
name of secularity, religious fr
dom in the popular mind comes
be identified with indifference
neglect of religion. Economic p
gress, the measure, shape a
direction of which are dictated b
the State, is raised to a pedes
of so supreme a divinity that p
ple slowly come to accept that

sacrifice is too precious to be offered at its shrine. Education, supported mainly by the State, is given the content and direction which the paymaster demands.

In view of these growing tendencies in the world, the social scientist in India has to study the possible drift towards an easy acceptance of totalitarian tendencies.

Luckily for us, things are different in India. We are a free country. We can think, speak and write freely. A multi-party system prevails in this country. The newspaper is comparatively free. The police, except possibly in one State, are a neutral agency for maintaining law and order uninfluenced by party preferences. Education is comparatively free. Religious freedom reigns supreme. The Universities are not subservient, the intellectual is free if he knows how to use his freedom.

At the same time, technology has placed in the hands of the State a monopoly of communications and weapons. We are fast moving towards a centrally-directed economy. There is also growing among the people a passion for uniformity which might, at any moment, lead them to acquiesce in the use of terror as an instrument of political action. This is the great problem of our age in India.

The student of social sciences has, therefore, to discover the means by which the bulwarks of freedom remain unbroken while the triumphs of technology are utilized to the fullest. This presupposes in the researcher not only devotion to research but the strength to stand for freedom.

Yours sincerely,

Real culture is self-realisation.
Real culture is attainment of perfection.
Real culture is to be in tune with the Infinite.
Real culture is Yogic union with the Lord.
Real culture is nobility, serenity, gentlemanliness.
Real culture is refinement of the mind.
Real culture is generosity, compassion, self-restraint.
Real culture is tolerance, courtesy and good behaviour.
Real culture is selflessness, egolessness and sweetness.
Real culture is unity, oneness, universal love.
Real culture is sacrifice, service and sublimation.

—Swami Sivananda

GURU NANAK

T. L. VASWANI

TODAY, we salute Nanak as a maker of India,—a leader of millions in this ancient land, an inspirer of the heart and soul of multitudes in India. Yet in his days, Nanak was called by no less a man than his father,—Kalu,—a *pagal* ("madman").

Kalu called in a *hakim*, a physician to treat him who was himself a Great Physician of humanity. The *hakim* came and felt Nanak's pulse. It was beating very well! And young Nanak, looking with his innocent, mystical eyes into the face of the physician, said:—"I am not mad, most noble Doctor! I am smitten with the love of God!"

Yes,—God-intoxicated was Nanak. He brought with him the Light of the Spirit. And even as he travelled from place to place, the Light of his life blessed Hindus and Muslims and shone as the soul of a white Vision within him of the One who is in all!

In one of his songs, Guru Nanak sings:—

The One is in the eye,
In the mouth and in the Word!
The One is in all the worlds.
In sleeping is the One!
In waking is the One!
In the One be thou absorbed!
In all, the One abides!

All that is around thee and abov
Resteth in the One!
O Thou, the Fullness of Joy,
Bestow Thy mercy on me!
I recognise Thee in all that is!

* * *

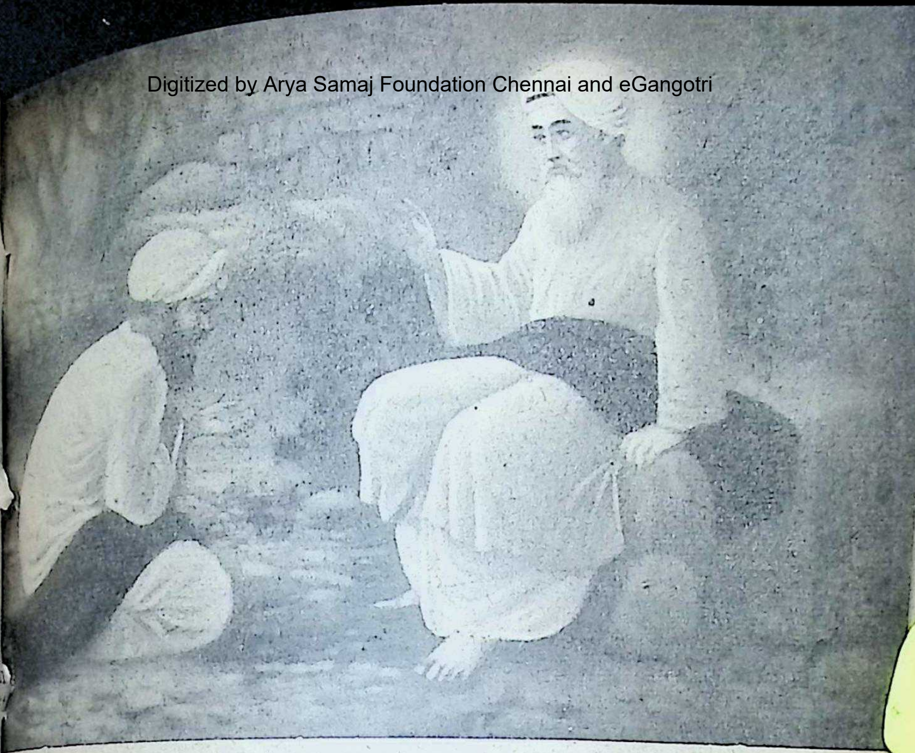
One is He!
And He Himself is many!
He, the One, abides in all!

The world is in need of m Light,—men whose *mantra* (m of life may well be express the words of Guru Nanak:— I unto the Truth be a sacrifi

Born in 1469, Guru Nanak p away in 1538. He came at a cal period in India's hi India was slipping fast int hands of the Moghul. H and Muslims were bitterly op to one another. Religion degenerated into formalism the spirit of Truth was stifl creeds and ceremonies.

Guru Nanak himself des India's state in the foll words:—"Kings are butc cruelty is their weapon. The of duty has taken wings vanished. Falsehood is ove land as a veil of darkness darkness of the darkest nigh

In such a dark hour of history, Nanak appeared faith of Nanak became, a student of history knows



Guru Nanak

foundation of a new Society. The faith of Nanak has been a shaping power in the life of millions in India. It has built up the Sikh Community who have a wondrous record of courage and sacrifice.

The kingdom of the Moghul has passed away: the Kingdom of Guru Nanak stands.

His dear disciples called him by many names,—Lord, Prince, Saviour, Father. But he spoke of himself as "a servant of the Beloved One."

As a "servant of the Beloved One," he travelled from place to place. To Kashmir he went and to Ceylon, to Mecca in Arabia and to Kabul in Afghanistan.

He claimed nothing. He made no show of religion. He said:—

I am not chaste nor learned:
Foolish and stupid was I born.
As the ocean is full of water,
So am I full of imperfections.
Be Thou gracious, O Beloved One!

And he went about, asking nothing for himself, asking only opportunities to serve the people. Baber, the Moghul king, pressed Guru Nanak to ask for some favour. Boldly answered the Guru:—

Hear, O Baber Meer!
Foolish is the fakir
Who begs of kings:
For God is the only Giver.

The test of a true message is its simplicity. Guru Nanak gave his

(Continued on Page 24)

Jawaharlal Nehru . . .

A Knight Sans Peur, Sans Reproche

Mahatma Gandhi

On the occasion of Pandit Jawaharlal Nehru's 68th Birthday on November 14, we pray with the rest of the nation for many, many happy returns of the day. May God grant to the disciple and heir what the Master aspired for—the Vedic span of 120 years of useful life.

PANDIT JAWAHARLAL has everything to recommend him. He has for years discharged in the singular ability and devotion the office of Secretary of the Congress.

By his bravery, determination, application, integrity and grit he has captivated the imagination of the youth of the land. He has come in touch with labour and the peasantry. His close acquaintance with the European politics is a great asset in enabling him to assess ours............

We may have intellectual differences but our hearts are one. And with all his youthful impetuosities, his sense of stern discipline and loyalty make him an inestimable comrade in whom one can put the most implicit faith..... bravery he is not to be surpass

Who can excel him in the lo of the country? ....

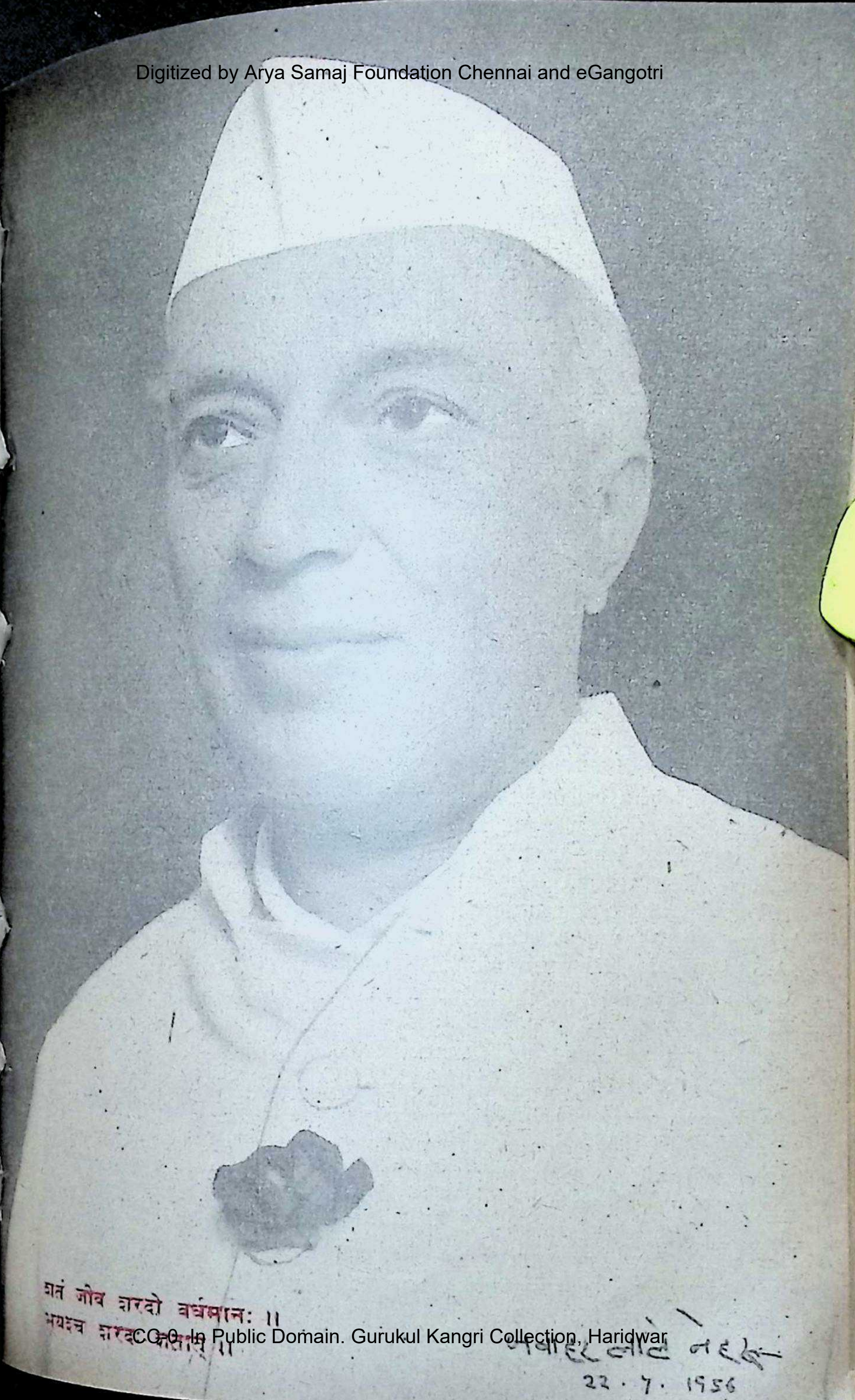
And if he has the dash and ra ness of a warrior, he has also t prudence of a statesman. A lo of discipline, he has shown hims to be capable of rigidly submitti to it even where it has seemed ir some.

He is undoubtedly an extremi thinking far ahead of his surroun ings. But he is humble and prac cal enough not to force the p to the breaking point.

He is pure as crystal, he is tru ful beyond suspicion.

He is a knight *sans peur, so reproche*. The nation is safe his hands.

[Courtesy: *Navajivan Tr*



शतं जीव शरदो वर्धमानः ।।
भयश्च शरद[illegible] ।।

जवाहरलाल नेहरू
22.7.1956

the CRISIS of Moral Life

Bharata Ratna

Pandit Govind Ballabh Pant

THERE is a crisis in the spirit and mind of man today. The last 300 years of history have witnessed a tremendous increase in the economic and material prosperity of the world. A new era unlike any in the previous history of the world has been ushered in by the Industrial Revolution.

In the first flush of material prosperity, it was believed that prosperity meant progress leading to happiness for all sections of the people. We are not so sure today. The last war has brought home to all the thinking minds the realisation that technological progress does not necessarily mean progress towards desirable en It appears as if mankind on long journey now suddenly fin that it has somewhere taken wrong turning.

The nations of the world hav harnessed the energies of natu to forge weapons of destructi which can, in a matter of a fe days, lay waste the entire hum race, art and civilisation. And ye these energies are not used f raising the standard of living over the world, to make abunda those things which so long hav been denied to the masses of t people.

This crisis is the crisis of moral life. The energies which lie within man are immeasurably more powerful, for good or evil, than the external forces which he has brought under command. These energies within him can only be organised under a high moral purpose.

The force that integrates a personality or society or a nation is moral force. The emotions left to themselves are constantly falling apart, a society where each individual is looking only to his interest disintegrates. The moral values are the cohesive force which brings dissimilar elements into a unity. These values are not conditioned by fluctuations of time and circumstances. They are creatively eternal.

The fatal flaw in human nature which makes for disunity, hatred and passion can only be cured when human life is governed, in its collective as well as individual aspect, by the eternally creative moral values. The fatal flaw in human nature shows itself not only in the lives of the individual but in a whole society.

A society can, therefore, survive only if its life and actions are animated by a high moral purpose. In our ancient wisdom this is denoted by the concept of Dharma. Dharma is not incidental to any particular religion or class or caste. It is not merely individual salvation, working itself out in isolation. It is not a form or ritual. It is the sense of values ever present in us, guiding all our actions, controlling our thoughts and determining all our relations.

When an individual's thought and action, every gesture and word, is infused with the spirit of moral purpose, he walks on the path of Dharma. It is the only force which can integrate a human personality and weld into a harmonious whole the energies which lie in our instincts, passions, emotions, reason and intellect. All these parts of the human personality are subsumed in one unity, which is the spiritual and creative self.

The moral purpose shapes not only the individual life but also the society. *Democracy is moral purpose in the political field.* It is founded on the belief in the equality of men, of their individual worth, that man is an end in himself and not only a means. This faith in the equality of men and the dignity of the individual is an essential element of the eternal moral values.

Democracy, therefore, is not merely a correct expedient for administration and the purpose of governance but a way of life in which alone man can find his full stature.

This way of life is based on nonviolence, which is the only way out of the moral impasse in which the world finds itself today. It is the affirmation of the principle that the conduct of nations and societies is subject to moral judgment. If we are to achieve the good, both the ends and the means should be good. You cannot achieve peace by means of war: you cannot build the happiness of a nation on the misery and suffering of a class which is condemned to poverty.

If you take up the sword, the sword will become a part of you, and you will perish by the sword.

When all our actions and studies are elevated by a moral purpose, we acquire breadth of vision, the spirit of humility, tolerance and goodwill. The life which is disciplined by the moral values becomes a beautiful piece of art.

> "The sum of the whole matter is this, that our civilisation cannot survive materially unless it be redeemed spiritually . . . Here is the final challenge to our churches, to our political organisations, and to our capitalists—to everyone who fears God or loves his country.
>
> —Woodrow Wilson

GURU NANAK—(*Contd.*)

simple message in the simple, homely language of the village-folk. Therein lies the secret of the Guru's appeal to the Universal Heart of Man.

Guru Nanak saw life from the heights of a great seer. He saw the value of Hindu-Muslim comradeship. He realised the brotherhood of religions. He sang the Gospel of Love. He called men back to worship God as Truth. "In the beginning," he said, "is the True One". So he bore witness to the great idea that the Truth, "the eternal Verity," is the fountain-head of cosmic evolution. He preached a profoundly practical religion,—a religion of service and love.

One of his hymns is a beautiful summary of his teachings :—

Love the saints of every faith:
Put away thy pride!
The essence of religion is
Humility, service, sympathy.

Not fine clothes,
Not the yogi's garb and ashes,
Not the blowing of the horn,
Not the shaven head,
Not long prayers,
Not recitations and torturings,
Not the ascetic way,
But a life of truth and love,
Amid the world's temptations
Is the secret of spiritual life.

Rich has been the contribution of the Sikhs to our history. And great, I believe, is the value of Guru Nanak's message for those who would help India to be great again in the coming days. It is a message which calls us to that service which stands above the battles of creeds and communities.

Guru Nanak's message calls us to the service of Truth : and Truth will make India truly free.

Sri Ramakrishna Upanishad—18

C. RAJAGOPALACHARI

SOCIAL REFORM

MANY great reformers of our country have, from time to time, effected changes in our modes of worship and ways of life. As a result of their teachings, however, only new traditions and new caste divisions have sprung up. This has led to men getting not reformed, but divided into new social groups. Reforms, inspired by the best of intentions, have unfortunately been the cause of division, of egotism, of mutual recrimination and disharmony. Our social differences have been the most enduring result of our social reform efforts!

The teachings and activities of Bhagavan Ramakrishna are singularly free from this defect. He does not find fault with any form of worship or any social practice. He saw the same Brahman everywhere and he saw good in everything. Men became better by his teachings. No new practice arose in our land on account of him.

Though he was a great *jnani*, Bhagavan Ramakrishna did not speak against idol worship. He was a great *advaitin* who had realised the Absolute in *samadhi*, and yet he did not despise apparently lower forms of worship. He viewed with equal respect every mode of worship of every deity. And his words accorded well with this wide vision.

Speaking once of the co-existence in Hinduism of the highest wisdom and various forms of rites and festivals, incantations and ceremonials, he observed:

"The chief thing in paddy is the grain of rice inside it. We remove the husk covering the grain and then cook the rice. But then, my son, rice will not keep long. It will become rotten. If it is retained as paddy, it will last longer. And only the paddy will sprout if it is sown in the soil. True, it is the rice that sprouts, but it must get imbedded as paddy in the ground with the covering of the husk. It is to preserve our *dharma* and to give it the vital force to take root and grow that rites and ceremonies and festivals are prescribed. Rites are like the husk which covers the rice. We remove the husk when we want to eat the rice. To the man of wisdom, rites, festivals and temples are unnecessary. But if *jnana marga* alone were preached as the Hindu way to God and these rites were discarded, it would not take root and grow. It would die out and rot like the grain of rice sown in the soil.

"When you have a wound, you find that soon it is covered over.

This covering protects it till it gets healed up inside. The covering must remain till the raw wound is healed. Then it dries up and falls off by itself. When wisdom has been acquired, rites and rituals fall off and disappear of their own accord. To get rid of them before wisdom dawns, is like peeling off the skin before the wound heals and that will prevent its healing."

Some wise men think that one need not care for ceremonial rules. But it is not proper to dispense with them before wisdom matures. An artificially ripened fruit will not be as sweet as a fruit that has got ripe naturally after full growth.

The *jnanis* recognise no caste differences. This is a freedom that they acquire as a result of their wisdom. Sri Ramakrishna has a story to show how they use this freedom:

Once upon a time, Krishna Kishore went on a pilgrimage to Brindavan. Walking long had made him thirsty and he stood near a well. A man was drawing water in a pot from that well. Krishna Kishore implored him to give ~~him~~ water to drink. The man replied, "Sir, I am a pariah. You are a Brahmin. It is not right that you should take water from my hands." "My man," said Kishore, "can you utter Hari's name?" "Yes, I can," replied the man. "Then, draw water uttering the name of Hari. It will no sin if I drink that water," s Kishore. The man drew s water uttering the name of H and Kishore quenched his thir

From this it is clear that S Ramakrishna taught social refo consistent with the ways of Jn and Bhakti which are the basis Hindu religion.

★

"In these days, men stress o important things. They do like unessentials. Therefore it good to reduce rites and cere nies." So taught Paramahamsa keeping with the spirit of times.

To make *kanji* properly, f must be well mixed with some c water and then it must be boi If hot water is poured on it e in the beginning, the flour will dissolve properly; it will bec lumpy. If one begins to ref society with too much heat haste, conflicting social groups arise like undissolved lumps flour. Though one may see urgent need for social reform, must proceed cautiously and a the emergence of new groups sects and thus ensure realis of the ultimate purpose of ref

[From *Sri Ramakrishna Upani* by Sri C. Rajagopalachari, publi and copyrighted by Sri Ramakri Math, Mylapore, Madras-4, who kindly permitted us to quote.]

[To be continue

VEDIC ETHICS

• A. C. BOSE •

VEDIC theism presupposes the existence of *Dharman* (an older term for 'Dharma'), meaning, the Eternal Law. For example, it is said of Vishnu that "He upholds the eternal statutes (*dharmani*)." Agni has been described as the "President of Eternal Laws."

The *Mahabharata* wanting to give the root-meaning of the word 'Dharma' says:

> Because it upholds, it is called Dharma:
> Dharma upholds the creation.
> (*Karnaparva,* 69.59)

Buddha popularised the term in its Pali form, Dhamma, signifying eternal moral principles, unconnected with, and independent of, one's faith in the Divinity.

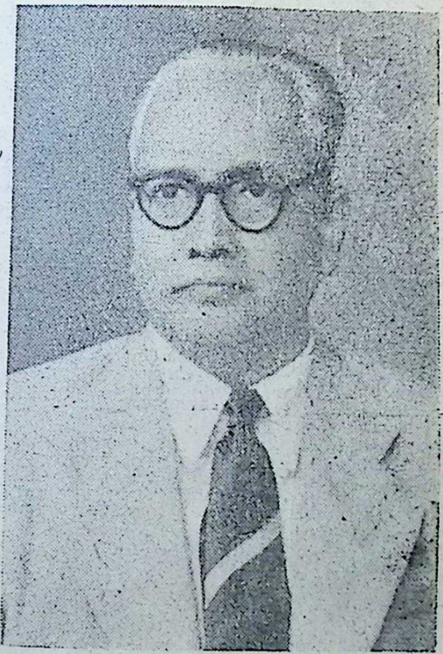
Thus Dharma stands for the fundamentals of religion, the ideal form of conduct that was accepted as the foundation of right living by all religious orders in ancient India, whether theistic, atheistic, or agnostic. It would be interesting to find a comprehensive definition of Dharma in the earliest religious literature—of the basic principles that are believed to uphold society.

Such a definition of the contents of Dharma—of what upholds the earth—is found in the *Atharva Veda*. It says that "the earth is upheld by Dharman; and it also says:

> Truth, Eternal Order that is great and stern, consecration, austerity, prayer and ritual—these uphold the earth.
> (Ath. XII 1.1)

So these six, then, according to the Vedic ideal, are the fundamentals of Dharman or Dharma. Let us consider them.

It is important to note that the Veda places truth first and ritual last in religion. This is not without its special significance, for in



Dr. A. C. Bose

every age in the history of the Vedic religion ungrudging supremacy has been conceded to truth, and there is nothing in this religion like articles of faith. In every age, the problem has been to find out *truth* and not to stick to *belief*.

In the Vedas truth has been described as the essence of divinity. *Savita Satyadharma:* The Deity has truth as the law of His being, says the *Atharva Veda*. The *Rigveda* calls the Deities manifestations of truth:

> **The three and thirty Deities, the manifestations of Truth, saw You Two (Asvins) approach Truth.**
>
> **(Rg. VIII. 57.2)**

Elsewhere in the *Rigveda* the Deity has been described as truth. Ultimately, in religion, as understood in ancient India, it is not so much a question of theism and atheism as it is one of truth and untruth.

Prayer and ritual of the right type come out of a truthful life and true heart. The libation of Soma flows—"speaking truth, truthful in action." The path of religious progress is the path of truth.

The Atman, says an Upanishadic sage, is to be realised through truth. And with supreme confidence he declares:

> **Truth alone triumphs and not untruth**
>
> **(*Mundaka Upanishad* III, 1.6)**

"By Truth is the earth upheld," says the *Rigveda*. The first essential of Dharma, then, is Truth. The second is *Rita*, Eternal Order, Eternal Law. The word is obsolete in modern times, but its negative *anrita,* meaning literally order or chaos, has been used fro ancient times as the negative truth.

Rita, in its moral aspects, h ever, is wider than truth; it cludes justice, and goodness, is almost synonymous with Dh ma as an ethical concept. So R is opposed to evil, and the opp tion is severe; therefore it is spo en of as "stern and fierce" (*ugram*

As on the moral plane R leads to the triumph of good o evil, so on the cosmic plane leads to the triumph of light o darkness.

Rita that reduces chaos to co mos, and gives order and integ tion to matter also gives it sy metry and harmony. Hence t conception of *Rita* has an aesth content too; it implies splend and beauty. For example, wh in obedience to Law the ri break, the "fountains" that "b bling, stream forward" are "yo virgins skilled in Law." Nat becomes beautiful through con mity to Law. The lovely Dawn (Ushas) "true to Eternal Ord is "sublime by Law," and "t youthful Maiden breaks not t laws of Eternal Order by com day to day to her tryst."

It is for this reason that t Vedic Gods, upholding *Rita* are lawful, and beautiful and go Their beauty is a significant at bute. Terms implying beauty li *Shri* (beauty, splendour), *Bhar* (glory), *Vapus* (beautiful for *Vama* (lovely), *Charu* (beautif

Chitra (wonderful) are frequently used for the Deities.

The aesthetic approach to reality illustrates the highest refinement of the mind and the finest culture. There are many hymns to Ushas shining in her loveliness and holiness. The beauty of Ushas is the beauty of the maiden, the beauty of Sarasvati is that of the mother. And not only has the woman's loveliness been enshrined in the portraiture of the Goddess, but it has also been evoked through simile or metaphor to illustrate divine attributes. There are fine vignettes of mother and child in the references to "the mother bending to feed her child," of "the mother kissing her child and the child returning the kiss," of "babes in arms reposing on their mother," of "playful children whose mothers are handsome." Thus by revealing the beauty that lies at the core of the cosmic order, the Vedic sages uplifted the mind of man to unimaginable heights.

The Vedas recognise all the values of life. In a succession of verses, Savita is implored to "send far away all evil" and "send what is good"; then he is asked to grant all things that are beautiful" and then he is spoken of as one "whose power is in truth." Thus the Deity is understood in terms of goodness, beauty and truth—the three ultimate values. Ushas, the Beautiful One, "obedient to the reins of Order (*Rita*)" is implored to send "thoughts that are more and more blissful." Thus beauty, an aspect of *Rita* as cosmic law, is, so to speak, only the obverse of *Rita* as the moral law. So, form as beauty (*Rupa*) and form as morality (*Dharma*) are harmonised by the contemplation of a universal (*brihat*) order (*Rita*).

The term *Rita* has also been applied to the Vedic ritual. It has been observed that *Rita* is *rite* as well as *right*. As a ritual *Rita* signifies the orderly performance of the ceremonial part of the worship. The ceremony with its complicated form possesses the attributes of art. It is interesting to note that while *Rita* as cosmic and moral law is understood to be immutable and eternal, *Rita* as ritual is expected to vary with time and to be renewed to suit the human desire for change: "Let the new ritual grow" (R. I. 105, 15).

In the Vedas every God or Goddess is spoken of as the protector of *Rita*, the cosmic order. More particularly certain Deities are described as Kings who are guardians of *Rita*, and as Kshatriyas—protectors and rulers. Mitra and Varuna have been spoken of as such.

The emissaries of Varuna, "upholders of Eternal Law" "survey both the worlds," and "inspire the praise-songs of noble-minded poets." The sinner is caught in the noose of Varuna.

The earthly king makes Mitra and Varuna his models. Like them he wants to be an upholder of order (*Rita*) as applied to social life; he, therefore, calls himself a Kshatriya.

The Kshatriya is not only a protector, but, being a defender, is also a figher. The Deity who represents the ideal of the fighter as well as the giver of law, is typically Indra. In Him the spirit of *Kshatra* finds its widest application.

There is a stirring call to the people to be heroic after the manner of Indra.

The earthly king becomes a Kshatriya, protector, by applying his *Kshatra,* ruling power, to society, as the Divine Kings apply their ruling power to the universe in accordance with *Rita.*

The ideal of society is to translate the order (*Rita*) of the cosmos into social order. Like the Greek conception of Fate, *Rita* does not derive its power from the will of the gods. But while for the Greeks Fate lay beyond gods, which neither men nor gods could withstand, an inscrutable power that played havoc on human life, visiting it with dark tragedy, *Rita* for the Vedic Aryans was part of the divine nature; hence the Vedic God was all-powerful, and his grace could make man fully hap This led to high optimism.

In later ages with the detai acceptance of the doctrine of birth and *karma* according which every soul was born (a cording to the working of eter justice or *Rita*) with the resid of *karma* of its past life, the p *karma* remaining unseen (*adri ta*) worked like Fate, India, to became pessimistic. In the Ved however, the existence of evil w believed not to be a result of p actions, but to be an impedim that had to be bravely resis and overcome, both within a without us. Indra's destruction of Vritra, the power of darkn and evil, opposed to *Ṛita*, is in cative of the final triumph of go ness and law over evil and dis der. Every man has his own V tra to fight, and he can fight i successfully only if he is vali enough. Thus the Vedic outlo is the heroic or epic outlook life. Life is hard and there is e in our midst, but victory is our if we are brave and follow go ness and the divine example re lutely.

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what life has taught me

Maharshi D. K. Karve

> Maharshi Dhondo Keshav Karve is one of the few Indian centenarians living today. One of the foremost social and educational reformers of our time, his achievements in the field of women's education and the creation of institutions like the S.N.D.T. Karve University of Bombay are standing monuments to his selfless, zealous, almost superhuman effort for the cause.
>
> This testament of his faith, **although not traditional, is nevertheless catholic; it is** sure to prove of benefit to our readers.
>
> —Ed.

SEVERAL turning points in my life are out of the ordinary. The accidental opportunity I got to learn English when I was 18; the unhappy death of my first wife, that was followed by my marriage with a widow; the opening up of new fields of work due to this event; the altogether unexpected call to work in the Fergusson College, which brought me into an atmosphere congenial to the development of new idealistic institutions that I started later on; the undreamt-of falling into my hands of the Japan Women's University booklet and lastly, Sir Vithaldas Thackersey's generous gift; all these taken together would incline one to think that some hidden power was guiding the course of my life. I myself have often felt that some unseen force was leading me on to the different steps.

But although I am more emotional than intellectual, I could not reconcile myself to the idea that any such power, which would involve the notion of a personal god, could interest itself in the innumerable lives that fill the universe, and supervise and guide their actions. At the same time I am conscious that individual efforts on the part of man are so feeble that he cannot achieve anything simply by his own exertions. I cannot therefore but feel gratitude for the help I received from

Maharshi Karve

seen and unseen sources to make me happy and successful in life.

Long ago, I formed certain opinions about religious matters. They may be summarised as follows:—

(1) Religion should be confined to the consideration of the relations of man with the unknown source of all things, or god.

(2) Consideration of the rules of conduct of man towards himself and other beings including dumb creatures, should be the province of morality.

(3) The dictates of one's own conscience should be the guide in one's religious and moral actions.

(4) No book in the world is a revealed book.

(5) No individual, past or present, is an incarnation of god.

I have no keen intellectual insight to go into the question of how and whence we came and whither we are going. The riddle of the universe has been attempted to be solved by mystics, philosophers and scientists. The solution of the riddle is beyond the capacities of an ordinary man. I therefore thought it best to leave these questions alone and chalk out a path in life depending upon common sense and conscience.

I have not formed any opinion on the question of rebirth. It is difficult to decide in its favour. It is difficult to concede that numberless beings that fill the universe retain their individuality in successive births until they unite with the common source of all and lose their individuality.

At the same time cause and effect seem to rule the physical as well as the moral world. Does the combined effect of the physical and moral actions of every individual produce neutrality at its death leaving no balance to be carried over? This is equally difficult to concede. I am however led to think and feel that if there is truth in the idea of rebirth, I would like to be born again and again in India to carry on my work.

I have had a very sympathetic attitude towards all progressive movements like the Brahmo Samaj, Arya Samaj, Theosophy and Rationalism. I am of opinion that ideas imbibed from age-old degenerated religious and moral atmosphere require thorough examination and every thoughtful individual ought to form his opinions, as far as possible, by serious thinking and not to take them on authority of persons however great. Even untruth arrived at by this conscious process is in my opinion of greater value in the evolution of the individual than truth imbibed by unconscious blind faith.

Man must be judged not by his words but by his deeds. Independent thinking naturally gives rise to a variety of opinions. Let there be toleration for all honest views and actions. Whatever tends to the betterment of humanity is to be esteemed and considered meritorious. The opposite should be condemned and considered sinful.

Respect for great men, saints and ascetics is enhanced when we regard them as highly developed men rather than incarnations of god. When I lost faith in old ideas, their place was taken by new ones. To read books written by saints and philosophers, to meditate on those ideas that appealed to me and to try to translate them into action became my religion. For instance, to think well of a person, even when he is not well disposed or is definitely ill-disposed towards one is not easy. When the mind is perturbed with thoughts about that person it is not possible to entertain such thoughts. But in calm moments one can conceive loving thoughts about such a person and wish him well. I have tried to act in this way.

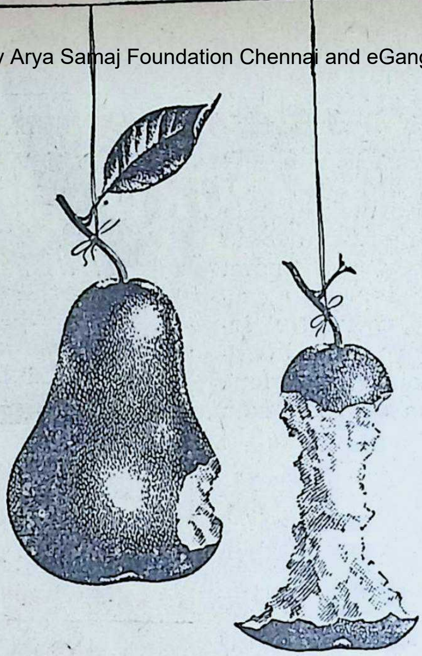
Bhavan's

CONVOCATION

The Eleventh Annual Convocation of the Bharatiya Vidya Bhavan was held on Sunday, November 10, 1957, under the Presidentship of Rashtrapati Rajendra Prasad. A fully illustrated report of the function incorporating the text of the speeches of Dr. Rajendra Prasad, Kulapati Sri K. M. Munshi, Sri Dave and others will appear in the next issue of the JOURNAL.

Editor.

In short, I think that religion and morality should be personal matters, and one should be allowed to act according to one's convictions so long as no harm is done to other individuals or society and there is no transgression of existing law. When social or moral customs and laws are harmful in the opinion of any individual, he should break them, suffer punishment and try to change them.



Appearances...and a pair of pears

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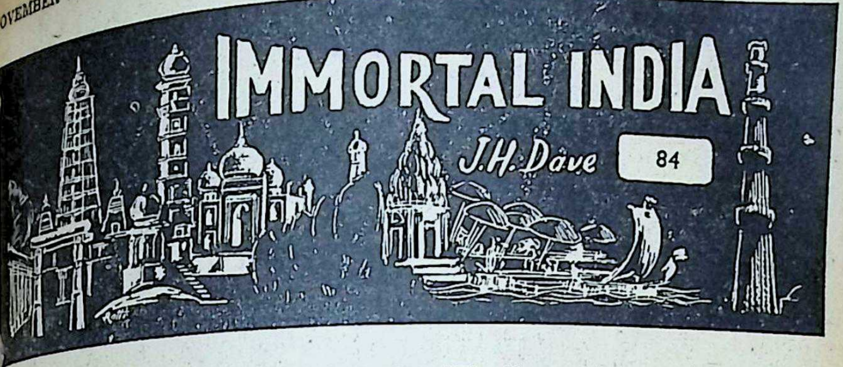

IMMORTAL INDIA

J.H. Dave

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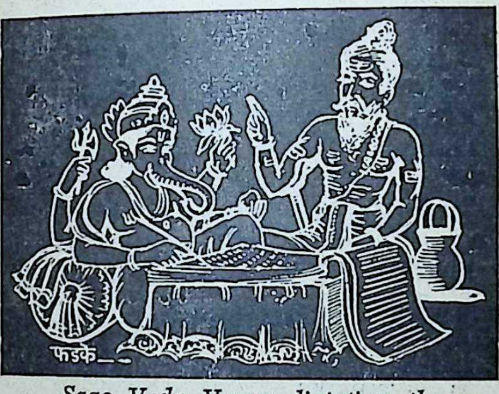
KALPI

THE town of Kalpi is situated on the bank of the Yamuna river in the Uttar Pradesh in 26°-8' north 79°-45' east. It is on the road from Kanpur to Saguor. The town is surrounded by ravines. It is connected with Hamirpur by road. The area round about Kalpi is of great historical and traditional importance. According to Ferishta, King Vasudeva, the ruler of Kanauj and a contemporary of Bahram Ghor founded the city. People, according to tradition, believe that the city was founded by an ancient king named Kalib Deva.



Sage Veda Vyasa dictating the Mahabharata *to Ganeshji.*

But whatever else might be the importance of Kalpi, it has been stated by tradition that Maharshi Vyasa was born in a locality near Kalpi. Krishna Dvaipayana Vyas was the son of Parasara, grandson of Sakti and great-grandson of the celebrated Vedic sage Vasistha. It is stated that sage Parasara while he was crossing river Yamuna in a boat took fancy to Satyavati, the young beautiful daughter of a fisherman; to her was born Vyasa. The colour of his skin was dark like that of his mother and therefore he was called Krishna. As he was born on an island in river Yamuna near modern Kalpi, he was also known as Dvaipayana or born in an island. This son of Satyavati is also stated to have been born in a forest of Badari trees and is therefore known by the other name of Badarayana.

According to tradition the Kali age started soon after Lord Krishna left his mortal coils near Prabhasa. As Vyasa was the creator and procreator of the famous characters of *Mahabharata* namely Dhritarashtra, Pandu and Vidura, tradition assigns to him a date as far back as 3800 years ago; but scholars who have excavated the area of Hastinapura have opined that on examining the various layers there, the Mahabharata war seems to have taken place in about 900 B.C. and that Vyasa would therefore belong to that age.

Vyasa is a link between the Vedic and the Epic period. The very name Vyasa means that he re-arranged the Vedas. It is stated that after the Vedic age there was a lot of confusion about the accurate Vedic texts and their arrangements and this work of re-arrangement into various Vedic Samhitas was done by Vyasa.

In the Taittiriya Aranyaka it has been stated that Vyasa had made profound contemplation on the meaning of Death. In Vana Parva, Yudhishthira says that a special Upanishad was taught to him by Vyasa. The Asrama of Vyasa's father Parasara was situated in Badarikasrama and it is clear that Vyasa acquired the full heritage of the entire Vedic lore from his father Parasara and which had come down to the family from their famous ancestor Sage Vasishtha of the Vedic family. Vyasa composed *Mahabharata* and it is said that Ganesa was the scribe. Here he depicted the *Dharmas* of all sections of society from the highest to the lowest. Vyasa is also known as the author of the eighteen Puranas. According to *Bhagavata* Vyasa re-arranged the Vedas, composed *Mahabharata* for the benefit of all the sections of society and further composed several Puranas but his mind was not satisfied. He was moving in a dejected manner. He happened to meet Narada who found out the cause of Vyasa's grief. Narada advised him that as Vyasa had not sung in a full-throated manner the glories of the Lord, he was not feeling complete satisfaction; and on hearing Narada's advice, it is stated that Vyasa composed the *Bhagavata Purana* wherein he gave full scope to his devotional sentiment.

Vyasa preceded Krishna and the Mahabharata war and is stated to have been born in the Dvapara age. According to tradition, there is a Vyasa in every Dvapara age in the cycles of bigger ages. It is said that in the present Vaivasvata Manvantara there have been so far 28 Dvapara ages and accordingly there have been twenty-eight Vyasas. According to *Vishnu Purana*, the first Vyasa in the first Dvapara age of this Manvantara was Svayambhu Vyasa and the twenty-eighth Vyasa was Krishna Dvaipayana Vyasa. The list of these twenty-eight names differs in different Puranas. It is further stated that the coming Vyasa would be Drauni, i.e., Asvatthama, the son of Dronacharya.

Skanda Purana says that Vyasa married the daughter of sage Jabali and that through her he had a son by name Suka. In the Santiparva of *Mahabharata,* it is stated that Suka went to *Svarga* with this very body. Feeling the pangs of his separation, Vyasa was struck with great grief. Rudra came to him and consoled him by saying that Vyasa would be able to see the *chhaya* of Suka everywhere.

Vyasa's son Suka was so brilliant, precocious and philosophic in temperament that he became an ascetic even before he was given the sacred thread. Vyasa is said to have given the *Upadesa* of the Puranas to his pupil Suta and his son Suka. This Suka gave the *Upadesa* of *Bhagavata* to King Parikshit on the banks of river Ganga. The various Puranas were mostly composed in a region near Naimisharanya where they were recited before an assembly of learned sages. This indicates that Vyasa with the help of his son Suka and his pupils Vaisampayana and others founded a big forest University near Naimisharanya and continued the ancient tradition of learning in India. It is stated in *Bhavishya Purana* that after King Sunanda, Bharata would be overrun by Mlechchhas and therefore a large body of sages had moved away to the Himalayan region.

In *Siva Purana* and *Vayu Purana* it is stated that whenever a Vyasa is born in the Dvapara age Siva himself is born a few centuries thereafter with four pupils to complete the work of Vyasa. Sankaracharya is referred to as the *Avatara* of Sankara and Badarayana Vyasa is referred to as the *Avatara* of Vishnu or Keshava. Vyasa is referred to as the author of *Brahma Sutras* and Sankaracharya as his Bhashyakara.

Vyasa's contribution to Indian religion and culture is so great, his colossal learning and thoughts are acknowledged to be so much spiritually inspiring that he has been described as Brahma incarnate, with one face, and not four faces; Vishnu incarnate with two arms, and not four arms; and Siva incarnate having only two eyes and not three. He is referred to as *Visalabuddhi* or one having colossal intellect, who enkindled the lamp of knowledge filled with the oil of *Mahabharata.* This very *Mahabharata* contains in its Bhishma Parva in eighteen Adhyayas the immortal message of Lord Krishna. If all the Upanishads are taken as cows, Krishna is the cow-herd milking them; Arjuna is described as the calf, *Gita* as the great nectar-like milk and the intelligent reader as the enjoyer of that milk.

The line of ascetics is traced

from Narayana onwards. After Narayana came Brahma, then Vasishtha, Sakti, Parasara, Vyasa and Suka. According to the Sampradaya of Sankaracharya, Gaudapada was the pupil of Suka. His pupil was Govinda Yati, who had his Asrama on the bank of Narmada. Sankara, born in Kaladi, came over to this Govinda and had his initiation from him. Sankara had four celebrated pupils, namely, Padmapada, Hastamalaka, Trotaka and Suresvara. Sankara is credited to have organised the cult of ascetics into ten Nami Sanyasins.

Vaisampayana is said to have studied *Yajurveda* from Vyasa and taught it to his numerous pupils. Yajnavalkya who had a quarrel with his Guru gave him back his learning, propitiated the Sun-God and established the *Sukla Yajurveda.*

For the Vedanta Darsana, there are three well-known Prasthanas. The first is the Upanishads which form the concluding part of the Vedas. As Vyasa is credited to have rearranged the Vedas, his name is naturally associated with this first Prasthana. Secondly, the *Brahma Sutras* attributed to Vyasa are considered as the second Prasthana. They are in four *adhyaya* each having four *padas,* and thei main aim is to reconcile the vario conflicting Upanishadic passag and to present a consistent phil sophy. Vyasa is traditionally b lieved to be the author of thi Prasthana also. The third famou Prasthana is the *Bhagavad Gi* contained in the Bishma Parva of the *Mahabharata.* As the entire *Mahabharata* is traditionally of th authorship of Vyasa, this thi Prasthana also is credited to hi According to Vallabhachary *Bhagavata Purana,* also attribute to Vyasa, is the fourth Prasthana As all the Prasthanas of Vedanta which contains the flower of I dian thought, are attributed t Vyasa who also holds a very hig place in the traditional line Guru *Parampara,* extreme reve ence of the people of Bharata Vyasa can very well be imagin and is more than justified. Ever year, the Ashadha Shukla Purnim is celebrated as the Vyasa Purnim when disciples approach the respective Gurus who in their humbl way represent Vyasa and off their obeisance to Maharshi Vyas

Recently a memorial to Vya was erected in Kalpi.

Verily the Guru is Brahma, Vishnu, Shiva and Param Brahman incarnate; obeisance unto Him.

—Anon.

Moon Festivals in Japan and China

M. V. C. Rau

THE autumnal moon is worshipped in Japan and China as fervently as the Sun in India and other Asian countries. In Japan, the full-moon day after September 15 is ceremoniously devoted to "Moon-Viewing" while the October full-moon is celebrated in China as the "Moon-cake Festival" religiously as well as with political sentiments.

The Chinese Mooncake Day falls on the 15th of the eighth moon in the lunar calendar. As it falls in the middle of autumn it is also referred to as the Mid-Autumn festival. The dark nights in the autumn with the moon shining above therefore reminds every Chinese of this approaching festive day.

The ancient Chinese celebrated the Moon-cake Day to offer thanksgiving to God for the autumn harvest. But the significance of the day changed with added political sentiments since the age of the Yuen dynasty. For, in that age on a fateful dark new moon day—the Moon-cake Day—the Chinese people broke out in a successful revolution against their alien Mongol rulers, whose tyranny they abhorred. Plans for a revolution were drawn up and they were secretly put inside the moon-cakes. When the people started eating the cakes, they found the secret message inside. And thus came off successfully the famous Chinese October Revolution of 1911, in which the Mongols got beaten and were driven beyond the Great-Wall. The Moon-cake festival is therefore celebrated today with added national fervour.

On the Moon-cake night, every Chinese family goes out into the courtyard or garden. A table is placed there in the centre and moon-cakes, pomeloes and an incense burner are arranged on it. The joss-sticks are then lit and the entire family worship the moon. A feasting follows the prayer ceremony and the family members seat themselves around the table. Children make merry singing and laughing with lanterns of different kinds while the grandma adds to the day's entertainment with her legends and fairy tales, seated usually under a great banyan tree. No wonder, the Moon-cake festival is eagerly awaited and joyously celebrated by the young and old Chinese alike.

In the Japanese culture the moon symbolises the cherished object of the artist, the source of inspiration to the poet and an element of ideal beauty to all in general. And of especial importance is the moon on the nights of the Jugoya and the Jusanya, which fall on the 15th day of the 8th month and the 13th day of the 9th month of the lunar calendar. These months generally correspond to September and October of the solar calendar and sometimes, to November. The main purpose of worshipping the moon at this time is to offer her thanksgiving for the welcome, cool and calm air conferred by her, in contrast to the hot summer.

The "Moon-Viewing" is observed by the Japanese by offering to the moon rice balls ('Odango') specially prepared for the occasion, chestnut, taros, bottles of holy sake, branches of green peas, pessimons and autumnal plants and flowers. Seven herbs of autumn are spre on a table or stand. These a exposed to beams of the moon fully as possible and thus dedic ed to its spirit. The family me bers gather together and rel joyously in the moonlight, amid the sweet chirping of the insect Friendly greetings are arranged compose poems and recite son in praise of the celestial body.

The origin of the Japane "Moon-Viewing" on the evenin of Jugoya and Jusanya is shroud in the ancient customs. Mo banquets are known to have be customarily held in the Imperi Courts in ancient times. There are passages in the collection Chinese poems by Tadaomi refe ring to moon festivals on the 15 of the 8th month. It is also lin ed with Courtier poets who flo rished during the middle part the 9th century. The custo therefore seems to have been existence since as early as a tho sand years and before in the pas The early 10th century Japanese poet, Ki-no-Tsurayuki also makes mention about the custom.

The Moon was born from the Mind and the Sun from the Eye of God.

—Rigveda.

Bhagawan Parashurama

PART III: IN A STRANGE LAND

● K. M. Munshi ●

PREVIOUS STORY

This Part III is a sequel of the saga of the conquering Aryans. The first Part was published as a serial in the Journal under the title 'The Woman that was Goddess'. The second Part dealt with the boyhood of Parashurama or Rama of the Battle Axe, the son of Sage Jamadagni, descendant of Bhrigu.

Rama is born to Renuka, the wife of Jamadagni, in the ashrama of the Bhrigus in Aryavarta. On account of differences with Sage Jamadagni who wants Rama to be brought up not as a warrior but as a sage, Kavi leaves for Bhrigugram. The child Rama goes in search of him and, on the way, is captured by strange men who want to offer him as a sacrifice to their unAryan deity. Rama escapes and is ultimately found by Kavi.

Young Arjuna, otherwise called Sahasrarjuna, the king of the Haihayas, wants to marry Loma, the sister of king Sudasa. When he is not able to do so on account of the curse of Jamadagni, he kidnaps her to his Anupadesha on the Narmada. Rama, though a boy, is devoted to Loma. He therefore persuades Arjuna's general, King Bhadrashrenya, to take him also with Loma. They arrive by boats in Saurashtra.

Arjuna, being angry with Bhadrashrenya, removes him from the office of the Commander of the Haihayas. Then he leaves for a war in the South.

In the meantime, Rama, though a boy, organizes and strengthens the Yadavas. Revat, the king of the Sharyatas, a tribe living in the adjoining territory, prepares for a war of utter destruction against King Bhadrashrenya. Rama decides to take up the challenge, but wants to wage the war in his own way.

10. 'BONE OF MY BONE'

THOUGH Loma was now busy with organizing the young women of the *Yadava-gotra,* she was unhappy. Her hunger for Rama increased every day. and so increased, her fear of Kalvini, Kukshi's wife.

Kukshi, the High Priest, had gone to the sacrificial sessions of Revat, the king of Sharyatas. With her husband away from the *Yadava-gotra,* Kalvini began to visit the *ashrama* every day, joining Vishakha in its active administration. She threw herself in the way of Rama, bustled about with voluptuous grace whenever he happened to be passing by, and shot her glances conveying reverential affection at him whenever she could catch his eyes.

Loma began to compare herself with Kalvini. She herself was hard-knit like a boy. Her body lacked the voluptuous curves of Kalvini. By her frequent use of the bow and the discus, her hands had become hard. Moving constantly with men, she had acquired their mannerism. She knew not the ostentatious modesty which allures, nor the practised smile which fascinates. She realized with anguished distress that Rama treated her as if she were a younger brother and no more, and in the race for his heart she had been beaten by Kalvini.

One day, as Rama was offering oblation to the God of Fire, he found the sacred grass missing. Kalvini, anticipating his wish, smiled as she alone could smile and fetched the grass. As she handed it over to Rama; she smiled her enchantress's smile. Rama smiled in return and took the grass from her hands.

Loma saw the exchange of smiles and flushed red. When the sacrifice was over, she had no doubt left that she had lost her Rama.

With a breaking heart, she went to the stables and clung to the neck of Suparna II, Rama's favourite horse, whom both of them loved so well. Losing all self-control she cried, her face buried in the mane of the horse. Then she untied Suparna, and riding astride as she always did, led him to the forest. On the river bank, as the horse halted to drink water, she dismounted and again clung to its neck and wept.

She had no one to turn to; she was alone—all alone—in the dreary world. Her brother was her enemy. Her parents were dead. Guru Lopamudra had gone southwards with her lord. So far she had lived in and for Rama, but now he was no longer hers. Her heart was desolate. As she burst into sobs, Suparna alone, with mute affection, rubbed its nose against her body and tried to console her.

When Loma returned to the ash

rama, she was told that Kalvini had suddenly taken ill and had sent for Rama. Loma felt as if she was drowning, never, never to be rescued.

When the maid-servant of Kalvini came with the message that she was ill and wanted him to come to her, Rama was surprised. This was an unexpected request from her. But it was not unusual for the leading Yadavas to call him if there was sudden illness in the family, for he was heir to the magic arts of the *Atharvanas*.

Rama was taken by the maid-servant to the hut outside the *gotra* which Kukshi sometimes used as a retreat. When he entered the hut, the maid-servant closed the door, saying: 'Lord, there is no one except my mistress in the hut. All the disciples have gone to the sacrificial sessions.'

As Rama entered the hut, he saw Kalvini lying on a bed of antelope skins. She looked out from the skin which covered her body, like a moon emerging out of dark cloud.

'Master, you are welcome. Forgive me for inviting you here. I cannot get up from my bed,' she said in a trembling voice.

Kalvini raised herself in her bed and pointed to the fruits lying there by way of respectful offering, saying: 'Will you accept this humble offering, lord?'

Rama did not like the way that this woman was behaving; he sensed effrontery. But courtesy forbade him to show his displeasure. He took one berry from the fruits offered and put it in his mouth.

'Let me know why you have called me here.'

'Bhargava, come here,' Kalvini said, with a voice in which she successfully brought concern as well as weakness. 'Your life is in danger; so is that of King Bhadrashrenya.'

'Who will harm me?' asked Rama with a smile.

'Come near. Please come near, lord,' Kalvini said.

As Rama leaned forward, she lost whatever control she had. 'You are in great danger. I tell you, you are in great danger,' she repeated, her voice shaking with impatient passion.

'What have I to fear for? Don't worry,' said Rama. For the moment he was deceived by the anxious tone.

'I am very much worried,' Kalvini said. 'I am not even able to sleep at night for fear, lord. Every moment is a nightmare, for I do not know what will happen to you the next moment. Bhargava, I am very weak. Give me your hand and let me sit up.' She extended her hand.

Rama hated the idea of touching another man's wife, but felt that if she was really ailing it would be cruel to deny her the help she wanted. Kalvini took his extended hand. Her body thrilled, she threw away all restraint.

As the coverings were displaced Rama saw that she had no dress on. And as he saw her well-developed breasts rising and falling in excitement, a strange light came into his unmoving eyes.

'Bhargava, Bhargava, what are you looking at? Come, hold my hands, save me,' she said as her eyes, inflamed by passion, invited him to herself.

Like a well-shaped mare, Kalvini stood up in all the beauty of sinewy grace as she threw off the deer skins, every limb of hers throbbing with impatience.

Rama stood up. His face, usually serious, became grim. His eyes, lit up by a dangerous sternness, fell on a whip which had been suspended on a peg nearby. Taking a slow, deliberate step, he took it into his hand and with the unerring skill of an expert trainer of horses, lashed out once across her breasts and again across her hips. As Kalvini jumped, she shrieked in pain and anger. Rama coolly replaced the whip on the peg and walked out of the house.

As he returned to his *ashrama* walking fast, he understood what he had never thought of so far, the significance of Kalvini's voluptuous glances. The attraction which lay behind the bond which subsisted between his father and mother, between Soma and Ruru, her mad lover, between Prateep and Vishakha, became clear to his eyes. He now knew the lure of the body and the union of flesh which marriage meant.

He had never seen a beautiful young woman in the way that he had seen Kalvini a few moments ago. He had often seen Loma bathing in the river, changing her deer skin, but he had never given any thought to her body; today the very lines of that body, which he had never troubled to look at so far, assumed a new meaning. He saw as if by the flash of lightning that he and Loma were husband and wife.

When this new light came to him, he was surprised at his not having seen it all the time. Now he felt a rare exhilaration. His feet almost grew wings.

This strangely constituted far-visioned young man, who could never feel a doubt nor entertain a fear, who had never doubted that as a Bhrigu the Gods had commissioned him to establish *dharma*, felt a doubt. Loma had refused to marry any one so far. Suppose now she were to refuse to marry him! Then he laughed outright: "Impossible. We were married to each other the moment I was born" he said to himself.

Rama went to the *ashrama* and walked up to the tree, under the shade of which Loma and two elder women were sleeping. As he stood at a little distance and looked at her, he saw her in a new light. He looked at the moon which was just rising above the distant trees; then as he looked at Loma again he felt convinced that she was destined to be the mother of his children.

Rama went over to Loma, to

all appearances sleeping. But she had not been able to sleep that night. Seeing that Rama had come near her she had just kept her eyes closed; but now she felt the burning glance of Rama and opened her eyes. She knew those wonderful eyes that shone like the tiger's even in the darkness well, and she saw in them a new light, both loving and hungry. As she saw them, love swept over her every fibre. The earth began to dance with joy under the burden of unbearable happiness. She closed her eyes again.

Rama saw her open her eyes and close them. Without a word, he lifted her, pressed her to himself and carried her out of the *ashrama*. Loma kept her eyes closed with sheer happiness. The moment for which she had been pining had came at last.

Rama took to the forest path with Loma in his hands, and with steady steps, climbed a peak of Girnar and set her on a stone. Loma had now to open her eyes and saw the pale moonlight of *Krishna paksha* which spread a dreamy atmosphere over the forest river and the mountain. With the sure instinct of a woman, she knew that Rama was no longer a friend, but a lover, her lord.

'Loma, do you know that wicked Kalvini invited me to her hut on a false excuse?' he said. 'She stood in front of me, stark naked, inviting me to embrace her.'

'Oh, then?'

'Then I picked up a whip and flogged her twice. I left scars, one on her breasts and the other on her hips. Now she will suffer the punishment for quite a few days'.

Loma went up to Rama. 'My Rama, Rama, what have you done?' she whispered, joy bounding in her heart.

'If she had not been the wife of Kukshi, the High Priest, I would have taken her life. How can *dharma* prevail if such women crowd the earth?'

'Yes, Rama'.

'Today, I saw something as clear as day-light, something which I had not seen so far.'

'What is it?', Loma's heart throbbed with wild excitement.

'You are my wife', he said in his usual decisive way. 'The blood of my blood, the bone of my bones, as *Arundathi* was to *Vasishtha, Lopamudra* was to *Agastya.*'

'What do you mean?', asked Loma, faint with joy.

'I have made up my mind. You refused to marry Brihadratha. You refused to marry Arjuna. Don't say 'no' to me'.

Loma did not know whether to cry or to laugh over this strange lover of hers. Tears of joy sprang in her eyes and she fell on Rama's neck. 'My Rama, shall I laugh or cry? Who told you that I am going to say 'no' to you?'

Rama looked at her in seriousness. 'Now I know that you are my wife.'

Rama hid his leonine head in her

(Continued on page 47)

SCIENCE AND RELIGION

Donald Harrington

DOWN to the present day, science and religion have had three kinds of relationship.

Originally, they were antagonistic, religion regarding science as a mortal enemy as its discoveries, one by one, destroyed venerable religious concepts of the origins and nature of life.

Then as science established itself firmly, a truce was declared and the two antagonists settled for a strict separation, not of themselves alone, but of life. Life was compartmentalized into the sacred and secular, one the concern of religion and the other of science, and never the twain were to meet. Science had to do with facts, religion with values, and values presumably had nothing to do with facts. This separation persists right into the present.

But more and more life is coming to be regarded by both religion and science as a single fabric with which both are concerned and in which their respective disciplines are complementary. It is for science to produce facts, and for religion to integrate, interpret and weave into a single philosophy of life all of the knowledge that science has been able to gather.

Science challenges religion to stop being afraid of truth, to welcome new discoveries even though they destroy cherished concepts and to cease to require as a condition for church-fellowship beliefs about the universe or man no longer acceptable to modern minds. It challenges religion to cease to countenance the compartmentalism of life into sacred and secular and recognize all phenomena as sacred and open to scientific understanding and religious interpretation.

Religion, on the other hand, challenges science to show a much greater concern about the use made of its discoveries, and to bring its full weight to bear for their constructive as opposed to their destructive uses.

Scientists can no longer abdicate responsibility for the uses made of their lethal discoveries.

Religion challenges science to restore the balance between the physical and technical disciplines on the one hand and the psychological and social on the other. Now we have the cart before the horse. We have wrought a technological revolution through science without asking scientifically whether the new society would be fit for men to live in. Our scientists are now beginning to tell us that it isn't that we are breaking down, but are as yet taking little responsibility for having created it or for changing it.

Religion challenges science to muster its full resources for co-operation in the development of a living religion adapted and re-moulded to fit the needs and knowledge of the modern mind, without which the modern age will continue to wander directionless to destruction.

[Courtesy: *New Outlook*]

BHAGAWAN PARASHURAMA—*contd.*

arms. Loma sat quietly as his hand moved over her body, but very, very softly lest she might be hurt. His eyes, with the light of a thousand moons in them and filled with a passionate devotion, enveloped her.

Then they got up, their hearts throbbing in unison and their eyes gazing into each other's.

With a voice husky with emotion, Rama said, 'I wish Amba or Vimada had been here.'

As if, in reply to his wish, the quietness of the night was broken by the sharp, piercing note of a conch.

'Loma, Loma, this is the characteristic note of the Bhargava conch. There is but one man that can play it in this way' Rama said with joy.

He lifted the conch that hung by his waist and blew the *Maha Atharvana's* notes which usually the Lord of the Bhrigus blowed.

In reply to Rama's blast, one of the riders who had been galloping towards the *Yadava-gotra* blew a blast which had the same note a little changed.

'It is Vimada, no one else', said Loma. 'You, lord, and I should go to welcome him.'

Rama noted the respectful 'you' as distinguished from the 'thou' with which she was in the habit of addressing him, smiled, and gathered her to him in his right arm.

[*To be continued*]

At PLAY

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she's made
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THE PURANIC CHARACTER I ADMIRE MOST

Bhishmacharya

WHAT aspect of Bhishma's life is so idealistic and at the same time realistic, is ficult to distinguish. In fact, ishma is a heavenly person on rth and an earthly person in aven. Our hero is called Bhishma the dreadful, not because of his ing so as Kshatriya which he tainly was, but he is so called ause of his dreadful vow.

This dreadful vow of lifelong libacy alone is enough to place ishmacharya on par with Shree ama, the *Maryada Purushottama* (not higher). To judge the rental devotion of either, is not ithin the competence of average telligence. If entreaties of the voted Bharata to persuade Shree ma to come back to Ayodhya led, in the case of Bhishma, the seeching of the step-mother, tyavati, to persuade her firm-minded son to accept *grihastha-ashrama* at a stage when the genealogical tree was on the verge of extinction, equally proved futile. As Prof. Winternitz puts it "Bhishma, mindful of his vow of chastity, declares that though sun may give up his brilliancy, the fire his bravery and the god Dharma his justice, he could never break his promise." Indeed Bhishma proved Bhishma to the last.

PRIZE WINNING ENTRY-4

by Shri Hulikunti Rao

The first lesson a Brahmacharin has to learn at his initiation is that of his indebtedness to parents and Gurus (मातृ देवो भव। पितृ देवो भव। आचार्यदेवो भव।) and in this respect, Bhishma rightly deserved the blessings of his father. The affectionate father confers on the dutiful son the boon of a self-willed death (इच्छामृतिः); that devout services to one's parents shall certainly to this day, lead one to earthly prosperity and to heavenly bliss, is the first lesson we learn from our hero's life.

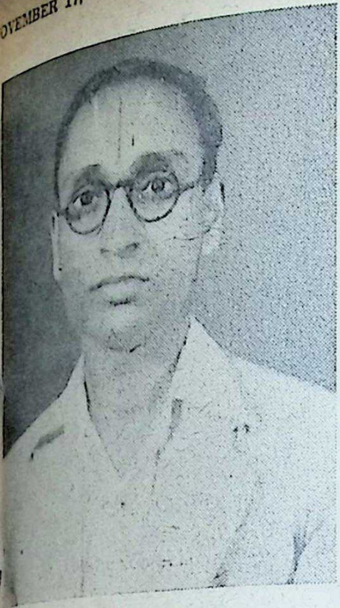
The role of the Regent that Bhishma played on behalf of his grandsons, the Kauravas and the Pandavas, is full of worldly sagacity, selfless sacrifice, strenuous struggle to transform earth into heaven. But alas! fate had its own course. Fraternal disputes could not be resolved and disastrous consequences became inevitable. Against whom should the Grandsire raise his weapons? Herein lies the practical sagacity full of idealistic moral codes.

Why and how Bhishma fought on the side of his erring grandsons knowingly, appears to be an enigma. The solution however is simple. His body was nourished under the patronage of the Kauravas and his brain rightly aided the just cause of the Pandavas! How sympathy goes with the enemies on the battlefield, is well expressed in the solution which not even Lord Krishna could suggest. Our exalted hero pointed out a solution fatal to himself. He gave his word to Yudhisthira that he would lay down his *astras,* when Shikhandi, the *napumsaka,* is placed on the forefront. Nobly did Bhishma foresee the Divine Will and submit to it. Thus amongst the venerable mortals who offered their bodies to the cause of jus with a spiritualistic view, Bh macharya stands supreme. In fall of this noble hero there is ideal as well as a practical as of life exhibited, free from least blemish. Thus, the h whose death-at-sweet-will lay his own hands, determined to c off his mortal coil for the j cause, at the same time not betr ing anyone's confidence, is dep ed as a moral to the world. prove how best our material l should subserve the spiritual

Sri Hulikunti Rao

Prof. Winternitz rightly d justice to Bhishma when he te him as "a lawyer, a theologian a a yogin to lecture Yudhisthira up philosophy, morality and law."

That Veda Vyasa refers Yu thira to Bhishma, "who will



Sri B. S. Narasimha Iyengar, who won the prize for his "Maruti".

struct him fully in all the duties f a king" is sufficient proof of e great statesmanship of Bhish- a. Further, his observation on w, morality and philosophy fill e *Shanti Parvan* and *Anushasana rvan*, which constitute the ker- l of *Mahabharata*.

The *Shanti Parvan* deals with e *Raja Dharma* and *Apat-Dharma* n brief. In his priceless advices e find that both theory and prac- e form a harmonious combina- on.

That Bhishmacharya was prima- ily a Kshatriya king himself, un- ointed, is evident from the fact at he ruled on behalf of the auravas and Pandavas as a Re- ent from their infancy and handed over to the former, a Kingdom of Heaven on earth. That an ideal heavenly rule on earth should prevail under an abominable character of Duryodhana's calibre goes to the credit of Bhishma's sound advice from time to time. Poet Bharavi in his *Kiratarjuniya* praises the wise and sagacious rule of Duryodhana and draws a parallel to that of Yudhisthira. How this *Rajadharma* taught by the Grandsire to his grandsons assumed different facets is best seen in the *Mahabharata*. Suffice it to say that our Grandsire practised what he preached.

Dignity and duties of a king,

Sri P. Seetha Ramiah, who won the prize for "Bharata".

practice of *Rajaniti,* with morality and Dharma can transform earth into heaven itself. If the first part of *Shanti Parvan* vividly depicts the practical aspect, the philosophical background covers the entire range. Theoretical and practical aspects of life are harmoniously wedded together in the *Shanti Parvan,* though in a jumbled form. This manual of philosophy with its succeeding manual of law in *Anushasana Parvan* completes the heavenly rule on earth. No mortal brain, without the Divine Grace, can present such a concluding part of the *Mahabharata*.

It is inconceivable for a western brain to think of the existence of a practical character as Bhishmacharya, and as such, very easy to dispose off by saying that this kind of ideal person is either a mythical personage, or that the *Mahabharata* is not from the pen of a single individual at all. But to an orthodox Brahmanical conception, even an *amsha* (part) of divinity in a mortal, can invigorate inconceivable power. Veda Vyasa is looked upon as an incarnation of Narayana Himself and our venerable Bhishma, the offspring of no less a goddess than Ganga, is purity incarnate, descended from heaven itself. Only the colour of our spectacle needs to be changed from one Yuga to its preceding Yuga. Then all will adjust themselves automatically.

"Life is a spark divine" and as such, every mortal on earth has in him a certain quantity of divinity varying in degree fro an atom to infinity. Viewed fro this angle of vision, it is withi the competence of every indiv dual to uplift himself. To a tach too much of an inferi rity complex to oneself is sill A midway is always safer in e treme opposites. The *Prapat* *Bhava,* the Divine Grace, shal ever bless the seeker of truth.

Sri S. Padmanabhan, who go prize for his "Karna".

Our Bhishma Pitamaha's life o earth is an humble submission t Lord whose presence he felt eve moment, to whom he submitt not with a slavish mentality, bu with pride to vie with Him wit limited power (of course, give by Him), the use of which wa his sole monopoly.

He knew Lord Krishna was n other than Divinity Incarnate, an that he is on the opponent's si n the battlefield which is called he Dharma Kshetra. Victory to nority cause of justice was cer- in. Yet he wished to give Him trial of his valour, and he wanted to exult himself at the sight f the Lord with a frownish look ielding His *Chakra*. An occasion ld arise for it.

The first ten days of terrific r wrought havoc on the Pan- as' army to such an extent that d Krishna rushed at Bhishma, t Arjuna held him back and re- inded him of his oath not to fight n person. Bhishma's joy knew no unds when his atomic divine lement found its worthy counter- rt. The power to fell him down through fair means having failed, the devious method adopted by the opponent suggested by himself through sheer reverence to the humble submission of the Divine Will, elevates our Pitamaha to rise even above Divinity Incarnate. After all, the ways of high-souled persons cannot be judged so highly by earthly standard. One has to exert oneself for lives together if one has belief in rebirth, and only then a glimpse of Divinity dawns on one's mind. May that Divinity bless us all with that Kind Grace to glorify and exalt that *amsha* in us.

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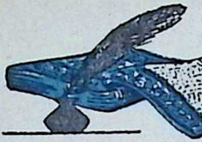

SANSKRIT LESSONS

[New Series]

Dr. Shakuntala Rao Shastri

(Continued from the last issue)

Student:—How is it done? Have the consonants also some signs?

Teacher:—No, the consonants have no signs. But there are certain general rules for the combination of consonants; such as:—

(1) The first consonant is written and pronounced half and the second is written and pronounced fully.

(2) Consonants that end with a vertical line are combined by dropping the vertical line of the first consonant and attaching the second one to it e.g. म्+प्=म्प्(mpā)

(3) Other consonants are combined by placing the second below the first one. They can also be written as above: e.g. क् (kā) + क् (kā) = kkṣ क्क् kkā.

(4) When the letter र् (r) forms the first consonant of combination; it is written with a stroke ‘ ˚ ’ on the bar of the second consonant e.g. र् (rā)+म् (mā) =र्म् (rmā)

(5) When र् (r) is the second consonant, its symbol is written below the first consonant: ‘ ^ ’ is the symbol of ‘र्’(r), when combined with ट् (t), ठ्(ṭh), ड् (ḍ) and (ḍh); and in all other cases, a mere downward stroke ‘ ˎ ’ is used for it.

e.g.

ट् + र् = ट्र् प् + र् = प्र्
t + r = tr p + r = pr

म् + र् = म्र् ग् + र् = ग्र्
m + r = mr g + r = gr

Student:—Are these all the exceptions?

Teacher:—There are a few more irregular forms. They are as follows:—

क् + त् = क्त्   क् + ष् = क्ष्   च् + च् = च्च्
k + t = kt   k + ṣ = kṣ   c + c = cc

त् + र् = त्र्   द् + द् = द्द्   ज् + ञ् = ज्ञ्
t + r = tr   d + d = dd   j + ñ = jñ

ट् + य् = ट्य्   त् + त् = त्त्   द् + व् = द्व्
ṭ + y = ṭy   t + t = tt   d + v = dv

So far about the irregular combinations.

Here are the different combinations that we find in texts.

क्क् = k-k   क्त् = k-t   क्त्य् = k-t-y   क्त्व् = k-t-v
क्न् = k-n   क्म् = k-m   क्म्य् = k-m-y   क्य् = k-y
क्र् = k-r   क्र्य् = k-r-y   क्ल् = k-l   क्ल्य् = k-l-y
क्व् = k-v   क्व्य् = k-v-y   क्ष् = k-ṣ   क्ष्म् = k-ṣ-m
क्ष्य् = k-ṣ-y   क्ष्व् = k-ṣ-v   क्श् = k-ś   ख्य् = kh-y
ग्ध् = g-dh   ग्न् = g-n   ग्य् = gy   ग्र् = gr
ग्र्य् = g-r-y   ग्ल् = g-l   ग्व् = g-v   घ्न् = gh-n
घ्म् = gh-m   घ्य् = gh-y   घ्र् = gh-r   ङ्क् = ṅ-k
ङ्क्त् = ṅ-k-t   ङ्क्त्य् = ṅk-ty   ङ्क्त्वा = ṅ-k-t-vā   ङ्क्य् = ṅ-k-y
ङ्क्र् = ṅ-k-r   ङ्क्ष् = ṅ-k-ṣ   ङ्क्ष्व् = ṅ-k-ṣ-v   ङ्ख् = ṅ-kh
ङ्ग् = ṅ-g   ङ्ग्य् = ṅ-g-y   ङ्ग्र् = ṅ-gr   ङ्ख्य् = ṅ-khy
ङ्घ् = ṅ-gh   ङ्घ्य् = ṅ-gh-y   ङ्म् = ṅ-m   ङ्घ्र् = ṅ-gh-r
ङ्य् = ṅ-y   ङ्स् = ṅ-s   च्च् = c-c   च्छ् = c-ch
च्छ्र् = c-ch-r   च्छ्व् = c-ch-v   च्य् = c-y   ञ्च् = ñ-c
च्म् = c-m   च्छ्य् = ch-y   छ्र् = ch-r   छ्र्य् = ch-r-y
ज्ज् = jj   ज्ज्व् = jjv   ज्झ् = j-jh   ज्ञ् = j-ñ
ज्म् = j-m   ज्य् = j-y   ज्र् = j-r   ज्व् = j-v
ञ्च् = ñ-c   ञ्च्म् = ñ-c-m   ञ्च्य् = ñ-c-y   ञ्छ् = ñ-ch

ञ्छ्र् = ñ-ch-r ञ्ज् = ñ-j ञ्ज्म् = ñ-j-m ञ्ज्य् = ñ-j-y
ट्क = t-k ट्ट् = ṭ-ṭ ट्ट्य् = ṭ-ṭ-y ट्य् = ṭy
ट्स् = ṭ-s ठ्य् = ṭh-y ठ्र् = ṭh-r ड्ग् = ḍ-g
ड्घ् = ḍ-gh ड्ड् = ḍ-ḍ ड्य् = ḍy ढ्य् = ḍh-y
ढ्र् = ḍh-r ण्ट् = ṇ-ṭ ण्ठ् = ṇ ṭh ण्ड् = ṇ-ḍ
ण्ड्र्य् = ṇ-ḍ-r-y ण्ण् = ṇ-ṇ त्क् = ṭ-k त्त् = t-t
त्त्य् = t-ty त्त्र् = t-t-ra त्त्व् = t-t-v त्थ् = t-th
त्प् = t-p त्प्र् = t-pr त्फ् = t-ph त्म् = t-m
त्म्य् = t-my त्य् = ty त्र् = tr त्र्य् = try
त्व् = t-v त्स् = ts त्स्व् = t-sv त्स्य् = t-s-y

LESSON II

Teacher:—Can yon read the number of the page of your book?

Student:—Yes, it is ten.

Teacher:—Do you know how it is written and pronounced in Sanskrit?

Student:—No, we want to learn the numbers.

Teacher:—The following denote one to ten.

एकः (ekaḥ) = 1 – १
द्वौ (dvau) = 2 – २
त्रयः (trayaḥ) = 3 – ३
चत्वारः (catvāraḥ) = 4 – ४
पञ्च (pañca) = 5 – ५
षट् (ṣaṭ) = 6 – ६
सप्त (sapta) = 7 – ७
अष्ट (aṣṭa) = 8 – ८
नव (nava) = 9 – ९
दश (daśa) = 10 – १०

[*To be continued*]

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2

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QUESTION BOX

ANSWERS by K. M. Munshi

Kulapati Sri K. M. Munshi has kindly agreed to answer in these columns questions from readers of Bhavan's Journal on topics falling within the scope of the Journal.

353

Shri Ram Chandra Sahu, Chirikipoda Syasono (Dist. Ganjam).

Q: *What is the difference between 'Swabhava' and 'Charitra' (character)?*

A: *Swabhava* is the temperament with which one is born. *Charitra* is character, which includes behaviour guided by principles. These principles depend upon temperament, upbringing, education, association of friends and a constant effort to put principles in action.

354

Shri R. Prabhakara Rao, Coonnoors (Nilgris).

Q: *In the series 'Rama krishna Upanishad', Shri C. Rajagopalachari asks us to regard every woman as an incarnation of Devi. At the same time, 'Simhasana Dwatrimsika' series contain anecdotes like falling in love with Apsar and eloping with fair women. What path do you want yo readers to follow?*

A: Ramakrishna Upanishad, course. *Dwatrimsika* consis of stray folk tales of Ind woven together by an ancie author for beguiling an id hour.

355

Shri Kandade Krishna, Hubli.

Q: *Do you think it is right on th part of our Government t bring legislation for registr tion as Sanyasis who ha sacrificed everything. Does not constitute deprivation the fundamental rights?*

A: Registration of Sanyasis is t surest way to degrade the status. A Sanyasi by his vo and training gives up life to free from social bonds. He above the fiat of authoriti If he submits to the secu authority of the State he will no longer be Sanyasi and will not attract the faith and love of the people. He will also never be able to realise his mission.

356

Shri K. Venkatakrishnayya, Ka- rgod.

They say bathing in Ganga cleanses all sins. Do you agree with that?

It depends upon whether you have the faith that Ganga is sacred. If you have, a bath will lift you out of your sordid self, may be for a little while, may be for a lifetime. That would depend upon the measure of your faith.

357

Shri S. K. Pradhan, P. O. Kalim- ng.

What should a young boy do when he is losing interest with the world?

Study hard and recite Shri Krishna's words: "Do not give way to impotence, Partha This does not benefit thee. Leave this wretched faint heartedness. Stand up, thou oppressor of foes."

358

Shri P. S. Vittal Rao, Bellary.

Why not publish Bhavan's Journal *weekly, replacing* Kulapati's *letter with some other article on alternate weeks?*

Then perhaps the readers would find it hard to digest such a magazine in a week's time.

359

Shri Narayanamurthy, Madras-14.

Q: *Between Vibhishana and Karna whom do you think is better?*

The one, leaving his friend in the hour of need and the other putting forth his best even at the cost of his life.

A: Karna is the noblest and the most tragic hero of our Epics.

360

Shrimati Sunaina Devi, Calcutta-1

Q: *Which do you think is the best of immortal writings on imaginative character?*

A: Yours is a difficult question. If the heroes and heroines of *Mahabharata* are treated as imaginative characters, the Epics would be the best of such writings. If they are taken as historical, I would put Shakespeare's Plays as the best.

361

Shri Geeta Gali, Bombay-4.

Q: *In the 'Ramayana' we find Rama and Bharata were devoted to each other so much that they could sacrifice their lives for each other. How is it that we find an ocean of difference among the brothers of to-day?*

A: Both parental influence and the influence of education fail to inculcate the noble ideals which governed the relations of Shri Rama and Bharat. Our social environment and education both develop the intellect but starve the noble emotions, with the result that, in many matters, we tend to become more selfish, though more clever, than the savages.

362

Shri Kanchan, Gorakhpur.

Q: *God has created human beings of his own accord or for his own pleasure. Why is it then that human beings should offer worship to Him. Does it not amount to flattery?*

A: You offer worship to acquire the habit of lifting yourself out of the sordidness of life, and to develop humility, so that the ego, the source of our arrogance, selfishness, wrath and fear, may become weak. In this way, worship and prayer would make us realize ourselves and lead us to God. The very fact that we fear that worship might imply flattery, indicates that we consider our ego to be so important that it should not bend its knee before God who lives in the All the All Perfect. This ego tissue is the result of ignorance.

363

Shri Y. Gangadhara, Vishakapatnam-1

Q: *Thoughts differ from individuals, Why?*

A: I don't understand the question. Individuals are made up of different hereditary and
environmental influences; te
peraments differ from one t
another; the Samskaras of t
past lives differ, and so do e
periences and circumstanc
Naturally therefore the ou
look and thoughts of indiv
duals differ.

364

Shri Y. V. Rao, Dadar, Bom
bay 14.

Q: *In the issue of July 14, 1*
in the article, 'Vyasa, the P
a reference is made in t
introductory note to his fath
Sage Parasara whose gra
father was Sage Vasishta. So
between Vasishta and Vyasa i
is a period of four generati
—whereas Vasishta appears
Ramayana and Vyasa
pears in Mahabharata. *T*
means Shri Rama and S
Krishna lived within the t
of less than 400 years.
To add to this confusion
your article, 'Bhagawan P
shurama' also Vasishta ma
his appearance. Please e
plain.

A: (1)The Vedic Vasishta w
contemporary of Vishwami
and Jamadagni, Parashuram
father. Vasishta was t
great grandfather of Vyasa,
would appear both from t
Vedic and Puranic referenc
The Vasishta of *Ramaya*
may not possibly be the sa
Rishi.

(2) If chronology is measu
by the finds at Rupar

Hastinapura, much less than 400 years must have elapsed between Shri Rama and Shri Krishna by assuming Vyasa's pedigree to be correct.

365

Shri Beldona Bhima Rao, Bellary-2.

Please give your advice on the date and text of the Gita *as there are conflicting opinions on the same.*

In my opinion the present *Gita* is a later product but the original one composed by Bhagwan Vyasa (Chapter I, part of II, XI and part of XVIII) might be dated a few years after the Bharat War. I am inclined to date the War about 1000 B.C. But different scholars give different dates to the War.

366

Shri Maganlal Solanki, Bom- 13.

In the Ramayana *we read of the death of a Brahmin's son due to the penance practised by a Shudra. What is wrong in the latter practising penance? Is there any hidden meaning in this anecdote?*

Penance is inspired by (i) Purity or the will to realize God (Sattvic) (ii) the desire to gain something (rajasic) (iii) the ambition to inflict injury on others and to wish ill to some one (tamasic). If a man has the *shudra* temperament his penance is more likely to be of *tamasic* nature and would hurt those who are seeking purity or trying to realize God.

367

Shri K. A. Arunachalam, Annamalainagar.

Q: *How do they say Sanskrit is the mother of all Indian languages?*

A: All Indo-Aryan languages have drawn freely from Sanskrit in structure, vocabulary and idiom. All Dravidian languages have been enriched by its vocabulary and idiom. And the literature of all of them have been influenced or inspired by Sanskrit literature.

368

Sri D. Bhujanga Rao, Moka (Bellary Dist.).

Q: *What is the meaning of Amrutamtu Vidya?*

A: Learning is Immortality.

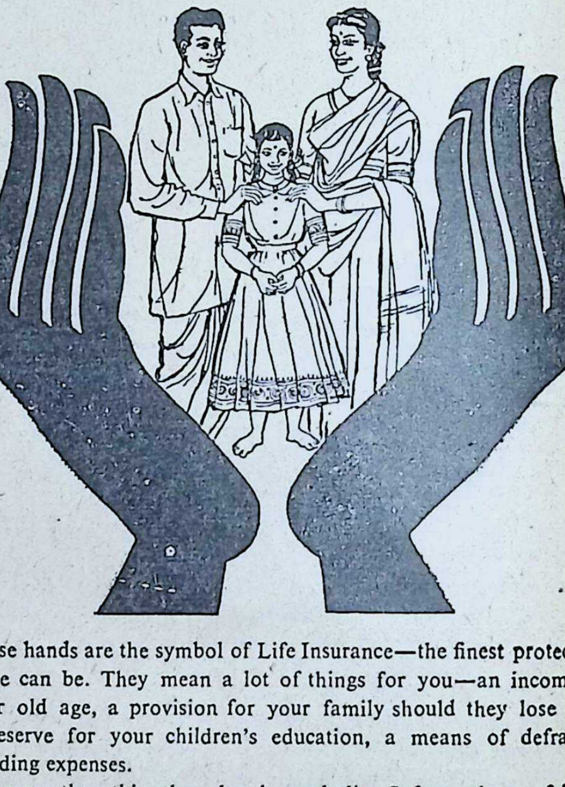
369

Sri D. R. Bhadrudu, Bombay-2.

Q: *Is it true that Bombay is Parashurama Kshetra?*

A: After giving the whole world away in gift, Parashurama got the sea to give him Konkan to live. Bombay is therefore certainly Parashuram Kshetra. In an old astrological book I found it referred to as 'Parashuram Nagari.'

Let these hands protect you



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Our Fortnightly Profile—82

I. I. Chundrigar

स्यात्यन्तं सुखमुपनतं दुःखमेकान्ततो वा
चैर्गच्छत्युपरि च दशा चक्रनेमिक्रमेण ।

WHOEVER had a life of unalloyed pleasure, or for that matter, unmixed sor-? Life's vicissitudes are somees high and at others low, like e periphery of a wheel," wrote e immortal Kalidasa.

Elaborating himself further, the t has said in another context: "The moon is the unchallenged ler during the entire night. He at the summit of power at midght. Gradually losing power, he almost tame till he sets. Simuleously, his rival the sun occus the sky in the morning."

One is forcefully reminded of lidasa's profound observation at e state of Pakistan's politics to. Mr. I. I. Chundrigar's elevan to Prime Ministership comes thirteen months after the virl liquidation of the Muslim League, when Mr. Suhrawardy and Awami League came to power. e can pursue the logic, this too y not yet be the last word on e all-too-quick changes (six in ten years) that have plagued the fant State.

Another strange phenomenon we itness in this connection is Kara's furore over the *Time* comment over Mr. Chundrigar's appointment, which says "A reliable U.S. ally appeared to be getting weaker, and because of its weakness, less reliable." The magazine fears that the Chundrigar Government will not, under its weak coalition, muster enough power to arrest the slide towards economic chaos. Close on this comment comes the news that the U.S. may block the economic aid already on

its way, due to the on-the-spot discovery of its likely misuse.

Whatever the reason, Mr. Chundrigar's selection to head Pakistan's ministry as the sixth Prime Minister since the creation of the State, appears to be mainly a negative act—to keep Suhrawardy, the potent rival to President Mirza's influence, out of the field. How far one can cling to a circumstantial or tactical assignment which has no popular backing is a moot point. Further, it is not difficult to envisage in the present state of flux, a time when President Mirza who firmly believes in 'controlled democracy' changes his mind!

In the present set-up, Mr. Chundrigar heads a four-party coalition, consisting of the Muslim League, Republican Party, Krishik Samik Party and the Nizam-e-Islami Party. He has promised to bring about elections to his country according to much postponed schedule, introduce separate electorate system in both wings of the country and stay the break-up of the one unit West-Pakistan till after the elections. He has further promised to follow an independent foreign policy, what that may mean.

Ismail Ibrahim Chundrigar, 60, is a devout Muslim lawyer from Ahmedabad who is familiar to Bombayites of the pre-Partition days. He was righthand man to Mohammad Ali Jinnah, for a number of years, President of the Bombay Muslim League and Member of the Working Committee the All-India Muslim League.

A graduate of the Bomb University, he started his pu career as a member of Ahmedabad Municipality in 1 He later practised law in Bomb During the Interim Coalit Ministry at New Delhi, he officia as Commerce Member and w he migrated to Pakistan, he h the same portfolio in the ne Government.

Later he was sent as a rov Ambassador to the Middle E He was the first Pakistani Amb sador to Afghanistan, next beco ing Governor of the Frontier P vince. In 1951, he took over West Punjab Governorship.

During the days of Constitut making in Pakistan, Mr. Chun gar held the Law portfolio w Chaudhuri Mohammed Ali as P It is said that the brunt of fram Pakistan's constitution was bo by Mr. Chundrigar. He beca Leader of the Opposition in 1 Sauve in manners and level-he ed, Mr. Chundrigar was able hold the ring during the turbule days when Afghanistan want the revision of the Durand li He is a consummate bridge-pla and is credited with being favourite partner with Presid Mirza on the bridge table.

During his roving mission in t Middle East, Mr. Chundrigar vi ed all important sacred places Islam, Mrs. Chundrigar is said be still in purdha.

Simhasana Dwatrimsika—56

VIKRAMA INTERPRETS A WILL

IT is more easy to imagine than describe the state of mind of King Bhoja when he started scending the steps of King Vikmaditya's divine throne on the ghteenth day.

It was a tribute to his persistence in his attempt to occupy the one despite successive set- ks caused by the adroit narration of episodes from King Vikrama's life which made him alays look small.

With hope poised against trepition in his heart, he set foot on e eighteenth step, when the tuette holding it clapped its nds and said: "Stóp, Bhoja, and ten to this story of our Great rama before you proceed fur- r."

Arrested thus, Bhoja did not ve the courage to ignore the tuette's call.

Further he sincerely believed t he could yet learn much from e life of exalted ones like Vikraditya.

The statuette started:

There was a city called Alakai in which lived a merchant name Nitipara. He had four s. Paru Datta, Maru Datta, ana Datta and Charu Datta. e family lived in comparative affluence. In due course, their mother and father went the way of all human beings, one after the other.

For a time, the brothers lived together amicably. Soon, however, the proverbial family discord started showing its head, and they had perforce to split the joint family and live apart if they wanted to stop further unpleasantness.

Then began the great partition. Every little item in the family was counted and distributed among the brothers equally.

It was when they opened their father's account book that they got the shock of their life. All along they were living under the impression that their father had amassed a lot of money and that was why they could live comparatively happy. But the account book bore no traces of cash or any investment. On the contrary, it bore the following written passage:

"To my sons:

"Share without quarrel the contents of the four copper pots placed underneath the four legs of my cot; don't spill the gold; give away the cows as gifts; find your level like water."

This read like a riddle at which they became exasperated.

"What became of all my father's wealth?" shouted one, obviously thinking that one or more of the others had whisked it away ere the old man died.

At which the other remonstrated with equal fervour: "You must be knowing it better!"

"Ah, the wily old bandicoot" ejaculated a third.

But all these altercations led them no where near truth. In the end they decided to refer the document to King Vikramaditya and request him to unravel the mystery, each wishing at the same time that the other would be found guilty and punished.

Accordingly they sought audience before King Vikrama who readily granted it. Vikrama received them with courtesy and before he could open his mouth, the brothers vied with one another to catch Vikrama's eye first, so that he could lay the blame squarely on the other.

It was not difficult for King Vikrama to gauge the atmosphere a so smilingly said: "I have one r quest to make before you st and that is, only he should g me the reply whom I ask. Up that condition I am willing to l ten to your plaint."

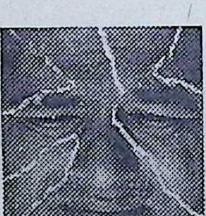
They agreed and King Vikra asked one of them: "Now, you c make your representation."

He said, "Our father was a ric man by all standards. He paying a large amount to gove ment by way of taxes, Your jesty may be knowing. He d last month. When we star examining his books, we do find any mention of any holding As it is, we are left penniless. W therefore suspect some foul pl

"Is that your case, too?" as Vikrama of the other sons, e of whom nodded "Yes."

"Now," said Vikrama, "let have a look at the account your late father maintained."

The eldest son produced book which was completely bl except for the writing, alre mentioned, on the first page.



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King Vikrama thumbed the pages carefully and not finding any more entries, started reading the first page containing the said writing which read like a will. He read it twice, thrice. Afterwards he sat quietly for a few seconds and said: "I think I can help you provided you promise me—all of you—to abide by my decision."

"Yes", replied all.

King Vikrama asked them to take him to their house. They gladly agreed and all of them went in the royal carriage.

King Vikrama asked for the room and the cot which the old man used. They showed them. Asking them to remove the cot, he ordered them to dig the floor at the places occupied by the four legs of the cot.

Each of them brought a pick-axe or whatever he could lay hands on and started digging till a metallic sound rose from each. After making sufficient space round the object, they excavated four metallic pots, one from beneath each leg.

Expectation ran high, but King Vikrama who took hold of them examined them carefully.

The first he took was found to contain lumps of charcoal, the next a number of bones; the third contained a small quantity of sand and the fourth, water!

Disappointment was writ large on the face of the brothers on this discovery, as they found their king no better.

But King Vikramaditya kept on smiling.

He said, "Now I should once again remind you of your promise to abide by my decision."

"What is there to decide? We are not anxious to divide these precious gifts," interposed one of them.

"Wait and see!" said Vikrama.

Taking out one lump of charcoal from the pot, he rubbed it on the floor and lo! it was pure gold! All those assembled gasped in wonder. The brothers looked at one another meaningfully.

King Vikrama examined the next pot which contained bones. He counted them and said: "You must give away as many cows as there are bones here, to brahmins. That is the wish of your father!"

The brothers looked at each other and with grateful feelings replied: "Yes, we shall certainly do so."

King Vikrama took up the third vessel containing sand. The grains were of a fairly large size and so he counted them. He said "You have as many items of article in your house as these sands and it is the wish of your father that you should divide them equally between you. Am I right?"

"Yes, you are quite right. The number is correct as we checked it only yesterday. We have divided the articles exactly as you want us."

"That is splendid", replied King Vikrama.

Taking out the last of the vessels, he saw in it nothing but cool water.

Clearing his throat King Vikrama addressed them all: "As I have said, your father in his will has given certain directions which it is your duty to fulfil. I have explained some of the clauses. What remains I shall presently explain. It is the express wish of your father that you should live amicably as a joint family. He has made it perfectly clear that the wealth of the family should not be dissipated by litigation. He has therefore enjoined that the eldest among you should keep custody of the family wealth which consists of this pot of gold—the charcoal is really gold bars—and the rest of you should go out in the wide world and work without worry, as water finds its own level, thus helping the family wealth to grow. Only in this way, can peace return to your family along with prosperity."

All the brothers immediately regained their lost faith in each other and fell spontaneously at King Vikrama's feet. The King blesse them all and repaired to his palace.

All the brothers immediate made arrangements for the do of cows enjoined in their father will. Having done that thei hearts became pure and happy. Thereafter they lived in perfec amity and prosperity.

The statuette asked King Bhoja: "You know very well that th King is entitled to half of all hi den treasures recovered. But Kin Vikrama had the magnanimity n only to help the brothers find th hidden wealth but also forego wha by law belonged to his State. Do you think you belong to the ca- gory of kings who do not long f subjects' wealth? If you hav that magnanimity alone are yo entitled to rule from this thron and not otherwise."

King Bhoja on hearing this immortal account returned to hi palace along with his minist Nitivakya without making an reply.

[*To be continue*

Always use

G. G.

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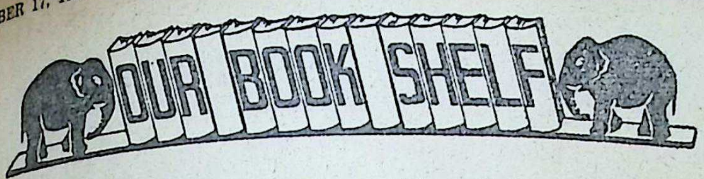

THE HOYSALAS, A MEDIEVAL INDIAN ROYAL FAMILY. By J. Duncan M. Derrett. Published by Oxford University Press, Madras-2. 1957. Price: Rs. 12/-.

THIS monographic model, disciplined autopsy in 1952, is mainly based on the magnificent corpus of Kannada inscriptions supplemented by the prosing *genre* of the Kannada classics written during the period, A.D. 940-1346, and by the sources in Persian and Arabic. It evinces plenitude of learning and solidity of thinking, and its value is great among several productions by scholars who have recently been attracted to research in Hoysala history. The present volume deals with the political fortunes and administrative organisation of a dynasty of thirteen sovereigns who shaped the lives of the people of Mysore during nearly four centuries.

The rise of the Hoysalas is explained with reference to their geographical and political environment; they were originally successful brigand-chiefs who secured a feudatory status under the Western Chalukyas and later succeeded in their second attempt to achieve an imperial position in the days of Vira Ballala II (1173-1220). Vishnuvardhana (1108-1142) had prepared the way for Hoysala independence by his role as the most difficult feudatory of Vikramaditya VI, the great Chalukya (1076-1127). The policy of Hoysala expansion in the Tamil country is characterised as an aberration, a fatal miscalculation of Vira Ballala II, who consequently hastened the fall of his dynasty, though he had realised the ambitions of his family.

The most tragic reign of Somesvara (1236-60) witnessed his reinstatement at Kannanur (near Trichinopoly), the partition of the empire, and the *digvijaya* of Jatavarman Sundara Pandya I (1251-68), and was followed by civil war during 1274-91. Therefore, Vira Ballala III (1292-1343) was confronted with a discouraging heritage: a divided realm weakened by wars, with its unsatisfactory economic condition and morale. Though the kingdom was reunited and enlarged by the addition of the Tuluva country, the Muslim invasions and the involvement in the Tamil country overpowered the last great Ballala. "The will-o'-the-wisp city of Kannanur which had been the monument to an idle fancy of Ballala II, proved fatal to his namesake and descendant. The Hoysala leaves the arena of history as abruptly as he entered it. The line had by its own ambition and ineptitude undermined the structure raised through its earlier achievements, and had rendered a once flourishing and powerful state, comprising many millions of trusting subjects of all classes, a helpless prey for more vigorous and clear sighted antagonists. To this dynasty, neither the Muslims nor the Hindus of Vijayanagara were as hostile as its own inordinate acquisitiveness" (pp. 173-74). The author subscribes to the theory of the Andhra origin of Vijayanagar (p. 167). The last of the seven chapters is devoted to administration and excludes the economic and social conditions of the Hoysala dominions which require separate treatment: the king and his duties, his expenditure, officers of all grades, and the revenue. The Hoysala queens participated in the administration of the country and occasionally conducted military campaigns (p. 187).

The volume contains a genealogical table, a discussion of the sources (inscriptions including *viragals* or 'hero-stones' and literary works, indigenous and foreign), notes, a bibliography, an index, five plates, and six maps. The notes are very valuable. The remark (p. 221) that Dara in Darasamudra represents not Dvara but Dhruva is supported by the inscriptions of the Imperial Guptas. The view that the King did not claim ownership of land except that held privately by him is rejected on the ground that it is opposed to "the general sense of medieval Indian constitutional thought" (p. 234). The reference to Ravivarman Kulasekhara of Travancore is meagre (pp. 156-57). As regards Prof. A. J. Toynbee's view, Dr. Somervell's abridgement is cited (p. 18). There is a misprint in line 10, p. 77: ni for in. Tiruvadi requires a dot under d (p. 156).

—*Prof. R. Sathianathaier.*

THE HEART'S WAY. By Narendranath Kaul. Published by Hamsa, New Delhi. Pp. 165. Price: Rs. 4/-.

THIS is an English novel written by an Indian writer, allegedly his first, aiming to depict the 'ferment' of our youth to-day. A clerk in a travel agency picks up an acquaintance with a girl working at the counter of an airlines firm. The girl, a siren, marries one of her numerous sycophants. This gives a bad jolt to the clerk who chooses to disappear, not however without bequeathing her, like a churl, his 'notes' or ravings about her which constitute the bulk of the novel.

Purely on technical grounds the novel is unsustainable. Neither the 'novelty' of its medium nor the metaphysical jargon of transmuting sex energy when there is a walk-over over a girl can save it. Apart from errors of spelling and diction it is uncharitable to paint our youth to be so stupid as to be oblivious of the cataclysmic changes he is passing through, that he is the cynosure of all the world's eyes in the greatest democratic experiment on this side of the globe. To talk or write of inanities under the existential banner at this stage of our evolution, betrays a lamentable lack of perspective hardl excusable in a novelist.

ANCIENT MONUMENTS OF INDIA: (1) *Karla* (Price: Re. 1.25); (2 *Elephanta* (Price: Re. 1.50); (3 *Aurangabad* (Price: Re. 1.50). Edite by Douglas Barrett & Madhuri Desa Published by Messrs. Bhulabhai Memorial Institute, Bombay-26; Distributed by Current Book Hous Bombay.

THESE are bright little handbooks containing several excellent photographs o these historical places of India. Ther has been a great need for authoritati guide-books of this kind especially f tourists from abroad who have late begun visiting India in large number These books will be ideal guides f them. Even to most of us such detai as are found in these booklets will b in the nature of eye-openers. We lo forward to seeing further titles in th series.

—*V. A. K*

WORLD IS GOD. By Swami Ramda Published by Anandashram, Anand ashram P.O., Via Kanhangad (S India). Pp. 316+xii. Price: Popul Edition, Rs. 4/-; Superior Editi Rs. 5/-.

THE book under notice is the result o the world tour on which Swami Ramdas went about a year ago and fro which he returned after five month It records almost all the impressions which he formed in course of his tou and his own observations which he h the opportunity to make on vario occasions. Every page reveals how h identified himself with all he met Ramdas's love flows out to them alike. We see in the book that hi vision, serene and exalted, found o Supreme Soul pervading through a forms of life. The world is one unit t him, a revelation, the global expressio of God Almighty. The title is significant and we may add with justificatio that Ramdas is the world and the wor is Ramdas. The glossary at the end very helpful.

SWAMI RAMDAS AND MOTHER KRISHNABAI. A Devotee's Diary. Published by Anandashram, Anandashram P.O., Via Kanhangad (S. India). 2 Volumes. Price: Each Vol. Re. 1/-.

BOTH the volumes are a Devotee's Diary. Both the brochures are partly reprint of the serial that was published month after month in the *Vision* under the heading "Devotee's Diary Leaves". As the diary devoutly maintained by Swami Satchidananda ("S" of Vision) affords a peep into the personalities of both Swami Ramdas and Mother Krishnabai—who are lovingly named by the devotees as Papa and Mataji—as evidenced in their daily life, the matter of these brochures is bound to be deeply interesting and illuminating to the aspirants. The Diary is set in the form of questions and answers by the devotees and Swamiji respectively.

JHANSI BAI TO JAWAHARJI. By Jagan. Published by Poornima Publishers, Madras-5. Pp. 98. Price: Re. 1/-.

THE book under notice portrays India's hundred years' Freedom Fight. It refers to the secret message conveyed to the revolutionaries by Chapathi and Lotus. The heroic exploits of Tatia Tope, Kumar Singh, Nana Saheb, Ahmed Shah and other brave and bold leaders who led the revolution are described in the booklet in a thrilling manner. It graphically narrates the adventures of a dancing girl as well as the atrocities of General Neill; and the treacheries of some of the Native rulers are exposed threadbare in the book. It has also outlined the history of the Congress and the Gandhian movement, side by side. Adventures of Netaji, the historic incident of the Britishers' quitting India are also delineated to explain effectively the plea of the book which ends with a glowing tribute to Nehru Government's marvellous efforts towards economic freedom. The book assesses the proper value, according to the author, of those who have sacrificed and suffered for Bharat. It must be said that the book is not altogether devoid of the traces of prejudices. Still, however, it is useful in arriving at a correct judgment. The printing is not so nice and the paper used is indeed of an inferior quality.

RAM RAM'S TALKS ON SPIRITUAL PHILOSOPHY. By Minocher K. Spencer. Published by the Spiritual Healing Centre, Ratnasabapathipuram P.O., Coimbatore (S. India). Third Edition, 1957. Pp. 62. Price: Re. 1/8.

TO be united with God is the *summum bonum* of life but this aspiration cannot be realised by the aspirant if he is not armed with the armoury of the Spiritual Lore which is enshrined in the book under notice in the form of 'Talks' of the Master which are powerful enough to stimulate any aspirant to redouble his efforts. The 'Talks' are thrilling and full of spiritual lore and wisdom. The 'Talks' cover forty-two topics and are basically instructive. The book is well-written and contains a spark of supernal light. It serves as a brake on the advancing march of materialism. Printing is fine and papers used are good. The price is moderate.

SHREEMAN TAPASWIJI MAHARAJ. By T. S. Anantha Murthy. Published by the author, Someswara Extension, Tumkur. Pp. 133. Price: Rs. 2/-.

THE book under notice is a short biography of Shreeman Tapaswiji Maharaj who lived for one hundred eighty-five years and seven months and whose photo is there to be found on the front page of the book. The author has styled Shreeman Tapaswiji Maharaj as a Maharshi of the type that is described in the Upanishads. He was the very embodiment of "brahmanandam' and had all the qualities of a great saint. The saint was of royal descent and his original name was Prince Krishna Singh. He abandoned riches, sought shelter in the solitudes of the Himalayas, was named as Vishnu Das by his Guru and was popularly known as Tapaswiji.

The saint underwent Kaya-Kalpa thrice which he knew and thus could manage to live a very long life. The saint was a 'bhakta' of Lord Sri Krishna who gave him Darshan on several occasions. His life was all through dedicated to the services of the suffering humanity. The book is interesting; the price a little prohibitive and the printing good. We recommend the book to the readers for drawing inspiration.

UNORTHODOX ESSAYS. By Prof. Dev. Published by Anand Book House, New Delhi. Pp. 163. Price: Rs. 6/-.

THE book contains discussions of outstanding topics of infinite interest. Most of the essays are readably short, in simple style, easy to follow.

The essays throw a flood of light on modern problems and theories on the progress of science and its impact on man. The author's penetrating observation and search into the ills of the present-day world and the remedy he suggests are commendable.

The essays in general may be divided under the following heads: Analytical, (2) Critical, (3) Exposito (4) Expounding, (5) Thoughtful, (Prophetic.

These essays are of exceptional m —social progress through commu action, prospects of Democracy in In Sarvodaya, Man, Molecules and Myo The ample references supplied help t student for further study and resea in the relevant topics.

The minor faults in printing sh not go unobserved. There are nu rous spelling mistakes which ham reading and the seriousness of the s jects discussed. It would be more c venient for reference had the sour of the texts quoted been given at t bottom of each page.

—*Dr. A. S. Gop*

BOOKS RECEIVED

YOGA HYGIENE SIMPLIFIED. B Shri Yogendra. Fully Illustra Published by the Yoga Institu Santa Cruz, Bombay-25. Distrib tors: India Book House, Bombay. P 156. Price: Rs. 2/-.

INTRODUCING THE GITA. By Swa Chidbhavananda. Published Tapovanam Publishing House, Ti paroyturai P.O., Tiruchirapalli D trict. Pp. 88. Price: Re. 1/-.

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FORTNIGHTLY

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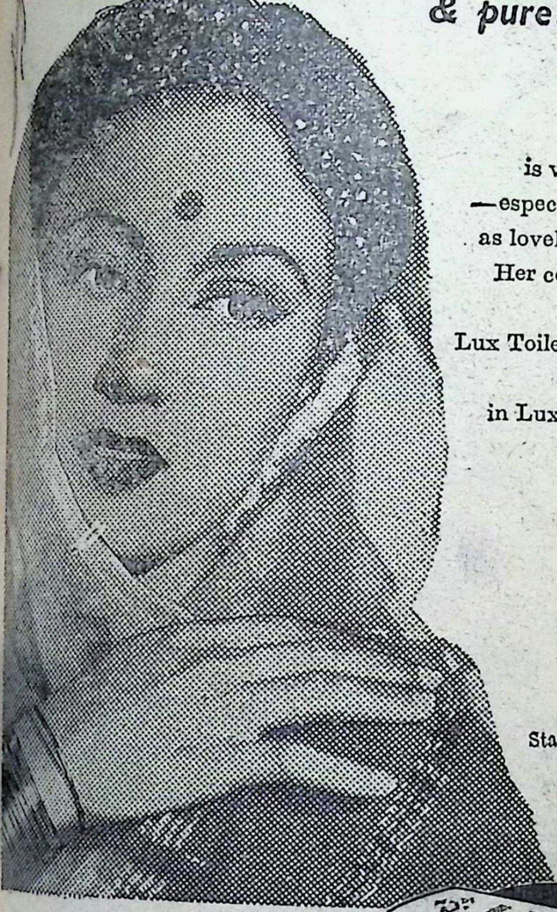

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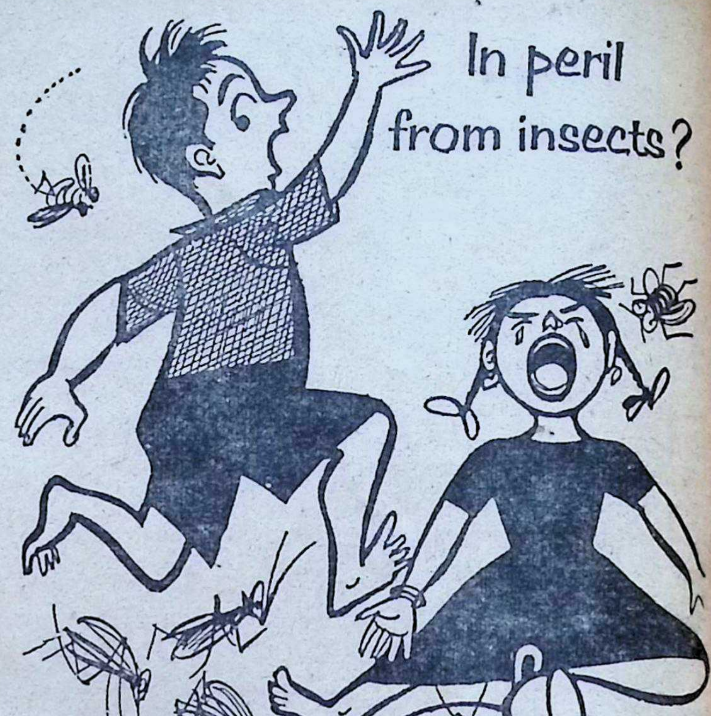

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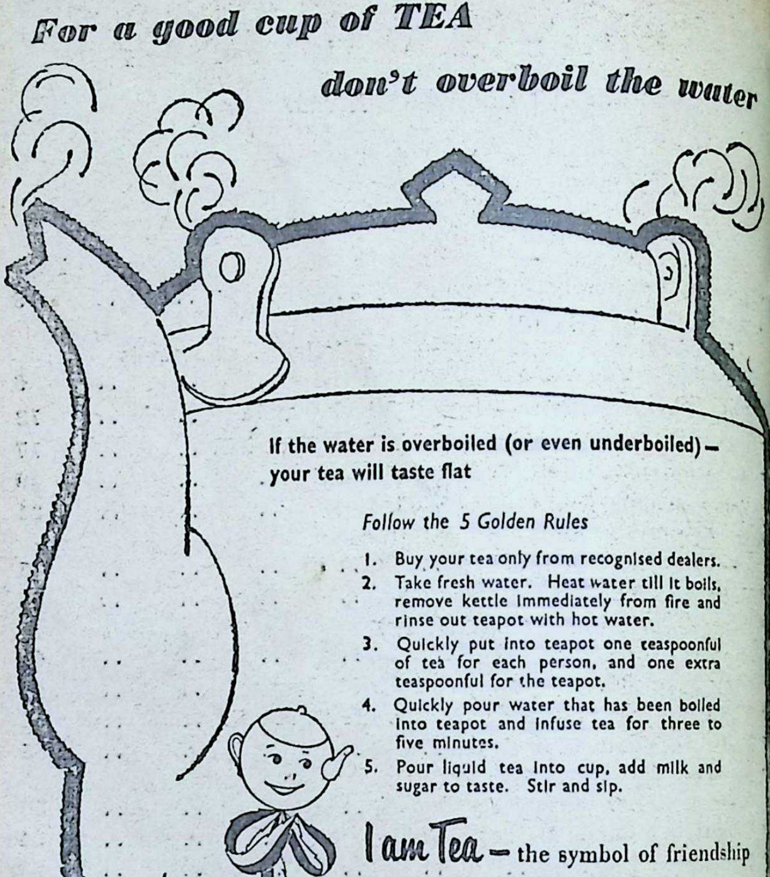

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Vol. IV, No. 9
December 1, 1957

आ नो भद्राः क्रतवो यन्तु विश्वतः।
Let noble thoughts come to us from every side
—Rigveda, I-89-i

BHAVAN'S JOURNAL

LORD SUBRAHMANYA

१. कल्पद्रुमं प्रणमतां कमलारुणाभं
स्कन्दं भुजद्वयं अनामयं एकवक्त्रंम् ।
कात्यायनीसुतमहं कटिबद्धवामं
कौपीनदण्डधरदक्षिणहस्तमीडे ॥

२. एकवक्त्रं त्रिणयननं कटिहस्तसमन्वितम् ।
तरुणारुणसंकाशं सुब्रह्मण्यमुपास्महे ॥

1. Praises unto Skanda who is a Kalpaka tree for
His worshippers
Bright like the lotus, with two hands, lovable,
one-faced
Son of Katyayani, with the left hand on the hip,
Clad in loin cloth and holding the stick by the
right hand.

2. I worship Lord Subrahmanya who is one-faced,
three-eyed.
With the hand on the hip, bright like the rising Sun.

[The picture on the cover page is that of Palni Hills in the South. The presiding deity in the hill temple is Lord Subrahmanya or Karttikeya in the particular form. The place is called फलिनापर्वत or फालनी शैल in Sanskrit. The above two verses are the prayers commonly uttered by devotees before this deity.]

Kulapati's Letter
ON
LIFE, LITERATURE & CULTURE

No. 141

★ THE POLICE ACTION, 1948

★ THE COLLAPSE OF RAZVI'S ITTE

★ THE NIZAM'S SURRENDE

Bharatiya Vidya Bha
DECEMBER 1, 195

MY YOUNG FRIEND,

I WOULD like to complete the story of how the Nizam's Government collapsed in September, 1948 and with it the dreams of Kasim Razvi and his *Ittehad*. In my letter No. 139 I referred to the incidents of 13th September when I was interned in Lake View, during the Police Action against Hyderabad.

On the 16th September my temperature began to fluctuate between 100° and 103°. The Radio was not very encouraging. The Hyderabad broadcasts announced victories over the Indian Army.

In the afternoon, Raja Mahboob Karan saw me on behalf of the Prince of Berar. He told me that Naldurg, which according to official estimates was strong enough to stand out for three months, had been occupied by the Indian within a few hours.

Late at night, Nawab Dee Jung came to tell me that Nizam wanted my advice. Ge El Edroos, the Commander of Hyderabad Army, had gone t Nizam, he said, and told hi unequivocal terms that he c not resist the Indian Army longer.

Laik Ali, the Prime Mir had been called upon to resig had refused to do so and ask ten days' grace. The Nizam not know what to do. Wo be good enough to give him advice?

Circumstanced as I was, I not in a position to contact Delhi. The only advice that I possibly give Deen Yar Jung, e, was that the Nizam should ply with the demands of the rnment of India in all respects: order a cease fire; welcome Police Action; dismiss the Laik Ministry; ban the Razakars; st Razvi and release Swami nanda Tirtha and the Conmen from prison.

the morning of the 17th September, General El Edroos came me. He said that he had a with the Nizam, in which he frankly admitted that it was possible for him to resist the n Army any longer. The ius day Laik Ali had been l to resign, but wou'd not. morning the Nizam had again l upon him to submit his retion, which he had agreed to

her General Edroos or Deen Jung, or both, told me that the n would invite me to meet at 4 P.M. to seek my advice. le later, Raja Mahboob Karan with the same message. The of Laik Ali's resignation had to most people in Hyderabad tremendous relief.

11 A.M., Laik Ali came to View himself and told me he had submitted his resign. He would meet me again out 1 P.M., he said, on his from the mosque, where he ing for his prayers.

iously enough, the Hyderal Radio had all along been tells that the Nizam's Army was ping the countryside and aphing Goa. The Indian broadcasts were now clearer. There was no doubt that the Indian Army was approaching Hyderabad.

In the meantime I had news that Laik Ali and his Ministers had met in the Shah Manzil and were busy burning important papers.

At 1 P.M., Laik Ali came and handed me a message signed by the Nizam, to be transmitted to Rajaji, our Governor-General.

The message ran:—

> My Government has tendered its resignation and asked me to take the political situation into my hand completely.
>
> In answer to this I have informed them that I am sorry this was not done earlier and it is too late for me to do anything at this critical juncture. However, I inform Your Excellency that I have ordered cease-fire to my troops by this evening and also have ordered to disband the Razakars and am allowing the Indian troops to occupy Bolarum and Secunderabad barracks.

The Nizam's message continued to the effect that he had constituted a new cabinet of old and faithful public servants and invited Sir Mirza Ismail to be the President. This was in pursuance of the suggestion made by Lord Mountbatten, he said, that Sir Mirza should be appointed the Prime Minister, and that if this arrangement met with Rajaji's approval, he would send a chartered plane to bring Sir Mirza to Hyderabad to carry on negotiations.

The latter portion was an ingenuous device to ignore all that had happened since the departure of Lord Mountbatten. It was so ridiculous that I sent a message to the Nizam that the Government of India would not appreciate this attitude and that, if he had no objection, I would only wireless the first part quoted above. Deen immediately informed me that the Nizam had no objection to my deleting the objectionable passage.

Soon after this, Laik Ali's broadcast came through:

> Early this morning the Cabinet felt that there was no point in sacrificing human blood against heavy odds and arms and aircraft from the Indian Union. Taking all this into consideration, the Council decided to submit its resignation and to place their responsibilities of State into the august hands of the ruler. This humble petition, though received rather late, was accepted by the Nizam and he agreed to take the full responsibility of State and to form a new Cabinet to take over from to-morrow (Saturday).

With this broadcast Laik Ali, and with him the Ittehad men who tried to disrupt India and failed, made their last bow and disappeared from the stage.

The difficulty now was how to send the Nizam's message to New Delhi, for all communications between Hyderabad and Delhi had been cut off for the last five days. I also had my doubts as to whether the wireless set in the D shina Sadan was in working o A car was placed at my disp The operator was brought f Meadows Barracks, and accom nied by him and Major Sing went to *Dakshina Sadan.*

All the roads of Hyderabad Secunderabad through which passed were deserted. *Dak* *Sadan* itself lay forlorn, for Nizam's guard posted there bolted. The house and the less room had been heavily locked and it was with some culty that we forced an entry the house by breaking open a All the rooms were in a mess. tains had been torn; the furni and photographs had been br some pots and pans which had used by the occupying sol were lying about in confusio appeared that when they heard of the resignation of Laik Ali Ministry, they had leaving everything behind.

The wireless room was broken open and the operator to establish contact with Delhi in order to convey the sage of the Nizam to Rajaji Panditji. In spite of high fev was borne up by the exciteme the occasion.

Soon after, for the first ti my whole term as Agent-Gener India in Hyderabad, I recei personal letter from His E Highness. It ran:—

> Dear Mr. Munshi. I sha glad to see you this afte at 4 P.M. at the Kothi in

ou can come: Will you please t me know whether you can ne?

4 P.M., when I went to the Kothi, the Nizam looked the image of desolation. His s had practically given way. ld me that 'the vultures had ed, and he did not know to do.' With a trembling he handed me a copy of the tion submitted by the Laik inistry.

nwhile, my first anxiety was e unarmed citizens of Hy- d. There were quite a few nd armed Razakars still at n the city, and Kasim Razvi ovided them with six thou- rifles with instructions to run and kill as many Hindus as le.

r Highness must take note e fact that Hyderabad has no nment for the moment,' I 'I have been through the s of Hyderabad and Secun- d and the troops and Police oth disappeared. Even the s at the *Dakshina Sadan* run away. Major-General hury will take a day, per- more, to reach Hyderabad; rrounding areas have been y mined. In the meantime Highness should call on l El Edroos to preserve law der in the city. If he does ke charge immediately, there e serious outburst of vio- and innocent people might ssacred.'

Nizam sent for General El Edroos immediately. Till he arrived, we sat facing each other, the lips of Ala Hazrat twitching nervously all the time. When General El Edroos came I explained to him the necessity of keeping order in the town. The Nizam also asked him what he had to say about it. El Edroos replied that in these circumstances the proper course was for the Commander to take charge of the City and surrender it to General Chaudhury when he came. Edroos was thereupon given orders to take immediate charge of the City and maintain order.

'I am sending a chartered plane for Sir Mirza. He must carry on the Government,' said the Nizam.

'I have had no communication from my Government so far', I said. 'I do not know whether they will agree to Sir Mirza taking charge. But some arrangement must be made in the meantime to carry on the administration so that innocent blood might not be shed.'

'I will ask Edroos and Deen Yar Jung to carry on the Government in the meantime,' was the Nizam's reply.

I did not like the idea of the fate of hundreds of thousands of innocent Hindus being left in the hands of these two men, whom I had no reason to trust. Till quite recently, Edroos had lent himself to Ittehad manoeuvres and except for the last few days, Deen Yar Jung had been closely associated with the ruling group of the Ittehad. Unless some trustworthy

Hindus were associated with them, there might be a massacre of the innocents within the next forty-eight hours.

'Whatever ministry you appoint, it will have to be done hereafter in consultation with the States Ministry', I said. 'That can only be done when General Chaudhury arrives and all communications are re-established between Hyderabad and New Delhi. In the meantime, to regain the confidence of the people, Hindus should be associated with Edroos and Deen Yar Jung.'

'Whom would you like associated with them?' asked the Nizam.

I knew that Ramachar and Pannalal Pittie commanded the general confidence of the Hindus of Hyderabad and I suggested their names.

Even in that hour, the Nizam's cleverness did not forsake him: 'Why not add a Muslim public man like Abul Hasan Syed Ali?'

I knew Abul Hasan Syed Ali very well. A very broadminded Muslim, he held the office of the President of the Privy Council of the State. I agreed. At my instance, the Prince of Berar was appointed the Chairman.

This joint committee of Hindus and Muslims was to be in control of the city till our troops arrived.

Meanwhile, the Security Council was meeting in Paris with Moin Nawaz pleading Hyderabad's case against India. I, therefore, advised the Nizam that he should give a broadcast talk to the world to the effect that he had welco the Police Action; that he ha vited the Union troops to e Hyderabad to help him in re ing order in the State; and th was withdrawing the subm which had been made to the S rity Council by Laik Ali Mini

As the Nizam himself had so my advice and accepted it thought it was appropriate th himself should announce the render to the world. But it ed he had never so much as a broadcasting station.

'How do you broadcast?' he ed me.

'It is very easy,' I said. 'On only to speak into a tube.'

At his request I also agre broadcast a few words aft had finished. His message then drafted and approved b and he inserted a sentence ac ledging the help I had given

From the King Kothi I pro ed to Shah Manzil to call on Ali. I owed him that piece of tesy for the consideration he had invariably shown to He was in a resigned mood. parted in as friendly a mann we had when first we had m client and counsel.

I then called General El E into conference. I knew mines had been laid around rabad and I asked him to arrangements to get them r ed.

From the conference I straight to the wireless and wrote out my own bro

he began to speak on the
the Nizam did not know
how to do so and fumbled.
oice trembled. He departed
the text by referring to me
Em Saheb Munshi Saheb'.
oadcast ran:—
beloved people,
have great pleasure to in-
you that I have sent the
wing message today to His
ellency Mr. Rajagopalachari,
rnor-General of India:
Government has tendered
resignation and has asked
to take the political situa-
into my purview. In ans-
to this, I said that I was
that this was not done
r and it was not possible
me to do anything at this
al juncture. However, I
ordered a cease-fire to my
s and have also ordered
ban of the Razakars and
ing of the Indian Union
ccupy Bolarum and Secun-
ad tomorrow.
have also ordered the repre-
tives of my old Ministry,
are now prosecuting the
al on behalf of Hyderabad
re the U.N. Security Coun-
not to press it as I am open-
a new chapter of friendli-
with India:

I read out my broadcast.
y way back to *Dakshina*
I found that the streets of
ad and Secunderabad were
widely excited Hindus
national slogans. The
al Flags were being carried in procession in several of the streets. At one or two places I had to get down from my car and address them, as also to exhort them not to stage any demonstrations or to indulge in violence.

*

In the meantime, Swami Ramananda Tirtha had been released. I was afraid for his life, for the Razakars were still moving about, and therefore invited him to come and stay with me for the sake of safety.

*

I sensed at the time, and came to know later, that what I had done during those three fateful days in Hyderabad had met with the disapproval of certain quarters in New Delhi. My action was construed as extricating the Nizam from a very difficult situation. It enabled him, it was said, to liquidate the old regime so as to prepare for the arrival of the Army. It was also felt that what I did compromised the freedom of the Government of India in dealing with the Nizam as well as the situation as they thought fit. It was thought the situation was a military one and I was not justified in stepping into it.

But those in New Delhi who thought like this had little idea of the situation in which I found myself. I was completely cut off from the world, as good as marooned on an inaccessible island. There was no authority functioning in Hyderabad. Razvi had distributed arms to his followers and given orders for indiscriminate massacre whenever the Army entered Hyderabad. No one knew when the Army would arrive, for the city was mined for miles around. If it forcibly took over Hyderabad, the blood of the innocents would flow.

The Security Council was on the eve of debating the question of Hyderabad. If I refused to give advice to the Nizam, the advantage which would accrue to the Government of India by his voluntary surrender, would be lost. Bewilderment, uncertainty and confusion would follow. The massacre of the innocents by Razvi's men when the Army entered Hyderabad, would be inevitable. What was an operation for rescuing the people of Hyderabad would have been converted into a military conquest, and the martyr's crown, which Bahadur Shah is claimed to have worn, would have settled on the brow of the Nizam.

In these circumstances, I felt it my duty to see that a situation was created in which the Indian Army would be invited by the Nizam himself and the State could be taken over by the Indian authorities peacefully whenever it came on the scene.

The Hyderabad D
tion had made a point before
Security Council that the N
was only a prisoner in the h
of the Indian Army when he m
the broadcast. Nothing cou
further from the truth. M
General Chaudhury was
forty miles away from Hyde
at the time. I was practic
prisoner in the hands of the N
and at the mercy of Razvi. I
alone, without any one to wh
could turn for consultation or
If I gave the advice to the N
to surrender, it was becau
sought it; if I revised his
cast, it was at his reques
made the broadcast myself, it
at his insistence, a price wh
had to pay to get him to ma
broadcast, which I thought
straighten out India's positi
fore the Security Council
which it did.

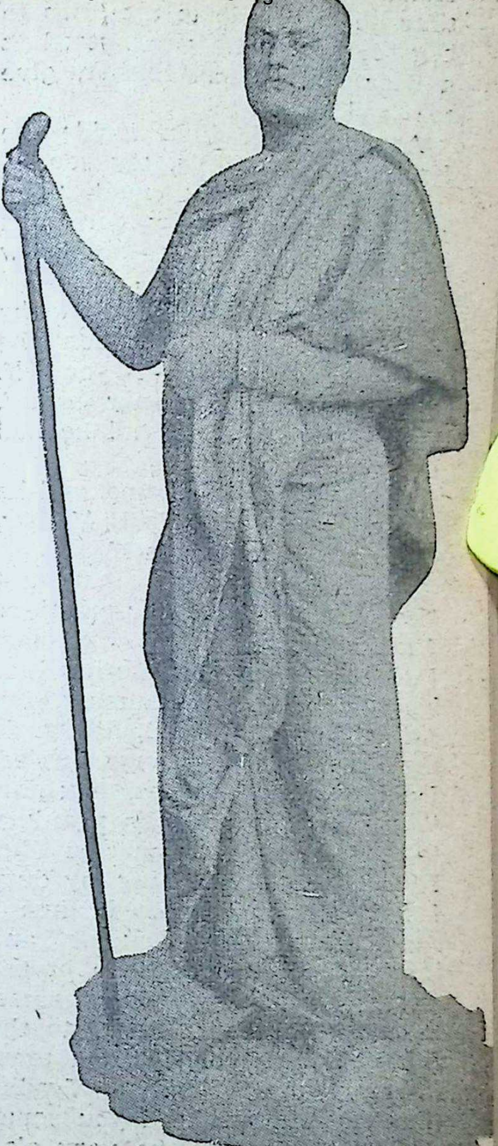
General El Edroos imme
put a guard round the ho
which Razvi lived. He ma
resistance. For the momen
was deflated.

Yours sincere

Manliness consists in making circumstances subservient to ourselves.

—Mahatma Gandhi.

duty that illumines



A YOUNG Sannyasin went to a forest; there he meditated, worshipped and practised Yoga for a long time.

After years of hard work and practice, he was one day sitting under a tree, when some dry leaves fell upon his head.

He looked up and saw a crow and a crane fighting on the top of the tree, which made him very angry. He said, "How dare you throw these dry leaves upon my head?"

As with these words he angrily looked at them a flash of fire went out of his head—such was the Yogi's power—and burnt the birds to ashes.

He was very glad, almost overjoyed, at this development of power—he could burn the crow

◎ Swami Vivekananda

and the crane by a look. After a time he had to go to the town to beg his bread. He went, stood at a door and asked, "Mother, give me food!"

A voice came from inside the house, "Wait a little, my son."

The young man thought, "You wretched woman, how dare you make me wait! You do not know my power yet."

While he was thinking thus the voice came again: "Boy, don't be thinking too much of yourself. Here is neither crow nor crane".

He was astonished; still he had to wait.

At last the woman came, and he fell at her feet and asked "Mother, how did you know that?"

She said, "My boy, I do not know your Yoga or your practices. I am a common everyday woman. I made you wait because my husband is ill, and I was nursing him. All my life I have struggled to do my duty. When I was unmarried, I did my duty to my parents; now that I am married, I do my duty to my husband; that is all the Yoga I practise. But by doing my duty I have become illumined; thus I could read your thoughts and know what you had done in the forest. If you want to know something higher than this, go to the market of such and such a town where you will find a Vyadha (hunter) who will tell you something that you will be very glad to learn."

The Sannyasin thought, "Why should I go to that town and to a Vyadha?" But after what he h seen, his mind opened a little, he went.

When he came near the town h found the market, and there sa at a distance, a big fat Vyadha c ing meat with big knives, talkin and bargaining with differe people.

The young man said, "Lord he me! Is this the man from who I am going to learn? He is th incarnation of a demon, if he is anything!"

In the meantime this man loo ed up and said, "O Swami, did th lady send you here? Take a se until I have done my business."

The Sannyasin thought, "Wh comes to me here?"

He took his seat; the man we on with his work and after he h finished, he took his money a said to the Sannyasin, "Come s come to my home."

On reaching home the Vya gave him a seat, saying, "W here," and went into the house

He then washed his old fath and mother, fed them and did he could to please them, aft which he came to the Sannyasi and said, "Now, sir, you have co here to see me; what can I do f you?"

The Sannyasin asked him a f questions about soul and ab God, and the Vyadha gave him lecture which forms a part of t *Mahabharata*, called the *Vyad Gita*. It contains one of t highest flights of the Vedanta.

When the Vyadha finished h

ching the Sannyasin felt asto- hed. He said, "Why are you hat body? With such know- e as yours why are you in a dha's body, and doing such ugly work?"

My son", replied the Vyadha, duty is ugly, no duty is im- My birth placed me in these mstances and environments. y boyhood I learnt the trade; unattached, and I try to do duty well. I try to do my as a householder, and I try all I can to make my father mother happy. I neither your Yoga, nor have I be- a Sannyasin, nor did I go f the world into a forest; rtheless, all that you have d and seen has come to me gh the unattached doing of duty which belongs to my ion."

s, in the story, the Vyadha the woman did their duty with rfulness and wholehearted- and the result was that they e illuminated, clearly show- hat the right performance of uties of any station in life, ut attachment to results, s us to the highest realisation e perfection of the soul.

is the worker who is attached sults that grumbles about ature of the duty which has to his lot; to the unattached all duties are equally good, form efficient instruments which selfishness and sensuality may be killed, and the freedom of the soul secured.

> I learnt from my illiterate but wise mother that all rights to be deserved and preserved come from duty well done. Thus the very right to live accrues to us only when we do the duty of citizenship of the world. From this one fundamental statement, perhaps it is easy enough to define the duties of Man and Woman and correlate every right to some corresponding duty to be first performed. Every other right can be shown to be a usurpation hardly worth fighting for.
>
> —**Mahatma Gandhi.**

We are all apt to think too highly of ourselves. Our duties are determined by our deserts to a much larger extent than we are willing to grant.

Competition rouses envy, and it kills the kindliness of the heart.

To the grumbler all duties are distasteful; nothing will ever satisfy him, and his whole life is doomed to prove a failure.

Let us work on, doing as we go whatever happens to be our duty, and being ever ready to put our shoulders to the wheel. Then surely shall we see the Light!

[Courtesy : *Advaita Ashrama*]

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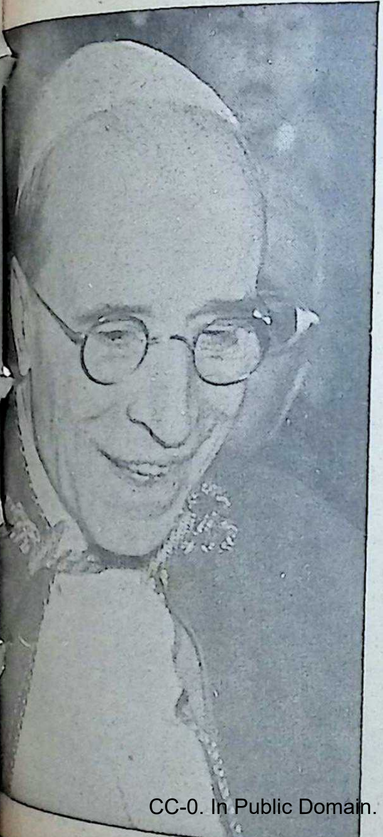
Although creators of impudent fashions are skilful in contrabanding perversion by mixing it with aesthetic elements which are honest in themselves, human sensuality is unfortunately even cleverer in discovering it and in being readily fascinated by it...

RIGHT ROAD to FASHIONS

H. H. POPE PIUS XII



MAN clothes himself to obey the exigencies of hygiene, modesty and decorum. These are three needs so profoundly rooted in nature that they cannot be neglected or defied without causing repulsion or prejudice.

The dictates of hygiene have mostly to do with the climate but should not be taken to justify deplorable license. In the same way, a way of dressing that is harmful to health of which there have been not a few examples in the history of fashions, cannot be justified on aesthetic pretexts.

Modesty as the origin and purpose of dress includes due consideration for other people's repugnance for repulsive objects no less than a defence of moral honesty and a shield against disordered sensuality. Modesty is the natural bulwark of chastity.

As for the third purpose of dress, namely decorum, it is an innate need especially of women to emphasize beauty and dignity of the person. In order not to restrict this third exigency to physical beauty alone and to remove fashions from desire of seduction as their only cause, the term decorum is to be preferred to embellishment.

Nothing is to be taken to mean that there is any intention of compressing the creative imagination of creators of fashions or of reducing styles to immobility, monotony and bleak severity. By speaking about fashions I intend merely to point to the right road so that fashions might be in tune with civil and Christian traditions.

The moral problem of fashions can be solved by keeping three principles in mind:

1. The influence of fashions for good or evil is very great.
2. Man must be the master of fashions, not their supine servant.
3. The foundation of all fashions must be moderation, "which curbs the desire for luxury, ambition and caprice at all costs."

Fashions though principally an aesthetic fact have nevertheless also become an economic element of great proportions. It is difficult to give any universal rule for marking the frontier between modesty and shamelessness. This is not, however, good reason for giving up any attempt to express a moral judgment on this or that fashion that oversteps the bounds of normal modesty.

Among the elements that contribute to forming indecent fashions is in the first place the intention of those who create fashions.

Man's normal feeling of modesty quickly notices hidden shamelessness and seduction, the idolatry of matter and luxury or only frivolity.

Although creators of impudent fashions are skilful in contrabanding perversion by mixing it with aesthetic elements which are honest in themselves, human sensuality is unfortunately even cleverer in discovering it and in being readily fascinated by it.

It follows that any return of fashions to a healthy state must start from the intentions of those who design fashions and of those who wear them. Both must have a sense of their responsibilities and be aware of the consequences that can derive from clothing that is too bold, specially if worn in public streets.

[*Condensed from a speech in Oct. 19*

There is no duty higher than the welfare of the world.

—Asoka's Rock Edict 4.

Sri Ramakrishna Upanishad—19

C. RAJAGOPALACHARI

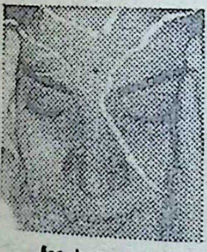
SELF-CONTROL

THE wise teach the need for humility. Those who are learned in the *sastras* practise humility as a means to realisation. But far superior to this kind of humility is true humility of mind springing from regard for truth. Humility is not merely a means. In fact, of what avail are ourselves, our wealth, our intellect and our other possessions? Absolutely nothing. If we get rid of ignorance, the truth will make us humble.

When the son of a poor man, knowing he is poor, conducts himself accordingly, it is humility born of knowledge. To behave otherwise is folly. Even so, for any one, whatever his status or his riches, it is wise to walk humbly, knowing that riches and power will not endure. One must know the truth and be humble in truth. If, instead of that, one makes a parade of humility to earn the praise of others, it is not true humility.

A pupil went to his teacher and said: "I am the lowest of the low, I am a sinner, show me the way (to save myself)." The teacher knew that the pupil had not yet seen the truth and that he talked the language of convention. Wishing to give him the light of knowledge, he told him: "Well, you go out and bring back something which is of less value than yourself."

from
PAIN
to
RELIEF



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"Oh! that is easy," thought the pupil and went out. But when he went out into the world, he found that everything in the world was superior to him.

His heart ached to find that every object, every living creature was purer and more useful to others than he. He was afraid that if he took any object to his teacher as of less value than himself, the teacher would think him proud. He did not know what to do.

A thought occurred to him the following morning, as he sat down to empty his bowels. He thought: "My excrement is certainly inferior to myself. I shall take this to my teacher and tell him, 'This alone is inferior to me. Everything else is superior to me.' Surely, if I do this, my teacher would praise my humility."

And so, he took a broken tile and went to gather his excreta in it.

Suddenly a voice was heard, "You, sinner, do not come near me."

A voice spoke from the dirt and said: "What you have done to me already is enough. Sinner that you are, do not approach me again. Once I was good food and sweet fruit. I was an offering fit for God. The mouth of every one who saw me watered with delight. To my misfortune, I came within your reach, and you ate me. And this is what I have come to, after I entered your body. Once I was good to look at, good to eat. But now men stop their noses at the very sight of me and shun me. This is what you have done to me. Your contact has brought me to this. Pray, do not come near me again. For, if you do, who knows what worse fate will befall me. Go away from me."

Then the pupil understood how despicable he was. He went to his teacher and said: "There is nothing in the world inferior to me."

[From *Sri Ramakrishna Upanishad* by Sri C. Rajagopalachari, published and copyrighted by Sri Ramakrishna Math, Mylapore, Madras-4, who have kindly permitted us to quote.]

[*To be continued*]

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VEDIC SOCIAL IDEALS

A. C. BOSE

IN terms of social life *Satya* stands for the religious-philosophical interest, called "brahman" in the Veda, and *Rita*, in its specific sense, for the moral-political interest, called "kshatra". So brahman and kshatra will be found to make up between them the political and religious idealism of Vedic times.

Two types of virtues are stressed in the Vedas: wisdom and valour, corresponding respectively to brahman and kshatra. There are prayers, on the one hand, for intellectual power *(dhi)*, wisdom *(kratu)*, efficiency *(daksha)*, intellectual brilliance *(varchas)*, talent *(medha)*, spiritual vigour *(ojas)* etc. On the other hand, there are prayers for strength (*savas*), valour *(virya)*, manliness *(nrimna)*, conquering power *(sahas)*, wrath *(manyu)*, fearlessness *(abhaya)*, vigour *(bala)* and other qualities of heroism.

Social organisation, says the *Yajurveda*, is perfect when the two leading powers, brahman and kshatra, work in harmony.

The Veda has also considered the economic interest of the masses of men. The *Rigveda* prays that along with brahman and kshatra the *vish* or the masses of people also should be strengthened by strengthening the source of food-supply (R. VIII.35.18). The Veda considers four types of workers to make four different parts of the body of Purusha, the manifested Divine (described as Varna-vibhaga, classification of men according to function). The fact that the Veda calls every Varna a limb of the Divinity implies the divine nature of every function. The *Brihad Aranyaka Upanishad* says that as the first Varna found itself lonely and ineffectual, the other three Varnas were created in succession, but as still they were lonely and ineffectual, Dharma was created. This interpretation of the Veda emphasises the fact that all the four essential functions of society—intellectual and spiritual pursuits, political organisation, trade and manual labour—must be performed according to Rita or Dharma, which gives equal dignity to each of these functions. (The conversion of Varna to caste happened in the later ages of our history).

The four remaining principles of Dharma, consecration, austerity, prayer and ritual, come generally under the category of brahman, the philosophical-religious interest. The first two of these, consecration and austerity, are chiefly directed at the realization of Satya, or Ultimate Truth. These refer to detailed systems of self-culture for spiritual advancement.

Consecration is not merely a formal initiation. There is a deep personal contact between the teacher (Acharya) and the pupil under instruction (Shishya). While giving the initiation, the Acharya, so says the *Atharva Veda,* carries the pupil within him, so to speak, as the mother carries the foetus in her womb and after the three days of the Vrata, the pupil is born, a wonder whom the Gods in a body come to see. This initiation, therefore, is the path of transition from darkness to light, from untruth to truth, from humanity to divinity.

The path to higher life is the path of constant and hard striving. One wins intellectual and spiritual enlightenment through the sweat of one's brow. What applies to the performance of the ritual also applies generally to spiritual life:

> **Gods befriend none except those who have toiled.**
>
> **(R. IV. 33. 11)**

The Tapas *par excellence* at the beginning of life is the discipline for the student of Vedic learning (brahman) known as Brahmacharya—the way of obtaining Vedic knowledge primarily, and the way of education and culture in a general sense. The *Atharva Veda* describes the character of the Brahmachari in detail. "He satis fies the Acharya by Tapas." "The Brahmachari with his sacred wood (*samidh*), sacred belt (*mekhala*) and his labour satisfies the world." "He stands high, clad in spiritual light, with his Tapas." The young boy takes up the intellectual and spiritual career and after some twenty-four years, the mature youth comes back to society in h new garb and his new power. Th creative energy conserved by hi during the long period of contin ence is used on the spiritual plan animated by his creative vigo "the four quarters live". He moves across the land "gathering the people"—*lokan samgrivy* effecting what the *Bhagavad G* calls "loka-samgraha".

Brahmacharya is the disciplin of body and mind, for attaining th fitness for Vedic knowledge. Mu stress was laid on the control a sublimation of the sex ener Physical cleanliness was meti lously attended to. The life in th open, outside the common hum habitations, in sunlight and fre air, and bathing in rivers a lakes, plain food, hard work, b physical and intellectual, the p formance of the fire ritual, ha bed, early rising, and constant p sonal supervision of the Acha contributed to Spartan virt But the Brahmachari did not g like a hermit secluded from ciety; he took his almost d round of the neighbouring vil begging his up-keep, and usu eting the mistress of the house- d with "Madam, give me alms." lial attitude was cultivated to- rds women. Again, the Brah- chari was the worshipper of raswati, the Divine Mother, at se breast he prayed to be pri- ged to feed. As a rule the arya was a married man and d with his family and the hmachari was adopted into it. the Vedas the ideal of Brah- harya stood for a preparation life and not, as a rule, for the re life of man. Just as in the ial life the ideal of brahman was rdinated with that of kshatra, n the personal life of indivi- s the ideal of Brahmacharya s co-ordinated with that of ly life. And just as there re two interests in social life, there were two ways, one suc- ing the other, in individual Here is the broad foundation the original conception of the rama part of Varnashrama rma. Later on, a return to the t (Vanaprastha) to resume macharya was set as the ideal later life and later still, there s the ideal of complete renun- tion (Sannyasa) for the fourth ge of life, though from the ear- t times there were men and men who, in their individual way, remained celibates throughout.

The Vedic sages, who had their spiritual visions, also gloried in the beautiful physical visions of the world. And they prayed for a full, rich and happy life, strong in body, mind and spirit. Their ideal of social life according to Rita or Dharma was based on the family and a monogamous marriage union with the wife as the queen *(samrajni)* over all. "The wife is the home *(jaya id astam)*", says the *Rigveda.* There are prayers for perfect love between man and wife, and between members of a family, and the call for unity in the State ("Assemble, speak in harmony, may your minds be of one accord," says the *Rigveda);* and harmony with all fellow-beings and with nature. The *Rigveda* describes the ideal citizen as one who is "fit for work *(karmanya),* fit for the home *(sadanya),* fit for the religious assembly *(vidathya)* and fit for the political council (*sabheya*)" (R.I. 91.20). In its social as well as its spiritual outlook the Veda is thoroughly comprehensive. The Rishis carried the sacred Word of the Veda to all—"to the Brahmana and the Kshatriya, the Shudra and the Vaishya, to their own people and the foreigner" (Y.VS.26.2).

God is not to be gained by weighing the feeble arguments of reason for or against His existence: He is to be gained only by a self-transcending and absolute consecration, aspiration and experience.

Sri Aurobindo.

Sri

IT seems that the India of to-morrow has entered the imagination of our thinkers. Many of them believe that for India to live and grow into the fullness of her being, a better social order must be built on principles of justice and equity, completely free from any kind of social and economic inequality.

India's problem, they say, is the problem of bread, and an India well-fed and well-clothed will be an India happy and contented. Religion and spirituality are, in their opinion, hindrances to social progress.

Some speak of a new civilisation which, they think, is in the process of formation in India as a result of the fusion of cultures going on since the time of her contact with foreign countries.

There are others who hold different views about the shape and character of the future Indian civilisation. 'Back to the past,' 'Back to Nature' are the slogans of another section which insists on a return to the old and simple forms of rural culture. They religiously cling to certain ethical ideals taking them for the ideals of Indian civilisation, forgetting that it is founded, not as they think, on the varying and the

Sri Aurobindo : 1923

←

Sri Aurobindo and INDIA'S FUTURE*

Sisirkumar Mitra

e imperfect codes of morality on the eternal truths of the Spirit.

Some again are full of faith that reater India recovering all was best in her past and with powers acquired through sequent centuries of experience l emerge in response to the call the time-spirit to fulfil a divine pose. The birth of this India ugh a spiritualised order, they sure, is an inevitability in the r scheme of things.

Whatever their differences, all thinkers envisage a better a brighter future for India. what is evident in the first views, especially in the first, that they do not properly appreciate India's spiritual heritage, far less recognise its importance to her future rebuilding. And it is unfortunate that even an attitude of disdain is sometimes betrayed towards the spiritual genius of India which has all along been, and still is, the motive-force of her life and culture. The vision that India saw of the Infinite, the immortal truths that she discovered, the culture that she evolved out of her profound spiritual experiences have not only enriched beyond measure her civilisation but have given to it its value, its character and its distinction.

It is to her Vedic and Vedantic Seers that India owes her spiritual mind and also her central conception of life as a continuously enlarging process, a progressive growth of the finite human consciousness into the infinite divine consciousness through the development of his ordinary ignorant natural being into an illumined divine nature. Each nation, says Sri Aurobindo, is a Shakti or power of the evolving spirit in humanity and lives by the principle which it embodies. India is the Bharata Shakti, the living energy of the great spiritual conception, and fidelity to it is the very principle of her existence. For by virtue of it alone has she shown her amazing persistence and perpetual force of survival and revival.

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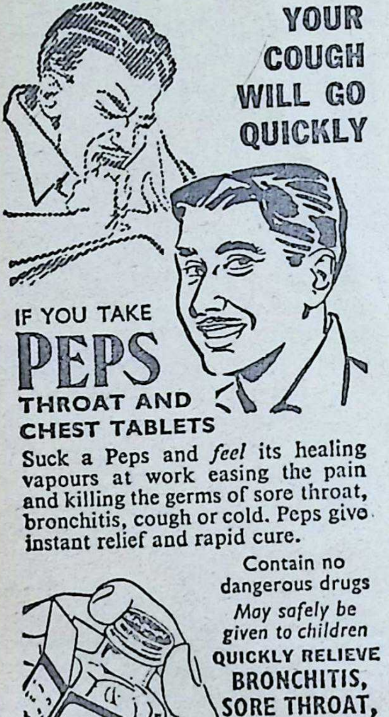
*Based on the following works of Aurobindo: *The Foundations of Culture, The Ideal of the ogin, The Life Divine, The nce in India, The Human e, The Future Poetry, The Synthesis of Yoga, The Mother*; and on writer's books: *The Liberator, Sri ndo—India and the World*, and *Aurobindo and the New World.*



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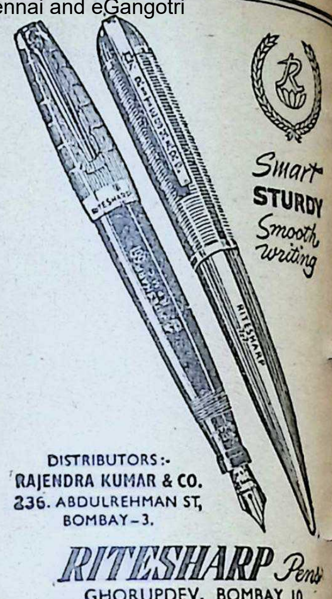

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dia's social system is built up-
n this conception; her philosophy
mulates it; her religion is an as-
ation to the spiritual conscious-
ss and its fruits; her art and lite-
ture have the same upward look;
r whole *dharma* or law of being
founded upon it. It is her
nding of life upon this exalted
ception and her urge towards
e spiritual and the eternal that
nstitute the distinctive value of
civilisation.

India knows no death. She has
come immortal by drinking *am-*
a at the fountain of her ancient
isdom. Never has she exhausted
rself by her great creations in
e past. The vicissitudes through
ch she has had to pass have
ways been a trial of her strength.
y surviving them, while other
vilisations in history have gone
o oblivion, leaving behind noth-
g but archaeological relics, India
oves her indomitable vitality,
r deathless soul.

India still lives and keeps the
tinuity of her inner mind and
l and spirit with the India of
ages which has yet to speak her
creative word. She lives be-
se she has still something to
for herself and the human peo-
es. And that which is seeking
w to awake is not an Anglicised
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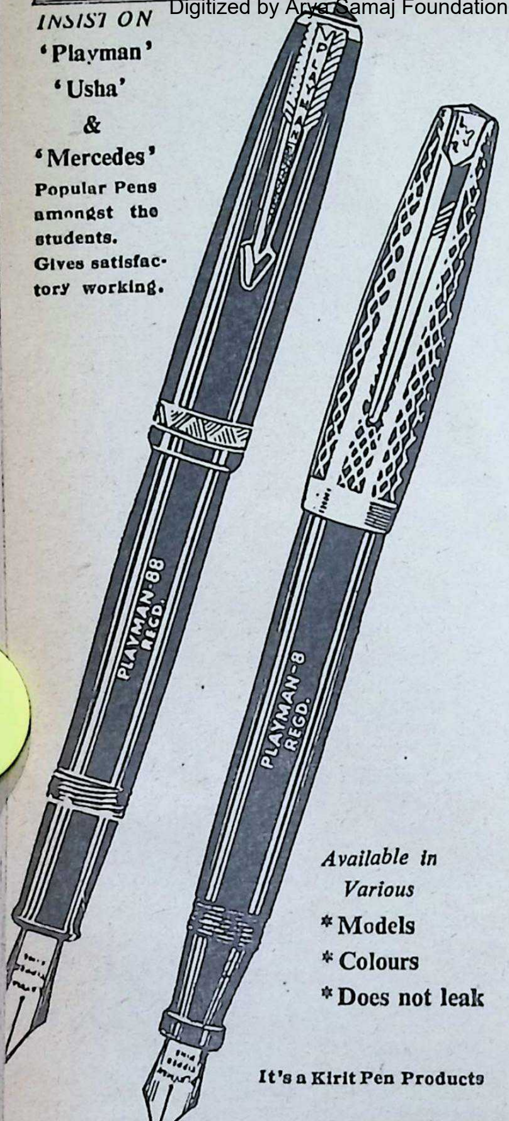
t and doomed to repeat the oc-
nt's success and failure, but
ll the ancient immemorable
kti recovering the deepest self,
ng her head higher towards
e supreme source of light and
strength, and turning to discover the complete meaning and a vaster form of her *Dharma*.

'India has a secret Power that no nation possesses. All that she needs is to rouse in her that faith, that will. God has breathed life into her once more. Great souls are at work to bring about her salvation. The movement, of which the first outbreak was political, will end in a spiritual consummation. India is still in possession of her soul. The world will receive its message of emancipation from India....The going forth of Vivekananda, marked out by the Master as a heroic soul destined to take the world between his two hands and change it, was a first visible sign to the world that India was awake not only to survive but to conquer.' Sri Ramakrishna saw the vision of the Divine Mother and released forces of the spirit that through Vivekananda broke upon India like an avalanche and gave a vehement impetus to her rebuilding on the basis of her new-found spiritual strength. It was a victory of the spirit of India won for his Master by that mighty warrior of God.

In 1905 the Shakti of India was invoked again by the united voice of Bengal with that inspired and inspiring *mantra* of *Vande Mataram* and the whole nation was roused. It was not the physical India but 'the Eternal and Timeless India,' her Power, her Spirit, which was then worshipped by an awakened people. The Mother re-



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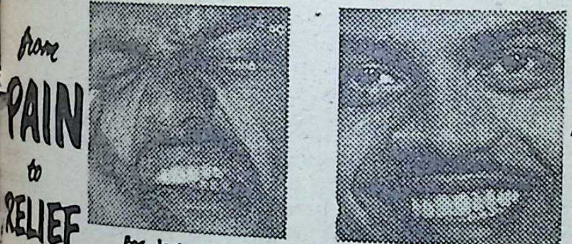
ealed herself and responded to he soul-cry of her devoted children and welded them into a grim etermination to win their freedom. But the actual political objective of the movement did not loud its ultimate spiritual intenon. The call went forth from its spired high-priest; 'You must now your past and recover it for e purposes of your future. First, erefore, become Indians, recover e patrimony of your forefathers. ecover the Aryan thought, the yan discipline, the Aryan charter, the Aryan life...... It is e spirituality of India, the dhana of India, *tapasya*, *jnana* d *shakti*, that must make us free d great...... India's work is rld's work, God's work. Our ptain is God Himself. He will d us to the goal.'

ndia can best develop herself d serve humanity by being herf and following the law of her n nature. The following are e three broad lines indicated by i Aurobindo on which the work y be taken up: The recovery of the old spiritual knowledge and experience in all its splendour, depth and fullness is the first most essential work; the flowing of this spirituality into new forms of philosophy, literature, art, science, and critical knowledge is the second; an original dealing with modern problems in the light of Indian spirit and the endeavour to formulate a greater synthesis of a spiritualised society is the third and most difficult.

The spiritual motive then will be in the future of India, as in her past, the real original and dominating strain. To realise intimately the truth of spirit and to quicken and remould life by it is the native tendency of Indian mind, and to it it must always return in all its periods of health, greatness and vigour.

Sri Aurobindo's rediscovery and revelation today of the Vedic truth of man's divine perfection in its world significance is a unique event in the history of human evolution. The vision that came to him is a lofty vision of the inte-



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gral divinisation of human existence through the descent on earth of the Supramental Gnosis which is the highest creative power of God. Not the liberation of man from Nature but the liberation of man in Nature—this is the message of the Master. This means that we are not simply to break through the bounds of Nature in order to pass into a blissful state of silence but that we have to transform our natural being in all its members and enjoy the utmost freedom within Nature herself.

Sri Aurobindo's ideal consists not in a mere self-realisation and in an escape into the transcendental bliss of a far-off heaven but in the dynamic self-manifestation of the Spirit in the conditions provided here below by Mother Earth. The fulfilment of this ideal lies in the evolution of man into superman who will represent man thoroughly transformed in every fibre of his being through the transforming action of the Supermind. ‘This supramental change is a thing decreed and inevitable in the evolution of the earth consciousness; for its upward ascent is not ended and mind is not its last summit.’

This is the ideal for which Sri Aurobindo stands, the ideal of a divine life for man. Sri Aurobindo shows the Light when there is darkness everywhere. He shows the Path when there is none before man. The long night of human travail is going to end before the sun of new truth that is rising to remake man into his true spiritual self and enable him to start on a new career on earth. This turn of his is as certain as was his evolution into the mental life out of the animal. Mind has reached the summit of its possibilities. The time has now come for the Supermind to take its place and evolve out of man a supramental being. The primary condition for this change is man's readiness for it. And this readiness is possible only from an intense aspiration of his soul.

How true are Poet Tagore's words to Sri Aurobindo when he met him in 1928: "You have the Word, and we are waiting to hear it from you; India will speak through your voice to the world 'Hearken unto me!'" The poet's eyes saw what the world sees to-day. Sri Aurobindo speaks to humanity the last creative word of India's soul in the same way that her Vedic Rishis spoke the first. He envisages a New Man, a New Society, a New Civilisation; and his Word is indeed the mighty dyna that man has ever had from the Master-Creators of the race.

‘Sri Aurobindo's initiative in the remaking of man and the world points to a brighter future for this ancient land and the whole world. India possesses the key to the progress of humanity. It is with this key that Sri Aurobindo has opened to view the hitherto-locked spiritual treasures and made them available to all mankind.

The future of India as also

the world will depend on how they receive these truths and manifest them in the life of the individual and the community. The great civilisation of India's past which still glows in the memory of the race was built on the eternal verities discovered by the Vedic Seers. Her future will see a greater civilisation, because it will be built on a greater Truth seen and revealed by Sri Aurobindo. That will be the most glorious flowering of India's spiritual genius, the fulfilment of all her dreams and aspirations, her seekings and strivings. This new civilisation will be a spiritual creation. It will be the beginning of a world movement and will not therefore be confined within the geographical limits of India. It will have the inherent power of diffusing itself to the farthest ends of the earth; and wherever people are ready, a nucleus will form, multiply and enlarge and gradually merge in one another till all become one complete whole.

The very basic principle of the new creation will be its freedom from the rule of ego, individual or collective. The present civilisation is dominated by this undivine principle. Naturally it has failed to find a true solution for the problems of mankind. It has grown too big for man's limited capacity to manage. In the spiritual civilisation of the future this problem will not arise, since its corporate life will be one of egoless spiritualised individuals and not of semi-animal human beings, helpless slaves of the ego. The immensely rich and vast means and treasures of modern life will be utilised by the spiritualised society for higher and nobler ends.

[*To be completed in the next issue*]

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J. H. DAVE

KALINJAR

KALINJAR or Kalanjar is a town and hill-fort in Banda District Girwan tehsil, in 1' North and 80° 20' East. It s a celebrated fort in Bundel- nd. It is referred to in *Padma* na, *Siva Purana* and the Vana rva of *Mahabharata*. The temple Nilkantha-Mahadeva here is re- rred to in the *Vamana Purana*. linjar was at one time the capi- of Jejakabhukti or Bundelkhand ruled by Chandellas.

Kalinjar is one of the oldest ts where Saivism flourished. e name Kalanjar means God a who brings about old age on ount of the passage of time *ajara)*. It is stated that this t was known in the Satya Yuga the name of *Ratnakuta*, in the ta Yuga by the name of *Maha-* and in the Dvapara Yuga by name of *Pingalu*. It was one the spots adopted to the prac- s of austere devotion since y remote times by the sages and , therefore, known as one of *pasyasthanas*.

Mahabharata states that a per- n bathing in the lake of Gods in njar acquires a merit equal to t of a gift of 1000 cows. In *a Purana* it is stated that njar is one of the nine holy es in North India, others being uka, Sukara, etc. In this hill the rain water percolated through the rocks and there were many natural lakes and reservoirs of water. Being a secluded place, it became the resort of ascetics in the beginning. As the name *Kalanjar* refers to God Siva, it is evident that these ascetics were the worshippers of Siva. *Ain-e-Akbari* describes this fort as a hill-fort, reaching to Heaven, having many temples and particularly the idol of Kalabhairava 18 cubits high. Even in that age, marvellous tales were current about this Kalabhairava. On the hill-side, there are numerous stone inscriptions. From the stones employed in the construction of the fort it is clear that there were numerous old temples on the hill-side. The figure of Kalabhairava has 18 arms and garlands of skull and it has snake armlets. According to *Mahabharata*, the Hiranyabindu Tirtha is situated here. This hill was also called Ravi Chitra.

The hills of Rohtas, Chunar, Kalanjar and Gwalior occupy strategic points as they stand between the Western and Eastern India and anyone in possession of these forts cou'd successfully check an invading army.

From one of the rock inscriptions of Kalanjar it is known that King Udayana of the Panduvamsa family flourished here towards the end of the 5th century A.D.

Krishna III of the Rashtrakuta family when he was a Crown Prince led an expedition to Bundelkhand and captured the celebrated forts of Kalanjar and Chitrakuta. Kalanjar also formed part of the kingdom of the Pratihara ruler Nagabhatta II. His territory extended to a major portion of Rajasthan, Saurashtra, Gwalior and Kannuaj and also included Kalanjar. The celebrated Bhoja, the Pratihara emperor, by his *Barah* copper plate dated 836 A.D., issued from the camp (Skandhavara) at Mahodaya, confirmed an endowment situated in his Kalanjara mandala which was a sub-division of his Kanyakubjabhukti or province.

The Chandellas seem to have taken possession of the Kalanjara fort from the Pratihara Gurjaras in about 954 A.D. Perhaps the Rashtrakutas had taken the fort of Kalinjar and the Chandellas got it back from them. It is also surmised that Chandellas were at that time the vassals of Gurjara Pratiharas but their conquest of the fort of Kalinjar practically made the Chandellas independent.

The Chandellas are descended from Sage Chandratreya and belong to one of the thirty-six Rajput clans. Their dynasty was founded by Nannuka in the early part of the 9th century. They originally ruled from Khajuraho as vassals of the Pratihara kings. Nannuka's son was Vakpati who made the Vindhya hill his pleasure ground for purposes of fight. Vakpati's two sons were Jayasakti and Vijayasakti. Jayasakti was also known by the name of Jejaka or Jeja and the country ruled by this Chandella ruler Jayasakti i.e. Jejaka came to be known in history as Jejakabhukti i.e. Bundelkhand. Mahoba (Mahotsavanagar) had also been a part of the Chandella territories. Yashovarman, also called Lakshavarman, revolted against his Pratihara Overlord and took possession of the fort of Kalanjar. Yashovarman was succeeded by his son Dhanga. Apart from Kalanjar, Bhasvat (Bhilsa) and Gopa (Gwalior) formed part of his territory.

Fireshta states that Kalanjar

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as founded by Kedarnath who as a celebrated contemporary of e Prophet in the 7th Century .D. According to Fireshta, kings f Delhi, Ajmer, Kalanjar and the ighbouring territories helped the ahi king my making a great confederacy of Indian rulers to check e Muslim onrush. In 1021 A.D. ahmud of Ghazni led an expedition against the Chandella ruler idyadhara. He besieged the fort f Kalanjar; ultimately Mahmud ade peace with Vidyadhar and it ppears that his Kalanjar expedition was a failure. Mahmud of hazni invaded Kalanjar in 1019 D. and 1022 but on none of these o occasions could he plunder it. n about 1090 A.D. the Chandella ler Kirtivarman successfully ught against Mahmud, the Governor of Punjab, who had invaded alanjar. Later Qutb-ud-din looted Kalanjar and appointed Hazab-r-ud-din as its Governor. But n Trilokyavarman defeated the uslims at Kakadwa and regain- all the lost territories including e fort of Kalanjar.

The Chandellas removed their pital from Mahoba to Kalanjar ter they were defeated by Prithraj, the Chouhan king of Delhi 1182 A.D. Prithviraj is said to ve defeated Paramardi the Chandella ruler and plundered Mahoba d Kalanjar but it appears that ey soon recovered Mahoba and alanjar.

The Chandella territory was rugd and full of ravines: They re in possession of the two

TO OUR READERS

Among the best loved devotional literature of India, Goswami Tulsidasji's **Ramcharitmanasa** is one of the foremost. In response to the request of several readers we have decided to publish in our Journal, English translations of selected pieces from the great work.

Another work of great importance is the **Narayaneeyam** of Sri Narayana Bhattadiri about which mention was made in the last Annual Number. It is a soul-stirring condensation of **Srimad Bhagavata** and of great literary and philosophical merits. Selections from this work also will be published with translation.

Both these features will start appearing from the issue of our Journal dated December 15, 1957.

—Editor.

mightiest and most celebrated forts of India, namely those of Kalanjar and Mahoba.

Vatsaraja, minister of King Paramardi of Kalanjar, wrote six Sanskrit dramas to illustrate six out of ten types of Sanskrit dramas.

Even though Nazir-ud-din Mohamed invaded the Chandella territory in 1247 A.D. the various inscriptions of the Chandellas show that they remained in possession of Kalanjar and other area upto the end of 13 century A.D. Humayun besieged this fort for a long time from 1530 A.D. onwards. In the days of Akbar, Kalanjar was a part of the Jagir of Raja Birbal. The fortifications of Kalanjar were dismantled in 1866 A.D.

The circumference of this hill-fort is about 4 or 5 miles. There are seven gates for going up. There are stone inscriptions of different dates found at many places. The temple of Nilkantha Mahadeva is still a place of pilgrimage.

The hill of Kalanjar is about 1,230 feet above the sea and about 700 feet above the surrounding area. The summit is a tableland of about 4 or 5 miles in circumference.

In the fort, there are two images of Varaha or the Boar Avatara of Vishnu.

Near the 7th gate there is a cave

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Bharatiya Vidya Bhavan

ELEVENTH annual CONVOCATION

Rashtrapati Dr. Rajendra Prasad followed by Governor Sri Sri Prakasa proceeding in procession to the dais through the Sabhagriha of the Bharatiya Vidya Bhavan to preside over the Bhavan's Eleventh Annual Convocation.

: BHAVAN'S PRAYER :

ॐ पूर्णमदः पूर्णमिदं पूर्णात्पूर्णमुदच्यते ।
पूर्णस्य पूर्णमादाय पूर्णमेवावशिष्यते ॥

हरिः ॐ

ईशावास्यमिदं सर्वं यत्किञ्च जगत्यां जगत् ।
तेन त्यक्तेन भुञ्जीथाः मा गृधः कस्यस्विद्धनम् ॥

यं ब्रह्मावरुणेन्द्ररुद्रमरुतस्तुन्वन्ति दिव्यस्स्तवैः
वेदः साङ्गपदक्रमोपनिषदः गायन्ति यं सामगाः ॥

ध्यानावस्थिततद्गतेन मनसा पश्यन्ति यं योगिनो
यस्यान्तं न विदुः सुरासुरगणा देवाय तस्मै नमः ॥

मूकं करोति वाचालं पङ्गुं लङ्घयते गिरिम् ।
यत्कृपा तमहं वन्दे परमानन्दमाधवम् ॥

या कुन्देन्दुतुषारहारधवला, या शुभ्रवस्त्रावृता
या वीणावरदण्डमण्डितकरा, या श्वेतपद्मासना ।

या ब्रह्माऽच्युतशंकरप्रभृतिभिः देवैः सदा वन्दिता
सा मां पातु सरस्वती भगवती निःशेषजाड्यापहा ॥

नमोऽस्तु ते व्यास विशालबुद्धे फुल्लारविन्दायतपत्रनेत्र ।
येन त्वया भारत तैलपूर्णः प्रज्ज्वालितो ज्ञानमयप्रदीपः ॥

व्यासाय विष्णुरूपाय व्यासरूपाय विष्णवे ।
नमो वै ब्रह्मनिधये वासिष्ठाय नमो नमः ॥

ॐ सहना ववतु सह नौ भुनक्तु सह वीर्यं करवावहै ।
तेजस्विनावधीतमस्तु मा विद्विषावहै ॥

ॐ शान्तिः शान्तिः शान्तिः

at 9-30 A.M.
on November 10, 1957

PROGRAMME

: ★ The President accompanied by the Governor of Bombay arrives at he Bharatiya Vidya Bhavan and is ceived at the entrance by Shri M. Munshi.

★ Shri K. M. Munshi introduces the President the members of the ommittee of Office bearers of the Bhavan.

3. ★ The President goes in procesion through the auditorium to the is.

4. ★ Bhavan's **Prayer** by students of Bhavan's Sangeet Shikshapith.

5. ★ Vedic **Invocation** by students of Bhavan's Mumbadevi Sanskrit Mahavidyalaya.

6. ★ Bhavan's **Progress Report** by ri J. H. Dave, Hon. Director.

7. ★ Welcome **Speech** by Kulapati ri K. M. Munshi.

8. ★ Award of Diplomas, Medals and Prizes.

Diplomas:

I *Panditaraja T. A. Venkateswara Dikshitar, Principal Mumbadevi Sanskrit Mahavidyalaya will present to the President:*

(a) Sri Balkrishna Gulvani, representative of **Acharya & Shastri** students to receive the diplomas.

(b) Sri Premshankar Shukla, representative of **Gita Visharad** and **Gita Vid** students;

(c) Smt. Sarojben Lalit Mohan Agaskar, representative of lady students of Saral Sanskrit Examinations to receive certificates;

(d) Shri Dungersey Ratansey Shah, representative of boy students of Saral Sanskrit examinations to receive certificates.

II. *Shri J. H. Dave, Hon. Director, Bharatiya Vidya Bhavan and President, Bombay Astrological Society will present:*

Sri K. L. Trivedi, representative of Jyotir Vid students to receive the diplomas.

Medals & Prizes:

I. *Acharya T. A. Venkateswara Dikshitar, Principal, Mumbadevi Sanskrit Mahavidyalaya will present Balkrishna Gulvani the best student of the Sanskrit Mahavidyalaya for the Kulapati's Gold Medal:*

II. *Smt. Lilavati Munshi, Vice-President of the Bhavan and Chairman of the Kala Kendra, Sangit Shikshapith and Nartan Shikshapith will present:*

(a) Smt. Chandrika Shah, for the award of Kulapati's Gold Medal for best acting in "Dr. Madhurika";

(b) Kum. Kanak Divecha, for the award of Maganlal Dresswala Gold Medal for 1955 for outstanding performance in amateur Dance and Ballet;

(c) Smt. Dinoo Nicholson for the award of Maganlal Dresswala Gold Medal for 1956 for outstanding performance in amateur Drama;

(d) Kum. Devayani Mehta for the award of a Tambura for passing the Sangit Visharad Examination with distinction in 1955;

(e) Smt. Shaila Savur for the award of a Tambura for passing the Sangit Visharad Examination with distinction in 1956;

(f) Shri Adi Murzban, Director of "Katariu Gap" for the award of Munshi Trophy for the best dramatic production of the year;

(g) The representative of the V.J.T. Institute, Bombay, for the award of Munshi Trophy for best team acting in the Inter-Collegiate Dramatic Competition 1957.

III. Dr. R. D. Adatia, Principal, Bhavan's M. M. College of Arts and N. M. Institute of Science will present:

(a) Shri Ashok Shah, the best student of the Bhavan's College during 1956-57 for the award of Kulapati's Gold Medal.

9. ★ **Upanishadic Exhortation** in Sanskrit by Panditaraja T. A. V. Dikshitar, Principal, Bhavan's Mumbadevi Sanskrit Mahavidyalaya.

10. ★ **Publications.**

Shri S. Ramakrishnan, Registrar and Head of the Department of Press and Publications will request the President to:

I. **Inaugurate** *the "Pocket Gandhi Series"; and also*

II. **Release** *new publications:*

GANDHI SERIES:

1. GOD IS TRUTH
2. FOOD FOR THE SOUL
3. LAW OF LOVE
4. SCIENCE OF SATYAGRAH

BOOK UNIVERSITY SERIE

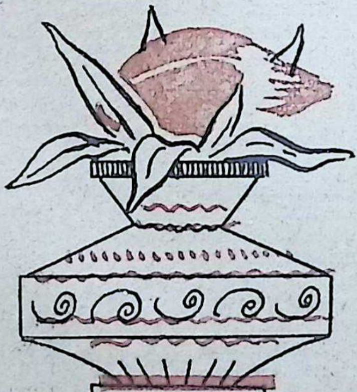
1. HINDU CIVILIZATION Vol I & II by Dr. Radha Kumud Mookerji
2. IMMORTAL INDIA by Shri J. H. DAVE

MUNSHI SAHITYA:

1. END OF AN ERA—HYDERABAD MEMORIES by Shri K. M. Munshi
2. TAPASVINI—Gujarati Novel by Shri K. M. Munshi
3. MUNSHI—HIS ART AND WORK Vol. II: **Fifty Years of Politics**

11. ★ **Address** by Rashtrapati Rajendra Prasad.

12. ★ **Jana Gana Mana.**



9-30 A.M., November 10, 1957

THE ELEVENTH ANNUAL CONVOCATION of the Bharatiya Vidya Bhavan was held on November 10, 1957 under the Presidentship of Rashtrapati Dr. Rajendra Prasad.

The large and distinguished gathering at the Bhavan's Sabhagriha included Sri Sri Prakasa, Governor of Bombay, Sri Y. B. Chavan, Chief Minister and members of the Bombay Cabinet, the Hon'ble Sri Justice Coyajee, Ag. Chief Justice and other Judges of the Bombay High Court, Sri M. V. Donde, Mayor of Bombay, Sri T. M. Advani, Vice-Chancellor, Bombay University, members of Consular Crops, scholars and students.

The President, accompanied by the Governor Sri Sri Prakasa was received on arrival by Kulapati Sri K. M. Munshi who introduced to the President the members of the Committee of Office-bearers of the Bhavan. The President and the Governor joined in the academic procession consisting of the Kulapati, Upa-Kulapatis, Heads of the different Faculties of the Bhavan and the Registrar.

As soon as the President entered the auditorium, the National Anthem was sung and the entire audience remained standing till the President took his seat on the dais.

The proceedings began with the Bhavan's prayer sung by the students of the Bhavan's Sangeet Shikshapith. This was followed by Vedic invocation by students of the Bhavan's Mumbadevi Sanskrit Mahavidyalaya.

The President awarding Gold Medal to Sri Gulvani.

Sri J. H. Dave, Hon. Director, then read the Progress Report:

THIS is a red-letter day in the history of the Bhavan; we are indeed highly fortunate in having our distinguished Rashtrapatiji in our midst today to preside over our eleventh Annual Convocation. The Rashtrapatiji has been associated with the Bhavan as a Founder-Member right from its inception. He continued to be a Founder-Member till he was elected President of India in 1950 and has always evinced keen and sustained interest in the work of the Bhavan. We are also grateful to our Governor for gracing this occasion. Babu Sri Prakasaji has been closely associated with us for many years now; he was also the Chairman of our Delhi Centre when he was a Union Minister.

During the last 20 years the Bhavan has grown rapidly. The Bhavan's activities now embrace several aspects of learning and culture: Indology and Post-graduate studies; modern Indian languages; Arts and Science; Classical and Modern Music; dance and drama. The Bhavan's students, about 3,000 in number, belong to all faiths and come from almost all States of India. Fifty-one of our students come from countries outside India. Besides these regular students, our drama section has over 100 amateurs, workers and associates who staged in all over 50 performances during the year 1956-57. The Bhavan's Library, with its 60,000 volumes, has a readership of about 1000. The Publication Department has to its credit 42 research works in the Singhi Jain Series, 36 research volumes and journals in the Bharatiya Vidya Series and Studies, 5 Volumes in the History and Culture of the Indian People and 49 volumes in the Book University Series. The Bhavan's staff who number over 500 consists of persons belonging to many faiths and are drawn from almost all parts of the country.

The Annual budget of the Bhavan is now in the vicinity of Rs. 20 lakhs.

Besides the headquarters at Bombay, the Bhavan has Kendras at Delhi, Allahabad and Kanpur. The Bhavan has placed its premises and staff at the disposal of the Sanskrit Vishva Parishad, of which the Rashtrapatiji is the President, with 634 branches and Kendras. The Bhavan's Saral Sanskrit Examinations are held in 375 centres, and for the Higher Examinations 44 institutions are affiliated to the Bhavan; these Higher Sanskrit Examinations are held in 366 centres.

We began our bi-decennial year with a ten-day festival of religious discourse, symposia, dance, drama and music organized by a representative Committee headed by Shri S. K. Patil. In the beginning of the year, our Kulapati placed before us—Members, friends and workers of the Bhavan—a 12 point programme, to be fulfilled before 7th November 1958, the majority of which, I am glad to report, has been already or will be fulfilled soon.

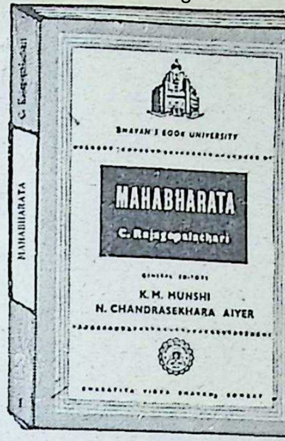
The construction of the temple and installation of the deity of Lord Chandrasekhara in the Bhavan's College Campus at Nava Gujarat, Andheri, which was the first item in the programme is well on hand and will be completed within two or three months. The construction of the building for our Delhi Centre has been completed and it was inaugurated by Prime Minister Jawaharlal Nehru in May last. The foundation stone for the building of the Bhavan's

Kanpur Centre was laid by Shri Munshiji a few months ago. Our Arts College building in Bombay has also been completed.

On the publication side, Volume [illegible] of the Bhavan's ten-Volume HISTORY AND CULTURE OF THE INDIAN PEOPLE was completed. Two Volumes in the Singhi Jain Series and two Volumes in Bharatiya Vidya Series were also published.

In our Book University Series, twelve new titles were published, bringing the total number of titles in the Series to forty-nine. Among the new books in the Series, RAMAYANA by Shri C. Rajagopalachari deserves special mention. It is possibly a record in the history of Indian publication that the 15,000-copy first edition of this book was sold out in less than two months. This book by Rajaji, like his MAHABHARATA—the first book in the Series—which went into four editions covering 58,000 copies in less than four years—bids fair to do even better. Another publication of ours which was fortunate to receive extraordinary good reception was INDIAN INHERITANCE, 10,000-copy first edition of which was sold out prior to its release. The remaining one title to complete the first phase of the programme of 50 books in the Book University will be published by the end of this year.

Translations in Hindi of the first three titles of the Book University are ready and we hope to be able to inaugurate the Hindi Series in about three months.



The first book in the Bhavan's Book University.

This year we have also started a new Series of publication namely POCKET GANDHI SERIES which is being inaugurated today.

The target set for the sale of the Book University Series at 1,00,000 Volumes per year has also been reached. So also has the circulation of the BHAVAN'S JOURNAL reached the target of 30,000 copies per issue.

I am happy to say that the mark of 10,000 examinees for the Sanskrit and Gita Examinations has also been reached.

Another important landmark this year has been the taking over by the Bhavan, as a first step towards starting of an Academy of Printing, the Associated Advertisers and Printers, one of the biggest and up-to-date presses in Bombay, with a battery of lino, mono and automatic printing machines.

We have so far been able to secure promises of donation for about Rs. 3,50,000/-. We hope, with the co-operation of patrons and friends, we shall be able to reach the target of Rs. 5,00,000/- before the end of the twentieth year.

As our Kulapati has repeatedly said, the Bhavan is God's work. Our prayer to Him is to continue to give us faith and strength to re-double our efforts to fulfil the object of the Bhavan, viz., to help in the reintegration of India's ageless culture to suit modern needs and spread its message far and wide.

Kulapati Sri K. M. Munshi welcoming the President said:

Rashtrapatiji, Sri Rajyapal and Friends,

I deem it a privilege to welcome Rashtrapatiji in our midst today, and I associate myself most heartily with the welcome which our Director gave expression to in his report. You, Sir, have not been a stranger to us. In 1938 when the Bhavan was founded, you were one of the founder-members who helped to bring it into existence. For many years, you have been its guide, philosopher, and friend. It was as a result of your inspiration that we ventured on the series, the "History and Culture of the Indian People" which has now gone into five volumes already and which will complete the history of India in ten volumes, the only History written by Indian scholars after the attainment of freedom which has gained recognition throughout the world. Sir, we expected you to be in our midst at the time of our Bi-Decennial Celebrations last February, but your pressing engagements denied us that privilege.

On course, your place was taken by my friend, Sri Sri Prakasa, the popular Governor of Bombay who has been a stalwart of the Bharatiya Vidya Bhavan from the very beginning. It has been the good fortune of the Bhavan to have the association among others of Sri C. Rajagopalachari, the first Indian Governor-General of India who declared this building open; the Vice-President Dr. S. Radhakrishnan, who laid the foundation of its first building. We had also Pandit Jawaharlal Nehru and Sardar Vallabhbhai Patel amongst us.

You were also good enough, in 1952, to lay the foundation stone of the Bhavan's building in New Delhi which is now completed. The Bhavan's Kendra there has also started its activities for the last six months. And today, Sir, is a great day for us that you have found time to be with us.

I need not say more about the Bhavan except that for the last twenty years we have been making a very humble experiment in education. It may be that the experiment does not find a place in what may be called the uptodate fashion of our system of education.

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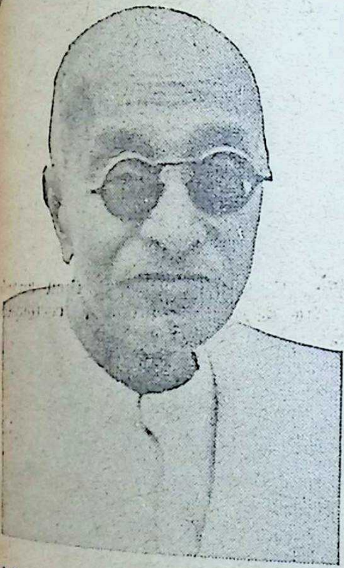
have got faith, we believe that intellectual development is necessary side by side with training in the arts, dance, drama and music. As you must have seen, the various constituent institutions of the Bhavan have been giving not only instructions in Arts and Sciences, in Indology and Sanskrit, but also in Music, Dance and Drama. We do not, however, stop there. We have a faith that the aspirations and the urges of the human mind have certain needs which are not merely physical and material, nor mainly social and political; they are also aesthetic, ethical, religious and spiritual. It is only when the totality of personal relations are inspired by *Satyam, Shivam, Sundaram*, there emerges the integrated personality of man; *Satyam, Shivam, Sundaram—Satyam*, the Truth—Truth which comes out of thought, word and deed being as one; *Shivam*, Joy which brings happiness not only to individual life but the lives of all with whom we come in contact; *Sundaram*, Beauty which only comes with the life of the Spirit. This ideal has inspired our little band of workers who have been working all these years and whose faith and work have succeeded in being able to establish a chain of centres not only in India, but in several countries of the world.

Dr. S. Radhakrishnan, Vice-President of India, inauourated the Bhavan's first building in 1941.



Sri C. Rajagopalachari, the first Indian Governor-General of Free India inaugurated the Bhavan's Central Home in 1949.

Pandit Jawaharlal Nehru, Prime Minister of India paid a visit to the Bhavan in 1951; he also inaugurated the Delhi building of the Bhavan in 1956.

We are striving for this aim, for, in our view the tortured soul of the human race in modern times cannot be satisfied with a blind, directionless urge for progress. We have, therefore, chalked out a path for ourselves that while we try to give a high place to scientific knowledge and technical development we will never give up our ancient attitude or form out of a passion for change, whether in the name of progress or modernity. At the same time, we do not want to deny ourselves any new form or attitude, if it gives a proper and more effective expression to our culture. We, therefore, want to develop in our students an emotional awareness of our heritage and of its values in the expression of which the great architects of India found their self-fulfilment. We stand first for the dignity of the human individual and its inalienability, for the supremacy of the Moral order and lastly for faith in God.

How far we have succeeded in the attempt it is not for me to say, but blessings of men like you, who embody in their person and character and achievement the highest values of Indian culture, have been a great solace, a source of strength, a source of inspiration. We, therefore consider it a great privilege today, Sir, to welcome you in our midst and we hope your continued support will be our strength in the future.

With these words I welcome you Sir, and request you to give the awards, diplomas and medals.

PRIZE AWARDS

Dr. Rajendra Prasad then awarded the diplomas, medals, certificates etc.

Panditaraja T. A. Venkateswara Dikshitar, Principal Mumbadevi Sanskrit Mahavidyalaya presented to the President:

(a) Sri Balkrishna Gulvani, representative of *Acharya & Shastri* students to receive the diplomas;

(b) Sri Premshankar Shukala, representative of *Gita Visharad* and *Gita Vid* students;

Dr. Rajendra Prasad delivering the Convocation Address.

(c) Smt. Saropben Lalit Mohan Agaskar, representative of lady students of Saral Sanskrit Examinations to receive certificates;

(d) Shri Dungersey Ratansey Shah, representative of boy students of Saral Sanskrit examinations to receive certificates.

Shri J. H. Dave, Hon. Director, Bharatiya Vidya Bhavan and President, Bombay Astrological Society presented:

Sri K. L. Trivedi, representative of *Jyotir Vid* students to receive the diplomas.

Acharya T. A. Venkateswara Dikshitar, Principal, Mumbadevi Sanskrit Mahavidyalaya presented:

Sri Balkrishna Gulvani, the best student of the Sanskrit Mahavidyalaya, for the Kulapati's Gold Medal.

Smt. Lilavati Munshi, Vice-President of the Bhavan and Chairman of the Kala Kendra, Sangit Shikshapith and Nartan Shikshapith presented:

(a) Smt. Chandrika Shah, for the award of Kulapati's Gold Medal for best acting in "Dr. Madhurika";

(b) Kum. Kanak Divecha, for the award of Maganlal Dresswala Gold Medal for 1955 for outstanding performance in amateur Dance and Ballet.

(c) Smt. Dinoo Nicholson for the award of Maganlal Dresswala Gold Medal for 1956 for outstanding performance in amateur Drama;

(d) Kum. Devayani Mehta for the award of a Tambura for passing the Sangit Visharad Examination with distinction in 1955;

(e) Smt. Shaila Savur for the award of a Tambura for passing the Sangit Visharad Examination, with distinction in 1916;

(f) Shri Adi Murzban, Director of "Katarju Gap" for the award of Munshi Trophy for the best dramatic production of the year;

(g) The representative of the V.J.T. Institute, Bombay, for the award of Munshi Trophy for best team acting in the Inter Collegiate Dramatic Competition 1917;

Dr. R. D. Adatia, Principal, Bhavan's M. M. College of Arts and N. M. Institute of Science presented:

(a) Shri Ashok Shah, the best student of the Bhavan's College during 1916-57 for the award of Kulapati's Gold Medal;

* * *

Acharya T. A. V. Dikshitar explaining the significance of the traditional exhortation, said: The Taittiriya Upanishadic exhortation is being given to the students who receive their respective degrees on the occasion of the Bhavan's Annual Convocation.

The President awarding a Gold Medal to Srimati Dinoo Nicholson

The Guru's words of immortal advice are depicted in the *Taittiriya Upanishad* in a very appropriate manner. In no other literature can we find the same kind of advice.

This golden advice brings out the spirit of the Bharatiya Samskriti in all its aspects. Our revered Kulapatiji calls this "the first Convocation Address ever known to the world".

EXHORTATION

आचार्यः (**Principal**)

अहं त्वामेवमुपदिशामि । (I exhort you as follows :)

सत्यं वद । (Speak the truth.)

Smt. Lilavati Munshi presenting a bouquet to the President.

धर्मं चर। (Walk in the way of thy duty.)

स्वाध्यायान्मा प्रमदः। (Neglect not the study of higher knowledge.)

आचार्याय प्रियं धनमाहृत्य प्रजातन्तुं मा व्यवच्छेत्सीः। (Treat thy teacher with respect and gratitude. And fail not in taking upon thyself the burden of life.)

विद्यार्थी (Student)

ओमद्धाप्रतिजानेऽहम् (I promise.)

आचार्यः (Principal)

सत्यान्न प्रमदितव्यम् (Thou shalt not be negligent of truth.)

धर्मान्न प्रमदितव्यम्। (Thou shalt not be negligent of thy duty.)

कुशलान्न प्रमदितव्यम्। (Thou shalt not be negligent of social welfare.)

भूत्यै न प्रमदितव्यम्। (Thou shalt not be negligent of thy good.)

स्वाध्यायप्रवचनाभ्यां न प्रमदितव्यम्। (Thou shalt not be negligent of the study and teaching of higher knowledge.)

देवपितृकार्याभ्यां न प्रमदितव्यम्। (Thou shalt not be negligent of thy duties unto God or unto the heritage which our forefathers have left behind them.)

विद्यार्थी (Student)

ओमद्धाप्रतिजानेऽहम् (I promise.)

आचार्यः (Principal)

मातृदेवो भव। (Let thy mother be as thy goddess whom thou adorest.)

पितृदेवो भव। (Let thy father be unto thee as thy God.)

आचार्यदेवो भव। (Let thy teacher be unto thee as thy God.)

अतिथिदेवो भव। (And thou shalt serve thy guest as thy God.)

यान्यनवद्यानि कर्माणि तानि सेवितव्यानि नो इतराणि। (Thou shalt practise acts which are irreproachable and no others.)

यान्यस्माकं सुचरितानि तानि त्वयोपास्यानि नो इतराणि। (Thou shalt practise deeds which are good and righteous, and no others.)

विद्यार्थी (Student)

ओमद्धाप्रतिजानेऽहम् (I promise.)

आचार्यः (Principal)

ये के चास्मच्छ्रेयांसो ब्राह्मणाः तेषां त्वयाऽऽसनेन प्रश्वसितव्यम्। (Treat men of high learning and character with respect.)

श्रद्धया देयम्। अश्रद्धयाऽदेयम्। (Thou shalt give with faith and reverence; without faith thou shalt not give.)

श्रिया देयम्। ह्रिया देयम्। (Thou shalt give plentiful and with modesty.) भिया देयम्। संविदा देयम्। (Thou shalt give with humility and with sympathy.)

विद्यार्थी (Student)

ओमद्धाप्रतिजानेऽहम् (I promise.)

अथ यदि ते कर्मविचिकित्सा वा वृत्तविचिकित्सा वा स्यात्, ये तत्र ब्राह्मणाः सम्मर्शिनः, युक्ता आयुक्ताः अलूक्षा धर्मकामाः स्युः, यथा ते तत्र वर्तेरन् तथा तत्र वर्तेथाः। (If thou hast any doubts about thy course or thy action, learn from the behaviour of men of high learning and character, who are competent to judge, devoted, kind and virtuous, even as they do in that thing, so do thou.)

अथाभ्याख्यातेषु ये तत्र ब्राह्मणाः सम्मर्शिनः, युक्ता आयुक्ताः अलूक्षा धर्मकामाः स्युः, यथा ते तेषु वर्तेरन् तथा तेषु वर्तेथाः। (Treat those who are accused or arraigned by their fellows in the same manner as such men of high learning and character treat them.)

विद्यार्थी (Student)

ओमद्धाप्रतिजानेऽहम्। (I promise.)

एष आदेशः। एष उपदेशः। एषा वेदोपनिषत्। एतदनुशासनम्। एवमुपासितव्यम्। एव चैतदुपास्यम्। (This is the teaching; this, the exhortation; this the doctrine of high knowledge; this is the instruction. This, thou shalt practise; yea, thou shall act thiswise.)

शिवास्ते पन्थानस्सन्तु। (May thy path be blest.)

Sri S. Ramakrishnan, Registrar, then requested the President to inaugurate the Pocket Gandhi Series and release the following new publications of the Bhavan:

Gandhi Series:

1. God is Truth
2. Food for the Soul
3. Law of Love
4. Science of Satyagraha

Book University Series:

1. Hindu Civilization Vol. I & II by Dr. Radha Kumud Mookerji
2. Immortal India by Shri J. H. Dave

Munshi Sahitya:

1. End of an Era—Hyderabad Memories by Shri K. M. Munshi
2. Tapasvini—Gujarati Novel by Sri K. M. Munshi
3. Munshi—His Art and Work Vol. II: *Fifty Years of Politics.*

The President then delivered the Convocation Address:

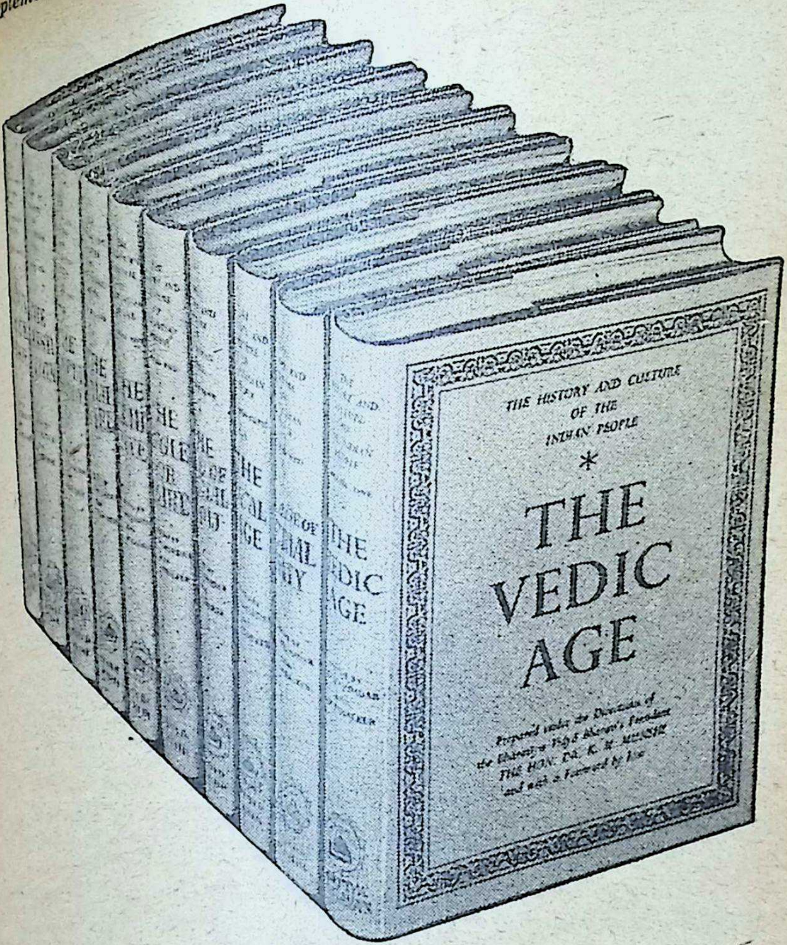
DURING my public life and at the time when I was a Minister in the Union Government and during recent years that I have been President, I have had many opportunities of visiting educational institutions of various kinds. I have otherwise also been greatly interested in education and its problems. Today when I am participating in the Convocation of the Bharatiya Vidya Bhavan, it is only natural that those problems should come to my mind again. Every educational institution has its limitations, a restricted programme of work according to which instruction is imparted. Similarly, a university carries on its function of education and research according to a considered plan. We have, on the other hand, various concerns and institutions devoted to publication of good and useful books for the benefit of the public.

All this makes me wonder what sort of an institution the Bharatiya Vidya Bhavan is, because among its aims and objects are included not only imparting modern education but also publication of books, doing valuable research, popularisation of fine arts, giving impetus to Indian culture, furthering the cause of Sankskrit and Hindi languages and literature etc. Therefore the Bhavan presents to us a model of a cultural academy for which anything related to education or any aspect of culture is relevant. Fortunately I have not only been familiar with the Bhavan from its very inception but also connected with it in a way. When the Bhavan was founded and it started its work, there were many who thought its programme was too ambitious and therefore not quite practical, but its work during the last 20 years has given an effective reply to all those who might have entertained such misgivings.

You have just heard Shri K. M. Munshi and also the Director's annual report. This must have given you a fairly good idea of the progress made by the Bhavan and its achievements in various fields. The work which the Bhavan has done in the field of bringing out attractive, highly useful and inexpensive books is indeed pioneering. What I particularly welcome about the activities of the Bhavan is their variety and the width of range. About the variety of its work, I have already spoken just now. As for the range of its work, it will be enough to say that the Bhavan aspires to be an all-India organisation. For this purpose it has already opened a few branches in other parts of the country. The New Delhi branch was opened a few months ago and prior to that, branches in Kanpur and Allahabad had been set up. It is hoped that in course of time it will be possible for the Bhavan to have branches in Southern and Eastern India. That will make the Bharatiya Vidya Bhavan an all-India Educational and Cultural Institution in the true sense of the term.

I would particularly like to say something about the Sanskrit Vishva Parishad and Bharatiya Itihas Vibhag of the Bhavan. The Sanskrit Vishva Parishad has created throughout the country great interest in the Sanskrit language and literature during the last six or seven years of its existence. Sanskrit holds the key to our ancient thought and culture and without studying it we cannot familiarise ourselves with our cultural heritage. It is as a result of the Parishad's efforts that the importance of the study of Sanskrit is being realised in all parts of India and a programme of the study and popularisation of this language is expected to be evolved soon. The Parishad's activities have also given impetus to the study of Sanskrit in our Colleges and Universities.

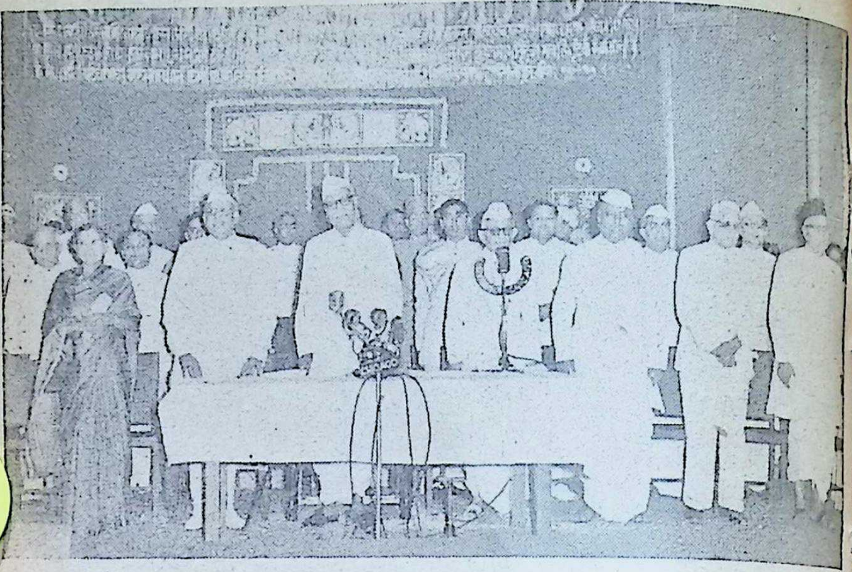
The Bharatiya Vidya Bhavan had assigned an important place to historical research from the very beginning, because it felt that knowledge of a country's true history was essential for national progress. Another one or two non-official organisations attempted this task but without much success. Fortunately the History Department of the Bhavan has met with not only great success but also world-wide recognition in this important work. Their volumes covering the Vedic Age and the subsequent periods of history have been widely welcomed. This work, important as it is, is equally difficult because to get at real facts or to bridge gaps in history necessarily involves hard labour. It is gratifying to know that the Bhavan has been able to render a satisfactory account in this branch of its work. Ancient history is not


THE HISTORY AND CULTURE OF THE INDIAN PEOPLE
*
THE VEDIC AGE
Prepared under the Direction of the Bharatiya Vidya Bhavan's President THE HON. DR. K. M. MUNSHI and with a Foreword by him

The ten volumes of History and Culture of the Indian People as they will appear after completion.

merely a collecton of events. In our ancient history are reflected the thought and cultural developments of one of the oldest peoples in the world.

I know that the history of the Bharatiya Vidya Bhavan is really the history of a few individuals' presistent efforts. Among them Shri K. M. Munshi's name comes foremost. In spite of his pre-occupations and many engagements Shri Munshi has always found time for the Bhavan's work,



Singing the National Anthem. First Row (L. to R.): *Srimati Lilavati Munshi, Governor Sri Sri Prakasa, Rashtrapati Rajendra Prasad, Kulapati Sri K. M. Munshi, Chief Minister Sri Y. B. Chavan, Sir H. V. Divatia and Mayor M. V. Donde.* Second Row: *Sri T. M. Advani, Vice-Chancellor, Sri Ratubhai Adani, Minister for Prohibition, A.D.C., Sri N. T. Khandwala, Sri Rasiklal Parikh, Revenue Minister, Sri Hitendra Desai, Education Minister.*

and one can say that the Bhavan is what it is today primarily because of the time and thought devoted by him to it. I offer my congratulations to Shri Munshi and all his associates on their success. By founding a broad-based institution like the Bharatiya Vidya Bhavan they have rendered a great service to Indian education and culture. Besides helping the cause of education, the activities of the Bhavan have given an impetus to those elements and tendencies which are the essence of Indian thought and on which our traditional culture rests.

It is my fervent hope that success achieved by the Bhavan so far will serve as the basis for a still greater effort and that its achievements will inspire it to still greater undertakings.

At the conclusion of Rashtrapati's address, the national anthem was sung by all those present and after the ceremonial procession in the reverse order, the function came to a close.

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alled the Sita Sej or the bed of Sita where Sita is supposed to have ived. Patala gonga, Pandu Kund, uddhi Talao, Sidh-ki-Gupha, Pani-ki-aman, the great image of Bhai-rava, Mriga Dhara, the Kot tirtha, Kumbha, and above all the temple f Nilakantha Mahadeva are some f the old places of interest.

Muslim relics in the hill-fort are ery few. Mostly they are in the wn of Kalanjar.

The Nilakantha Mahadeva cave contains a black image of Siva, about 4 feet high. The inscriptions in praise of the deity belong to the 16th century. But the Nilakantha temple is said to have been built by Parmal Brahma, the last of the Chandella king who flourished in the latter part of the 12th century A.D. The short inscriptions in praise of the deity are of later date and some bear the names of the pilgrims.

We of the Occident are about to arrive at a cross-road that was reached by the thinkers of India some seven hundred years before Christ. This is the real reason why we become both vexed and stimulated, uneasy yet interested, when confronted with the concepts and images of Oriental wisdom. This crossing is one to which the people of all civilizations come in the typical course of the development of their capacity and requirement for religious experience, and India's teachings force us to realize what its problems are.

—Heinrich Zimmer.

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QUESTION BOX

ANSWERS by K. M. Munshi

Kulapati Sri K. M. Munshi has kindly agreed to answer in these columns questions from readers of Bhavan's Journal on topics falling within the scope of the Journal.

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Sri A. Narasimha Chari, Royapettah, Madras.

Q: (a) *How can one sacrifice sound and hearing?* (Gita *Sloka 26)*

(b) *How can sacrifice be made of life-breath?* (Gita *Sloka 27)*

(c) *How can one sacrifice austerities or their practice, learning and knowledge?* (Gita, *Sloka 28)*

(d) *What does the sacrifice of outward breath in the inner mean?* (Gita, *Sloka 29)*

(e) *What is the sacrifice of life-breath in the life-breath?* (Gita, *Sloka 30)*

A: (1) You have asked me to write almost a thesis. Each question of yours requires detailed explanation and I do not think you expect me to answer all the questions in a detailed manner.

(2) In order to understand the significance of these questions, we must read all the verses from 24 to 32 of Canto IV of the *Bhagavad Gita*. In these verses, Sri Krishna teaches that *yagna* can be performed in many ways and the offerings can be of many kinds: *Bahu Vidha Yagna*. And they have been variously interpreted.

(3) Some persons offer ordinary sacrifice to the Gods as prescribed by Vedic rituals; others offer similar sacrifice to Brahman. Still others offer sacrifice of the attractions of the form of taste, touch, smell, form and hearing by controlling them. This is done by developing *Vai-*

ragya and *Pratyahara* (Verse 26).

(4) Another group offers all activities and controls its breath in the fire of Yoga; that is, in order to attain Yoga, control of 'life breath' (technically termed 'Pranayam') is necessary. (Verse 27).

(5) Verse 28 refers to different kinds of sacrifices where something greatly cherished is given as an offering in spiritual *yagna*. Some offer all their possessions to the general good; others offer everything to Brahman, while still others concentrate on the recital and study of Scriptures. The Yatis practise vows of Ahimsa, Satya, Asteya, Brahmacharya and Aparigraha (Non-violence, truth, non-stealing, non - waste and non-possession).

(6) Verses 29 and 30 refer to the Hatha Yogis who practise *Pranayama* as an act of sacrifice. *Pranayama* is the regulation and control of the four processes of breathing, viz.: (a) intake of the breath, (b) holding the breath, (c) expelling the breath, and (d) remaining without taking any breath, with the lungs empty. In the different methods suggested, one or the other process is given prominence (Verses 29 and 30). This is a highly technical matter and requires long training under a teacher.

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Sri J. James, Dehu Road.

Q: *What is the meaning of 'Khila' and how is it derived?*

A: 'Khila' is something which does not belong to the original but is only a supplement. There are certain *Khilas* of this type appended to the *Rigveda Samhita*. Derivation is unknown. In the *Rigveda* itself the word is used in the sense of 'a barren land': 'waste land between cultivated fields' etc.

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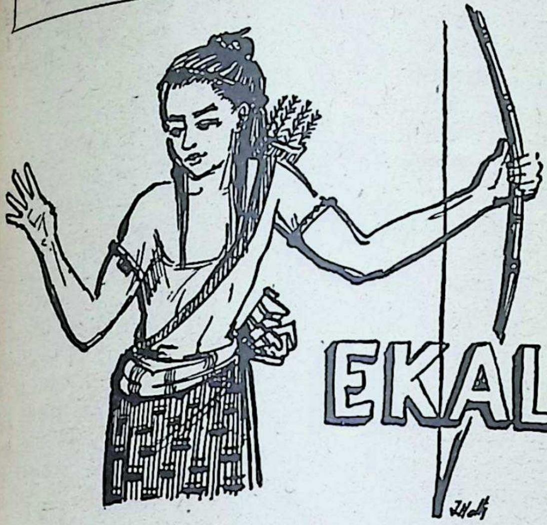
Sri Pendyala Brahmananda Jyosyulu, Ponnur (P.O.), Guntur.

Q: *Is there any definite logic in the sequence of letters in the alphabets of different languages? Or, do they simply indicate different sounds? For instance, the letters K, L, M, N are of the same significance in English, Arabic, Chinese and Russian.*

A: No logic in the sequence that I know of. The order in Sanskrit alphabet is phonetically based; the vowels as well as consonants are ordered according to their basis (स्थान) of articulation i.e. कण्ठ, first तालु, मूर्धन्, दन्त, ओष्ठ and so on from inside to outside.

THE PURANIC CHARACTER I ADMIRE MOST



EKALAVYA

N. HARINARAYANA

THAT was the time when the mighty conflict of Kurukshetra was yet far, far off in the future and the five Pandavas and the hundred Kauravas were still young princes learning the arts of war at the feet of the learned and warlike Brahmana guru, Dronacharya. Hard and well they studied what their guru taught them; they learned to draw the bow powerfully and shoot the arrow straight and true and fast, to wield the mace terribly, to lay traps and contrive pitfalls for the enemy, to fight on foot and on horse-back and from the seat of a chariot, to hurl the mightiest weapons that would consume the foe in flames or drown him in floods or blow him off in a gale and to escape when the enemy retaliated.

Far and wide spread the fame of their feats and the name of the guru who made them peerless in the arts of war.

Consolation Prize Story

Ekalavya was the son of Hiranyadhvan, the king of a hunter tribe, and was yet a youth. Low was his caste, as caste went then, into which he was born but towering was his ambition. Hearing the name of the great Brahmana guru, Drona and his learning and skill. Ekalavya was consumed with the desire to learn the art of archery from so skilful a master.

And so he went to where Drona was putting the Pandavas and Kauravas through his rigorous training, and he meekly stood before Drona after the princes had departed.

"Who art thou that thus approacheth my presence?" asked Drona of the youth.

"Oh master! I am the son of Hiranyadhvan, the king of the hunters."

"What wouldst thou have from me?"

"Oh learned Sir! Great is my longing to learn the art of archery and greater still my desire to learn it at your feet, from you whose fame has spread to the four corners of the country faster than the wind. Grant me, Sir, the boon of learning. I shall be an apt student."

"Go, go Ekalavya! That cannot be! I will not teach you to draw the bow and aim the arrow. You are the son of a hunter and are of humble origin, and learning is not for the like of you....."

"Oh Sir! Deny me not the blessing of knowledge. Poor and humble I may be, but I shall be rich in devotion to you and unswerving in my *diksha*...... Oh Sir, look upon me kindly and take me as one of your disciples like the princes here, for I am also the son of a king...."

"Nay, nay! It shall not be so... Learning is sacred and cann be imparted to all. One must b born to it.... Ekalavya! Yo eagerness to learn I appreciate, b your thirst for knowledge, I wi not quench...."

"Then, Sir, if you will not ta me as a disciple, I will still lo upon you as my guru and I wi learn to draw the bow and aim t arrow with your image befo me..."

Accordingly Ekalavya went to a part of the nearby forest, made a likeness of Drona and practise archery before it. Such was h unswerving devotion and inflexib determination that, within a shor time, he became peerless in h skill as an archer and still he we on practising, practising.......

One day the Pandava and K rava princes went ahunti When the hunt was in full swi one of their dogs strayed from t others and went towards the sp where Ekalavya practised arche Annoyed at this intrusion, E lavya let fly with effortless e and in quick succession seve arrows that struck the dog in it head. Thus wounded, the dog ra to its masters, moaning. T princes saw the seven arro struck one after another on i head. They were stunned by t feat, and wondered who might be who could wield the bow wi such unequalled skill.

They roamed the forest sear ing for the man and at last ca to that part of it where Ekalav was still practising archery; they accosted him.

"Did you strike thus our dog?" they asked him.

"Yes, Sirs, I did."

"Who are you that thus wounds our dog?"

"I am Ekalavya, the son of the king of the hunters."

The princes looked at one another and were still puzzled as to how he could acquire such skill in archery; they wanted to find it out.

"Who is your guru that gave you such proficiency in shooting an arrow?"

"Oh Sirs, Dronacharya is my guru….."

"Dronacharya?" The princes puzzled, looked at one another, contracted their eyebrows and wondered. "Dronacharya?". A murmur ran round the group of the royal warriors. Their beloved guru had never mentioned that he had another disciple besides them. Puzzled and frowning, they went away.

They met Drona and told him all this. Then Arjuna, the mighty hero of the Mahabharata, took him aside and spoke to him thus: "Oh venerated Sir! You once gave me word that none shall be a peer to me in drawing the bow and shooting the arrow and yet here is this low born, humble Ekalavya more skilful and proficient than I am and he says you are his guru. How came your word thus to be disproved?"

Sri N. Harinarayana

Drona remembered his promise to Arjuna and was pained by his charge of falsehood against him. He wanted to make good his word.

"There is yet a way, come with me...", he told Arjuna.

He led Arjuna and the other princes to where Ekalavya was still at his practice. As soon as Ekalavya saw Drona, he ran to him and fell at his feet.

"O! Venerable Sir, by the grace of your person and the chanting of your name, I have acquired not a little knowledge. All this that I know, I owe to the image of yourself there.... I will be forever grateful to you.....".

"O Ekalavya, you are good in remembering the guru's part in your development. Having imparted to you so much knowledge, I am entitled to *gurudakshina*. What will you give me?".

"What will you have, Sir? Here I am and here are my bows and my quiver of arrows and these are all that I have now. Whatever you want among these, that I shall gladly give...."

Drona thought for a while. Then he said, "Give me the thumb of your right hand. That is all the *dakshina* I want. Would you consent to give it?...." The princes gasped but Ekalavya was calm.

"Without a doubt, Sir! I never go back on my word and here is your *dakshina*." He cut off quickly the thumb and placed it at Drona's feet.

Even the stern guru was touched by such unfaltering devotion and was overwhelmed. "O! Ekalavya," he said, "you are a great man. Had you not been born in the lowest of castes, no one could have been an apter disciple. May you prosper and be happy for ever!"

Then the guru and princes turned back and went their way. Drona told Arjuna "O! You valiant son of Pandu, this removes from your path to glory your one rival. For Ekalavya, without the thumb of his right hand, is like the elephant without its trunk or the lion without its paws. I have now made good my word to you...."

Thus the valiant and mighty Arjuna, the greatest among the heroes of Mahabharata and peerless among the archers of old, passed into history, myth and legend; and Ekalavya, self-taught and devoted to Drona though the latter refused to teach him, strong of will and skilful of arm, the one man who made even Arjuna feel unsure of his unequalled prowess, passed into limbo.

Great and mighty as are the heroes who stalk across the stage of the Mahabharata, yet all their prowess and power and prestige may win our admiration but cannot compel our affection as do the endearing qualities of this humble man, admirable for his faith that moves mountains and loveable for his sacrifice that effaces self. His humble life stands for three things. One, that for a man of destiny, his origin does not count, a fact little appreciated in our tradition. Two, that faith and devotion and concentration are finer teachers than the teacher himself; a teacher is there only to inculcate these noble qualities and not to stuff one with knowledge; and for a man who has them and an ardent desire to learn, a pedestrian plodding through institutions is not necessary, a fact little noted by our educationists who can never look beyond an academic degree for intellectual development. Third, that we should turn from the dazzle and glitter of the famous and the pompous and see the greatness of the simple and the humble who possess sometimes more magnificent virtues.

Bhagawan Parashurama

PART III: IN A STRANGE LAND

● **K. M. Munshi** ●

PREVIOUS STORY

This Part III is a sequel of the saga of the conquering Aryans. The first Part was published as a serial in the Journal under the title 'The Woman that was Goddess'. The second Part dealt with the boyhood of Parashurama or Rama of the Battle Axe, the son of Sage Jamadagni, descendant of Bhrigu.

Rama is born to Renuka, the wife of Jamadagni, in the ashrama of the Bhrigus in Aryavarta. On account of differences with Sage Jamadagni who wants Rama to be brought up not as a warrior but as a sage, Kavi leaves for Bhrigugram. The child Rama goes in search of him and, on the way, is captured by strange men who want to offer him as a sacrifice to their unAryan deity. Rama escapes and is ultimately found by Kavi.

Six years after Rama's return, Sudasa, the king of the Tritsus and brother of Loma, invites Sage Vasishtha to be his High Priest in the place of Sage Vishwamitra. Vishwamitra presides over King Harishchandra's human sacrifice, but Shunahshepa, the boy who was intended to be sacrificed, is saved by God Varuna.

Young Arjuna, otherwise called Sahasrarjuna, the king of the Haihayas, wants to marry Loma, the sister of king Sudasa. When he is not able to do so on account of the curse of Jamadagni, he kidnaps her to his Anupadesha on the Narmada. Rama, though a boy, is devoted to Loma. He therefore persuades Arjuna's general, King Bhadrashrenya, to take him also with Loma. They arrive by boats in Saurashtra.

Arjuna, being angry with Bhadrashrenya, removes him from the office of the Commander of the Haihayas. Then he leaves for a war in the South.

In the meantime, Rama, though a boy, organizes and strengthens the Yadavas. Revat, the king of the Sharyatas, a tribe living in the adjoining territory, prepares for a war of utter destruction against King Bhadrashrenya. Rama decides to take up the challenge, but wants to wage the war in his own way. Rama decides to make Loma his wife.

11. A Parricide's Punishment

RAMA, accompanied by Loma, went to receive Vimada, his old teacher, who had come to Saurashtra from Aryavarta to meet his young master.

When Vimada saw Rama, whom he had brought up from his infancy and taught the use of weapons, grown into a splendid young man, radiating power, with a brilliant battle-axe on his shoulder, he dismounted from his horse and prostrated himself before him. Rama embraced Vimada with effusiveness rare for him. Loma stood by with tears of joy in her eyes and King Bhadrashrenya declared a three-day festival for his tribe.

Vimada told Rama of what had happened after they left for Saurashtra. At first there was a talk of sending an army to invade Sahasrarjuna's territory, but nothing came out of it as King Sudasa would not think of it and Sage Vasishtha was more interested in rousing the Aryas to a war of vengeance against Prince Bheda.

'Then'. continued Vimada, 'your messengers brought news from time to time that both of you were with King Bhadrashrenya in Saurashtra doing well and building up the strength of the Yadavas. At first, the Best among the Sages would not listen to my coming over here to bring you back. Ultimately he agreed and I have come to Saurashtra with two hundred of our best men. I have posted about one hundred of them on the road, so that we could return safely to the port. Our boats are waiting for you.'

Then he turned to King Bhadrashrenya: 'Now, when will you send my master and Princess Loma with us?'

Bhadrashrenya was a picture of helplessness. 'Acharya, if Gurudeva leaves us now, what will happen to us?'

'You won't send him back?', asked Vimada sternly.

'Acharya, Lord Pasupati is my God of Gods and Bhargava is my Teacher of Teachers. I will not keep him for a day longer than necessary. He is the master; I am his slave. Who am I to say "no" if he wants to return?' Bhadrashrenya fixed his prayerful eyes on Rama.

Rama in his usual way smiled and then gave the answer.

'Vimada, I will not come. Bhadrashrenya rescued me from the hands of Arjuna, accepted me as his Guru, placed everything that he had at my disposal. You see, he does not stop me from returning. The Yadavas have placed themselves completely in my hands; how can I leave them now? Vimada, as soon as Sahasrarjuna returns from the war, he will try to destroy them. If we go away from here. he will not leave a man, woman or child of this *gotra* alive

I am not a prisoner of Bhadrashrenya, he is mine.'

'Is it so?', queried Vimada. 'Then, what shall we do?'

'Don't you worry!', said Rama. 'It is even your *dharma* to save the Yadavas from this calamity. I will return to Aryavarta one day, but not as you want me to. I will come in the forefront of Yadava warriors, as the Guru of Bhadrashrenya. A Bhargava is not merely a sage; he is the thunderbolt of the Gods; he can see *dharma* and enforce obedience to it.'

'But what about Princess Loma?' asked Vimada.

'About me?' asked Loma. 'Don't you worry also! My brother wanted me to marry someone anyhow. Well, I have decided to get married myself. We were only waiting for you, Acharya, to perform our marriage ceremony.' She glanced at Rama in a way that left no doubt as to whom she wanted to marry.

Vimada, amazed, folded his hands before the young master. 'Lord, you are unfathomable. What are you doing!'

'I am going to marry Loma during the festival which follows Vaishakhi Purnima, (full-moon day) and you will be the Acharya.'

'Why Vaishakha Purnima?' asked Vimada.

'On that day all the Bhrigus will meet at Gokarna Teertha and celebrate the birthday of the Foremost among the divine Sages, Bhrigu, and on that day...'—and the voice of Rama became prophetic—'Bhadrashrenya, the Best of the Yadavas, will hold undisputed sway in Saurashtra.'

Those who heard these words did not hear any prophecy in it; it appeared to them a simple statement of an accomplished fact, and none of them knew what was passing in the mind of the inscrutable master.

'Then what shall I do?' asked Vimada.

'Vimada, you are my teacher. Teach me now what you had left untaught so far.'

'As the master pleases,' said Vimada.

Then, like sparks flying one after the other, Rama issued his commands speaking with irresistible authority.

'Vimada, ask a few of our Bhrigus to go back to Saptasindhu. Let them tell the Venerable that you will return later; that we both are all right and will soon be married. You, Sesha, go with some of the Bhrigus to the different settlements in Saurashtra. A few old Bhrigus live in almost every settlement. Tell them what my wishes are: On Vaishakha Shukla 13th I will start for Gokarna Teertha from here; let them all join me on the full-moon day.'

'Is King Bhadrashrenya also coming there?' asked Vimada.

Rama did not reply.

'Gurudeva, what are you thinking? Why do you want to keep us in darkness?' asked Bhadrashrenya.

'King, I will tell you all after Kukshi, Queen Revati and Madhu return to Yadava *gotra*. I feel that there will be trouble, perhaps an attempt to dispose you off and instal Madhu as the king.'

Bhadrashrenya and Vimada were shocked to hear about the suspicion which Rama entertained.

However, when the sacrificial sessions of the King of Sharyatas were over, Queen Revati, her son Madhu, Vishakha, Kukshi and Kurma returned to Yadava *gotra* accompanied by fifty Sharyata warriors. Just as Rama had anticipated, three days later, Prateep's mother, the eldest Queen of Bhadrashrenya, discovered that his food had been poisoned. The fact, however, was discovered in time and the King narrowly escaped death.

Rama only smiled when he was told that what he had anticipated had come true.

Kukshi was now busy making some mysterious plans in consultation with some leading Yadavas. Evidently, something serious was on.

Ultimately, the report reached the ear of Bhadrashrenya and Rama that a plot was afoot to kill the king and instal Madhu as a successor, after Rama and his 'satakas' and Vimada and his Bhrigus had left for Gokarna on Vaishakha Shukla 13th.

In the meantime, the *ashrama* of Bhargava was preparing for the visit of its members to Gokarna. Vimada, the great teacher, was busy training the 'satakas' in the use of weapons and horses. Rama moved among them wrapped in fearsome isolation, his eyes full of concentrated fire, silent as an image of a God except for the few words he issued now and then.

Vaishakha Shukla 13th came. At midnight Rama and his 'satakas' were to start for Gokarna Teertha. In the afternoon, the young men of the 'satakas' as usual took their horses to the distant fields for grazing as they did every day. Five Sharyata warriors also went with them to graze their horses, while the rest of them stayed in the *gotra* spending a happy time with some of the friendly Yadavas.

In the evening Prateep went to his father King Bhadrashrenya.

'Father, I have brought a message from the master. To-night many things will happen. Two hundred Sharyatas are coming here at midnight to kill you and make Madhu the king of Yadavas. Keep enough men ready to meet the danger if it comes. I am soon going to accompany the master. Forgive me, father, for thus leaving you undefended; but these are the master's orders. Give me your blessings; I hope to meet you soon.'

'My son, I know all. Obey the master and look after the Yadavas if I am not alive to do it.'

A little before they were scheduled to leave, Rama took Prateep with him into the forest by a circuitous path.

'Are we ready to depart?' asked Prateep. 'The men have already gone to work.'

'No, we have still to complete our preparations,' said Rama.

In the meantime one of the disciples who was waiting for Rama on the forest-path came and whispered something in his ears.

Rama with his battle-axe in his hand turned towards a footpath which branched off to the left.

'Prateep, have you the courage to face all?' said Rama.

'Yes, Gurudeva,' replied Prateep.

The three of them went a little farther, where in a little opening in the forest they saw in the moonlight Madhu and some of his friends sharpening their daggers.

'You stay here,' Rama told Prateep with affection. 'This is not good for you.' He then proceeded farther towards Madhu and his friends.

Madhu, startled, stood up and was taken aback to see Rama. His companions, though frightened, took their daggers in their hands ready for attack.

Rama stood stern and irresistible his *parashu* in his hand, a veritable God of Death.

'Don't touch your daggers,' said Rama. His frightening eyes held Madhu and his friends. 'Madhu, you are sharpening these daggers for your father and your brothers. Is it?' Rama asked quietly.

Madhu turned pale, but before he could reply, the battle-axe of Rama flashed and Madhu's head rolled away, his body falling to the ground. His companions, seeing the terrible Bhargava, ran away.

Prateep, seeing his step-brother killed in this gruesome manner, fell to the ground in a swoon. Rama returned to him and helped him to recover.

'Prateep, a parricide has no place on earth nor in Heaven or Hell.' And placing his hand on the shoulders of Prateep, he took him away.

Rama helped Prateep to mount one of the horses which were awaiting them.

Prateep, dazed, looked at Bhargava terror-struck. The master, with one cool, unerring stroke had decapitated Madhu not with the venom of an enemy, but with the irresistible might of Fate. He was older than Rama by about seven or eight years but the dreadful way in which the master worked with impersonal destructiveness when *dharma* was in danger, made him shudder.

When they reached the outskirt of the village, four horses ready for battle, were awaiting them.

'We are only three?' asked Prateep. 'For whom is the fourth horse?'

'You wait here,' said Rama. 'I am bringing the fourth rider.'

Rama dismounted from his horse and left for the *gotra*.

[*To be continued*]

the CHILD & the

• M. D. ADATIA •

PARENTS are in close contact with children from birth, and their attitude towards them plays a vital role in their physical and mental well-being. Healthy parental relations make healthy personalities of children. But if parents are engaged in constant quarrels, disputes and fights, the children become problem-children.

A delinquent child with his anti-social behaviour is generally the product of broken homes, where peace is absent and emotional warmth is wanting. The attitude of parents, their likes, dislikes, opinions, prejudices etc. which they show in their behaviour towards others, are quickly imbibed by children, through simple and powerful mechanism of 'imitation'.

Parents should be psychologically prepared before conception to bear the extra responsibility of rearing children which often does not allow the mother to spare time for her personal recreation and enjoyment. She should be ever careful not to spoil relations with her husband at the cost of the child.

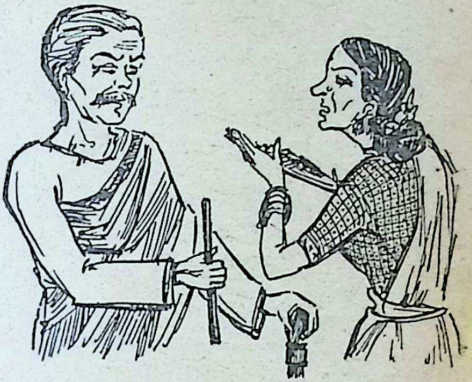
Every child is different and their differences should be noticed and considered individually and problems solved with proper understanding and care. Often a variety of problems arise in the course of development which make it very difficult to keep the child physically and mentally healthy. Like the twig of a tree every child needs guidance for proper adjustment, and no specific rules or regulations can be laid down which can be followed universally.

Many times conflicts arise in the mind of the mother from the beginning of the reproductive function and continue with the birth of the child and later on with his development which reflects in the personality of the child. A har

D & the PARENT

nious companionship with the ther brings a healthy emotional elopment, which should get solved harmoniously as the d assumes an independent ex- nce. The mother thus plays more important part being in er contact with the child than father. A confident mother kes a confident infant, a jittery ther an irritable infant, and a y mother makes an over-stimu- ed baby.

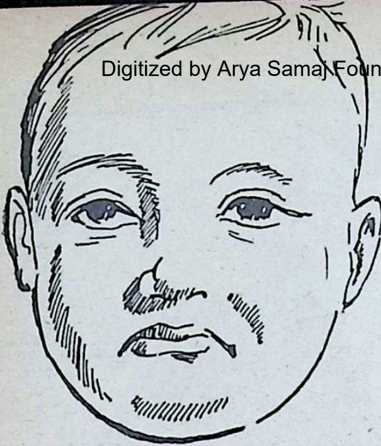
The child's position in the mily is very important for the evelopment of his personality. If child is the only child in the mily, it is but natural that he ll get over-attention and extra re. Parental feelings of love l affection will be showered on n in abundance. He will actual- be pampered and will tend to ome dependent, diffident and oilt. He will seek protection d help from elders and will ow signs of lack of self management. On the other hand a child, ho is left on his own in early fe, will develop a strong will and come independent and quite pable of managing his own airs.



Every child has natural instincts hich need satisfaction. These in- tincts if not completely satisfied should be properly adjusted or diverted. Conflicts or problems arise with lack of proper adjustment. Parents can solve these conflicts and adjust them properly, provided they themselves have no conflicts. True motherliness derives satisfaction in giving tender care and emotional security to the child. She sublimates her personal satisfaction and all her conflicts get naturally resolved.

The child constantly needs an adult companion who would tell him how to act and not to act, what to say and what not to say. These directions should be given in a lovable and affectionate manner. As the age advances it is also advisable to leave the child alone, and let him adjust himself. The help is given only when he cannot find a way. This would create self-confidence, self-dependence and trust in his own power of judgment.

From birth onwards the child passes through various stages of emotional development, and each



phase has its own importance. A wrong development of one phase brings repercussions of its effects in the adult age. The way in which these instincts and emotions of the child are satisfied forms habits as age advances and the personality of the child gets developed. The parents thus play the most vital role in building up the personality of every child.

WEANING CONFLICTS

Experience with forced weaning shows that many babies will react violently with an absolute and often long-lasting refusal to tolerate the cup. An occasional baby will go on a complete hunger-strike for several days and another may become generally resentful to tolerate the cup. Parents should help to prepare the infant for eventual weaning by offering him a sip of milk a day from the cup beginning from five months. At that age he will try almost anything. It is important that during the age of suspicion of the cup, between, say, ten and fifte months, the mother should refrai from urging the cup or with holding the bottle, since this seem to increase his dependence on th bottle or breast and postpone hi readiness for weaning.

GOOD EATING HABITS

Good food and pleasant su roundings are necessary for plea sure in eating. Whenever a new food is started, the child takes tim to get used to it. Whether he learns to like it or not depends upon whether he learns to asso ciate pleasure and satisfaction with eating it. This association depends largely upon the parents' attitude and behaviour. One should neve ask whether he likes it or not, n should the expression of the fac show that he does not like it. I is good not to suggest to him i any way that he may not like i nor to be anxious or worried if h refuses to eat. If you are forcing or urging, the baby will soon lear to get extra attention from you b continuing to refuse. *Give plenty of attention when he eats well, and do not give him extra attention when he will not eat.* Be patien and persistent. Do not coax. I the baby refuses to eat a food, ta the food away without showin any excitement, offer it again a week or so later, when the bab will very likely have forgotten h objection to it. Never give mo than one new food at a mea Praise him when he does well wit a new food.

[*To be completed in the next issu*

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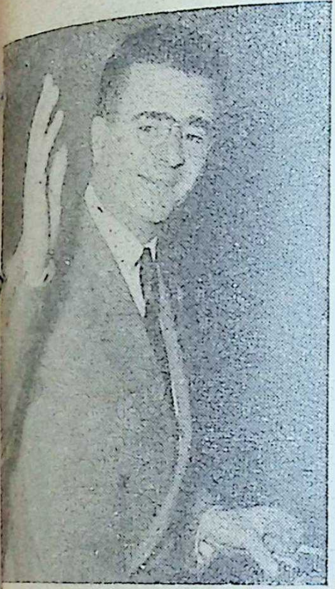
Felix Gaillard



IN the small hours of a night early this month, no one was more surprised than M. Felix Gaillard in his apartment on the Avenue Foch to be roused from d by his concierge and told that President Rene Coty wanted him o form a Government, and when e did so on his 38th birthday, the od wishes of the entire world ent with him, for France's eco- mic situation at the moment was ything but satisfactory.

A Radical Socialist, M. Gaillard is the youngest Premier in the history of France, since Napoleon Bonaparte became the Consul at the age of 30 in 1799. It is current history that the Government of Maurice Bourges-Maunoury fell on the 30th September 1957 on the question of Algeria and for five weeks France had to go without a Premier.

President Rene Coty had asked the stalwarts Guy Mollet, Robert Schumann, Antoine Pinay and Rene Pleven—all of whom failed to muster the necessary Party support. It was given to young M. Gaillard—literally meaning *dashing*—who has been successful in forming the Government and winning the confidence of the House. The Communists and the Poujadists form the opposition.

M. Gaillard was Minister in the outgoing Government of Maurice Bourges-Maunoury and during his four months' office as Finance Minister, he displayed a flair for dramatic innovation *a la* Pierre Mendes-France. In an effort to halt France's declining financial stability he devalued the Franc and forced budget cuts. He even advised French housewives on what foods to buy. When his measures were getting under way the Government went down. When the call came to him to form a Government, he had the advantage of being a bridge between the right and the left wings of the 600-member Assembly who kept rejecting one another's candidates.

Fortunately the longest post-war political crisis is over and the signs of relief and hope breathed by France over its conclusion by the election of this new young brilliant and courageous statesman will be shared everywhere in the democratic world. His Cabinet is widely based and includes his predecessor Bourges-Maunoury besides Christain Pineau and Robert LaCoste.

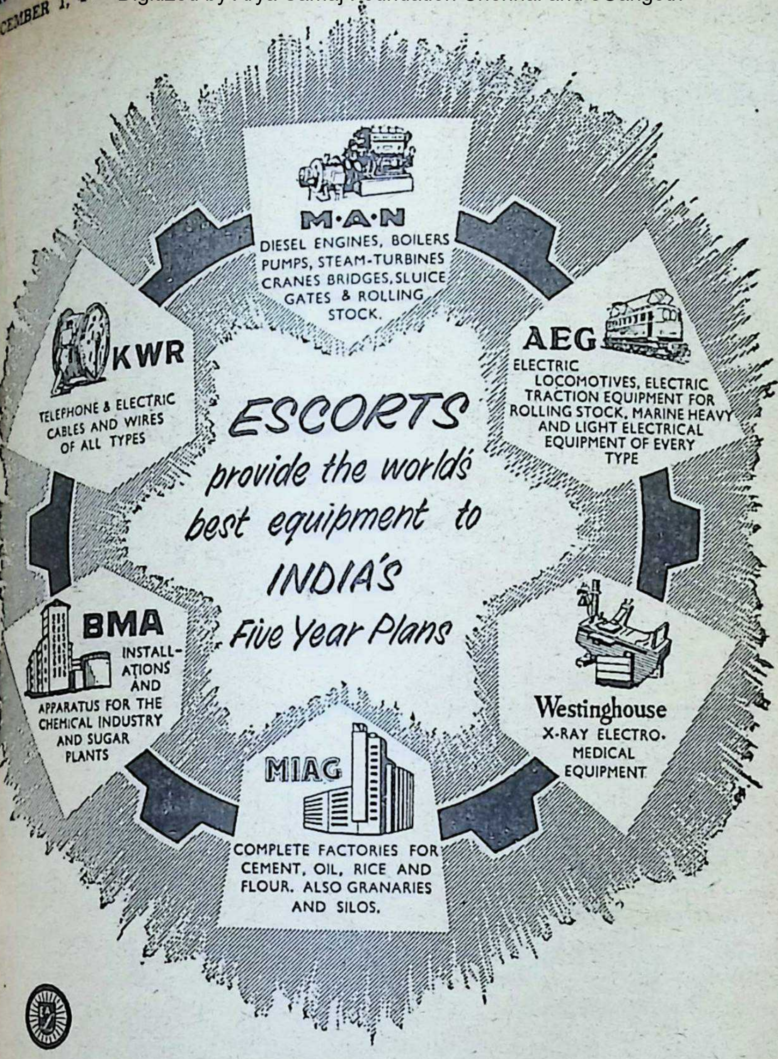
M. Gaillard is a financial expert. He has ideas and the courage to fight for them but the handicaps that any French Premier has to encounter too are there. For instance, it is difficult to make the Frenchman accept austerity to which he is congenitally opposed; it is much more so with regard to higher direct taxation; the Franc is comparatively weak and Algeria continues to be menacing.

Born in Paris as the son of a wealthy landlord and mining engineer, Gaillard was precocious as a child and brilliant as a student. He is a Doctor of Laws and holds a diploma of the School of Political Sciences. He belongs to the famous corps of the Inspectorate of Finances.

After the 1940 battle, he joined the Resistance and holds the decoration "rosette de la Resistance". First elected to the Assembly in 1946, he was re-elected in 1951 and 1956. His first ministerial appointment was that of Deputy Minister for Commerce in the Schumann Cabinet. He has held the post of Cabinet Secretary in the Pleven (1951), Faure, Pinay (1952) and Mayer (1953) Governments. In the latter, he held charge of the High Commission for Atomic Energy and has shown since great interest and ability in nuclear problems.

Always in favour of the European plans, M. Gaillard was a delegate to the European Assembly in 1949 and the head of the French delegation to the Conference concerning the Common Market and Euratom. He was President of the Commission of general economy and financing of the Plan. In 1955, he became Member of the Council for Scientific Research and Technical Improvement.

In the circumstances France is placed, it is difficult to carry the day even for the most experienced politician. However, M. Gaillard has a climate and the public opinion to create unity among the working ranks. It is therefore within the bounds of optimism to believe that he may succeed where greater men have failed. As French Deputy put it, it is Gaillard or nothing.



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SANSKRIT LESSONS

[New Series]

Dr. Shakuntala Rao Shastri

(Continued from last issue)

udent:—What is the significance of the figure '0' or Zero.

acher:—This figure has a historic importance. In Sanskrit, its name is '*Śūnya*' or 'Void', and the term passed over to the Arabic notation as 'Sifr' meaning also 'void'. The old Latin writers on Arithmetic translated the Arabic word as 'Zephyrum'. This in Italian took the form 'Zenero', 'Zepiro' and became contracted into 'Zero'. Before the 9th century, although no character for it is found in India, there is literary evidence for the belief that it was known much earlier. Its other name is 'cipher', which became a name for symbolic or secret writing and also came to be used in shorthand and elementary education for doing simple sums.

From this we have cryptography, the art of writing in phers. It is written in such a way as to be incomprehensible cept to those who possess the key to the system.

udent:—Very interesting indeed is the story of Zero. How are the numbers after ten denoted in Sanskrit?

Teacher:—Generally the words 'one', 'two' etc. are fixed to '*daśa*'. Only in the case of '19' or '29', it is said 'one less than twenty', 'one less than thirty', and the Sankrit word 'ekona' meaning 'one less' is prefixed to it. This is the general rule. But there are exceptions. How are the numbers from 'eleven' to 'ten millions' formed? That is the highest number counted in Sanskrit. It is known as 'koṭiḥ'.

एकादश	ekādaśa	=11
द्वादश	dvādaśa	=12
त्रयोदश	trayodaśa	=13
चतुर्दश	caturdaśa	=14
पञ्चदश	pañcadaśa	=15
षोडश	ṣoḍaśa	=16
सप्तदश	saptadaśa	=17
अष्टादश	aṣṭādaśa	=18
एकोनविंशतिः	ekonaviṁśatiḥ	=19
विंशतिः	viṁśatiḥ	=20
एकविंशतिः	ekaviṁśatiḥ	=21
द्वाविंशतिः	dvāviṁśaṭiḥ	=22
त्रयोविंशतिः	trayoviṁśatiḥ	=23
चतुर्विंशतिः	caturviṁśatiḥ	=24
पञ्चविंशतिः	pañcaviṁśatiḥ	=25
षड्विंशतिः	ṣaḍviṁśatiḥ	=26
सप्तविंशतिः	saptaviṁśatiḥ	=27
अष्टाविंशतिः	aṣṭāviṁśaṭiḥ	=28
एकोनत्रिंशत्	ekonatriṁśat	=29
त्रिंशत्	triṁśat	=30
एकत्रिंशत्	ekatriṁśat	=31
द्वात्रिंशत्	dvātriṁśat	=32
त्रयस्त्रिंशत्	trayastriṁśat	=33
चतुस्त्रिंशत्	catustriṁśat	=34
पञ्चत्रिंशत्	pañcatriṁśat	=35
षट्त्रिंशत्	ṣaṭtriṁśat	=36
सप्तत्रिंशत्	saptatriṁśat	=37
अष्टात्रिंशत्	aṣṭātriṁśat	=38
एकोनचत्वारिंशत्	ekonacatvāriṁśat	=39
चत्वारिंशत्	catvāriṁśat	=40

एकचत्वारिंशत्	ekacatvāriṁśat	=41	४१
द्वाचत्वारिंशत् or द्विचत्वारिंशत्	dvicatvāriṁśat	=42	४२
त्रयश्चत्वारिंशत् or त्रिचत्वारिंशत्	tricatvāriṁśat	=43	४३
चतुश्चत्वारिंशत्	catuścatvāriṁśat	=44	४४
पञ्चचत्वारिंशत्	pañcacatvāriṁśat	=45	४५
षट्चत्वारिंशत्	ṣaṭ-catvāriṁśat	=46	४६
सप्तचत्वारिंशत्	sapta-catvāriṁśat	=47	४७
अष्टाचत्वारिंशत् or अष्टचत्वारिंशत्	aṣṭa-catvāriṁśat	=48	४८
एकोनपञ्चाशत्	ekonapañcāśat	=49	४९
पञ्चाशत्	pañcāśat	=50	५०
एकपञ्चाशत्	ekapañcāśat	=51	५१
द्वापञ्चाशत् or द्विपञ्चाशत्	dvi-pañcāśat	=52	५२
त्रयःपञ्चाशत् or त्रिपञ्चाशत्	tri-pañcāśat	=53	५३
चतुःपञ्चाशत्	catuḥ-pañcāśat	=54	५४
पञ्चपञ्चाशत्	pañca-pañcāśat	=55	५५
षट्-पञ्चाशत्	ṣaṭ-pañcāśat	=56	५६
सप्तपञ्चाशत्	sapta-pañcāśat	=57	५७
अष्टापञ्चाशत् or अष्टपञ्चाशत्	aṣṭa-pañcāśat	=58	५८
एकोनषष्टिः	ekona-ṣaṣṭiḥ	=59	५९
षष्टिः	ṣaṣṭiḥ	=60	६०
एकषष्टिः	eka-ṣaṣṭiḥ	=61	६१
द्वाषष्टिः or द्विषष्टिः	dvi-ṣaṣṭiḥ	=62	६२
त्रयष्षष्टिः or त्रिषष्टिः	tri-ṣaṣṭiḥ	=63	६३
चतुष्षष्टिः	catuṣ-ṣaṣṭiḥ	=64	६४
पञ्चषष्टिः	pañca-ṣaṣṭiḥ	=65	६५
षट्षष्टिः	ṣaṭ-ṣaṣṭiḥ	=66	६६
सप्तषष्टिः	sapta-ṣaṣṭiḥ	=67	६७
अष्टाषष्टिः or अष्टषष्टिः	aṣṭa-ṣaṣṭiḥ	=68	६८
एकोनसप्ततिः	ekona-saptatiḥ	=69	६९
सप्ततिः	saptatiḥ	=70	७०

एकसप्ततिः	eka-saptatiḥ	=71	७१
द्वासप्ततिः or द्विसप्ततिः	dvi-saptatiḥ	=72	७२
त्रयःसप्ततिः or त्रिसप्ततिः	tri-saptatiḥ	=73	७३
चतुःसप्ततिः	catuḥ-saptatiḥ	=74	७४
पञ्चसप्ततिः	pañca-saptatiḥ	=75	७५
षट्सप्ततिः	ṣaṭ-saptatiḥ	=76	७६
सप्तसप्ततिः	sapta-saptatiḥ	=77	७७
अष्टासप्ततिः or अष्टसप्ततिः	aṣṭa-saptatiḥ	=78	७८
एकोनाशीतिः	ekonāśītiḥ	=79	७९
अशीतिः	aśītiḥ	=80	८०
एकाशीतिः	ekāśītiḥ	=81	८१
द्व्यशीतिः	dvyaśītiḥ	=82	८२
त्र्यशीतिः	tryaśītiḥ	=83	८३
चतुरशीतिः	caturaśītiḥ	=84	८४
पञ्चाशीतिः	pañcāśītiḥ	=85	८५
षडशीतिः	ṣaḍaśītiḥ	=86	८६
सप्ताशीतिः	saptāśītiḥ	=87	८७
अष्टाशीतिः	aṣṭāśītiḥ	=88	८८
एकोननवतिः	ekonanavatiḥ	=89	८९
नवतिः	navatiḥ	=90	९०
एकनवतिः	eka-navatiḥ	=91	९१
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[To be continued]

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VIKRAMA GIFTS A PRINCESS

UNDETERRED by setbacks King Bhoja returned to the throne-room on the morning of the nineteenth day with the intention of successfully climbing the throne this time.

He offered prayers as usual and started ascending the steps.

Nothing happened till the eighteenth step, but when he set foot on the nineteenth, the statuette holding it became animated and addressed him. "King Bhoja, you can sit upon this throne only if you have the capacity and qualities of our King Vikramaditya, but if you do not have them you will be thrown out."

"Oh, is that so?" replied Bhoja. "Can you tell me what was it that made the great Vikramaditya so outstanding?"

"I am glad that you realise your limitations," said the statuette, "listen to one more exploit of his". It said: Our King Vikrama had many great men living around him. One of them was a Brahmin priest of the name Surasena. The peculiarity of this man was that, in the early part of his life, he had been a thorough-going man of the world and he had enjoyed life as anyone did, but as he grew older he had a turn in his outlook which made him look upon the material comforts of this world with scorn. He learnt the Vedas and Sastras thoroughly, killed the threefold desires, overcame the sixfold enemies and bidding adieu to his friend, the King, started on a pilgrimage round the world like a sannyasi. He journeyed throughout the land visiting holy places and bathing in holy *thirthas*.

In the course of his journey he visited Prayag, bathed in Yamuna and Ganga and carrying their holy waters returned to Ujjain. On the way back, he came across a city by name Srinagarapuri. He entered the city and while he was looking around, he came across a Kali temple on the north-east side. When he entered it with the intention of praying before the deity, he was surprised to see a small crowd of people at the portico standing near a huge cauldron in which oil was boiling. Out of curiosity he asked of one who appeared to be the leader as to what might be the reason for boiling such a huge quantity of oil.

Th man replied: "The King of the City, Vratasheela, has a daughter by name Veeralakshmi. She is greatly accomplished and she has come of age. With the idea of marrying her the King sent out invitations to the leading princes of the country for a Swayamvara. But when those princes and others turned up for the Swayamvara, the princess refused to choose any one of them. The King insisted she should marry one who was very highly educated. The queen said she should marry the prince of the largest country. In this clash of interests, none of the guests present appeared to them to be a suitable husband for their beloved daughter. The King therefore announced in a fit of temper the following conditions for the suitor for his daughter's hand: 'Whoever successfully jumps into this boiling cauldron of oil will marry my daughter'.

"On this announcement, all those invitees fled away. We have since then been waiting here for the man who would have the courage to accomplish the feat and claim the hand of the Princess. We have not been able to meet one till today."

On hearing this strange story, Surasena smiled within himself and reflected "Whoever can accomplish this feat except my gracious King Vikrama?"

Thinking thus, he came posthaste to Ujjain. King Vikrama was greatly pleased to see his old friend return from his holy wanderings, carrying pots of holy water on his shoulders. King Vikrama paid him the customary worship and gave him large quantities of money, and jewels as presents to be disposed of in good causes.

Just at that moment an old brahmin came to the place dragging a girl by his hand seeking audience with the King. He was allowed immediate permission to see the King. Vikrama on seeing them asked them "Holy man, what is the trouble with you? May I help you?"

The brahmin replied, "O mighty King! This girl is my daughter. She has come of age. I want to get her married, but I have no money. Further, this girl has been possessed by a devil. You are the only person who can cure her of her malady and help financially in getting her married away."

On hearing King Vikrama looked at the face of the girl sternly. Unable to face him the girl started shrieking "I am running. I am running."

Vikrama held the girl by the hand and beckoning to his faithful ghoul, asked it to accompany the girl. He also instructed the ghoul to drive the devil out of her body and get the girl married to a suitable bridegroom. He gave some jewels and cash for the purpose. He took out one of the ornaments he was wearing and gave it away to the girl to wear. No sooner did she wear it than the devil that possessed her quit her crying "Now that your Majesty has cast on her the jewel you had been wearing, I see no reason for possessing her."

By way of compensation the devil further gave some more riches to the girl and the bridegroom-to-be.

After expressing his gratefulness to the King the old Brahmin went away with his daughter followed by the ghoul.

With all the gifts given by King Vikrama and with all the disabilities cleared, the girl who was really pretty had little difficulty in finding a suitable groom for herself. The marriage was celebrated in a grand manner at the conclusion of which the brahmin adequately thanked the ghoul for all the help it had rendered.

The ghoul immediately returned to King Vikrama and related the happy tiding of the marriage of the girl.

One day King Vikrama during the course of his conversation with his old brahmin friend asked, "Did you go to Varanasi? Did you worship Lord Visveshwara? Did you have your bath in the holy Ganga? Have you brought the water of the holy Ganga? Had you been to Rameshwara? What all did you see and hear in the course of your pilgrimage? If there is anything worth mentioning, please tell me."

"With the blessings of great men like you I had the good fortune of visiting almost all the sacred places and having dips in the sacred *thirthas* and rivers of this country. There is only one particular incident which I think is worthwhile for your hearing. There is a city on the way down here called Sringarapuri. I went to worship the Mother-Goddess in that famous temple of the city. To my surprise I saw a concourse of people standing round a boiling cauldron of oil looking as though they were expecting someone. On enquiry I learnt that whoever jumped into the boiling oil and came out alive would be given the hand of the Princess of that State and would also be crowned as king. At that time I could only think of you."

"Anything else which you think will be of interest to me?" asked King Vikrama.

"Not that I know of," replied the brahmin.

Without waiting for anything King Vikrama called his faithful ghoul and accompanied by Surasena started in the direction of Sringarapuri reaching it quickly.

He went to the temple of Kali and saw the officials standing there waiting for the successful candidate to the Princess's hand.

Vikrama offered himself to them and completing his routine prayer, he bathed and went round the Kali's temple thrice and prayed lying on all fours before her. Then he walked towards the boiling cauldron and with no thought of his life jumped into the boiling oil. The way in which he enjoyed swimming in it made one think that the oil had become cool like the waters of Ganga.

Everyone assembled there was

greatly impressed by the performance of that unknown person. News went round and the King of the city came running to the spot followed by his daughter and courtiers all of whom nearly fell at the feet of King Vikrama who revealed himself.

According to the King's proclamation, the Princess as well as the whole of the kingdom were placed at the disposal of King Vikramaditya, but, do you know what our mighty King did? He did not even look at the girl nor at the deed transferring the kingdom to him. He simply handed over both of them to his brahmin friend Surasena whom he made king of that country and to whom he gave away the Princess in marriage with his own hands.

After seeing them installed satisfactorily, Vikrama returned to Ujjain.

"You will now be able to see that this throne was holding a man of such extraordinary powers and generosity. You will realise that you cannot occupy this throne for obvious reasons."

On hearing this King Bhoja returned to his palace followed by his minister Neetivakya.

[*To be continued*]

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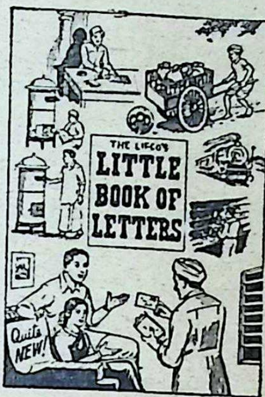

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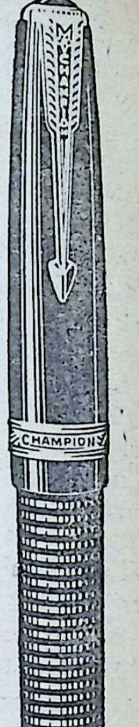

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THE twenty-seven chapters the book is divided into, deal with a detailed analysis of the educational background in India, the reforms it is subjected to, and the problems it faces in these days of stress and strain. The introduction by Bertrand Russell gives a comparative study of the various systems of education prevalent in the most important countries of the world. Russell sees an improvement as regards elementary instructions; but he fears that "it is

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Among the succeeding chapters, chapters on 'Leisure' and 'Excursions' deal with novel subjects as regards the educational system in India. Leisure was considered as mere idling away of time. But to-day it is well accepted that leisure has as much importance as work. The meaning of the old proverb "all work and no play makes a man dull" is being understood by the modern educationists in India.

The treatment of the various topics is from the practical point of view—not from the pulpit. The author's wide experience in the educative field, and his thorough study of the problems of the day in relation to education, are clearly discernible in the pages of the book. Relevant and authoritative quotations from great educationalists as Spencer, Thompson, Bertrand Russell, Radhakrishnan and Zakir Hussain embellish its text. Topics as Play-way in Education, The School—an Epitome of Life, Sex Education, Free Will and Education, University Education, are really enlightening, not to speak of the rest which is gracefully treated. T chapters are readably short and e invites the reader to the pleasures the other. This is a book every l man, educationist, the teacher and taught will read with enlightenm delight and profit.

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—*D. Venkat*

BHAVAN'S NEWS

NEHRU JAYANTI

The Nehru Jayanti was celebrated by the Bharatiya Vidya Bhavan on the 14th of last month with a meeting and a programme of devotional songs.

After prayer and recitations from the *Gita*, Sri Shantilal Shah, Minister for Labour and Law, Government of Bombay, said that it was remarkable that Sri Nehru outgrew his aristocratic environments and developed a democratic outlook. Among his great qualities are his unwavering mind and tolerance of outlook. He is ready to understand another's point of view. Stating that Sri Nehru was a voracious reader, he advised those present to read Jawaharlal's *Autobiography* and other books which were bound to help in shaping one's life. In his view, the best way to wish Pandit Nehru a long life was "to help him in the building up of a socialistic India based on the principles of democracy—the great task he has set before the country and on which he is working tirelessly."

Sri K. M. Munshi, who presided, associated himself with Sri Shantilal Shah and added that "the greatest achievement of Pandit Jawaharlal Nehru was the unique position he occupies today as the greatest apostle of freedom and peace. We have to remember that he occupies this position because behind him is not only the millions of India but the spirit and vitality of our rich heritage. If Gandhiji translated into action our heritage in our fight for freedom, Pandit Nehru has translated this heritage into action in our administration and in international affairs. What distinguishes India from the political creeds of the rest of the world is that we in India consider the means of achievement should be as noble as the end itself. In him we have a great leader who will lead the nation out of its weakness into strength. We wish him a long life not of the Vedic 100 years but of 125 years."

Sri and Srimati Ajit Sheth gave a very fine programme of devotional songs on the occasion.

Principal Adatia proposed a vote of thanks and the meeting terminated.

PICNIC AT NATIONAL PARK

Members of the Bal Pustakalaya of the Bhavan had gone on a picnic to the National Park, Borivli, on the 28th October, 1957.

About 21 members had partaken in the picnic and the day was spent joyfully by the children. The children also visited the 'Smriti Mandir' on the top of the small hill and from there they had a bird's eye-view of the surrounding area which appealed to them very much.

The party returned to the Bhavan at 7-30 p.m.

Work and Nourishment

ON October 2, 1952, the birth anniversary of Mahatma Gandhi, a daring experiment was launched—a village programme that started off simultaneously in twenty-eight States. The motto of this programme is 'Destination—MAN'. Its scope extends to sixty million families living in our five lakh villages.

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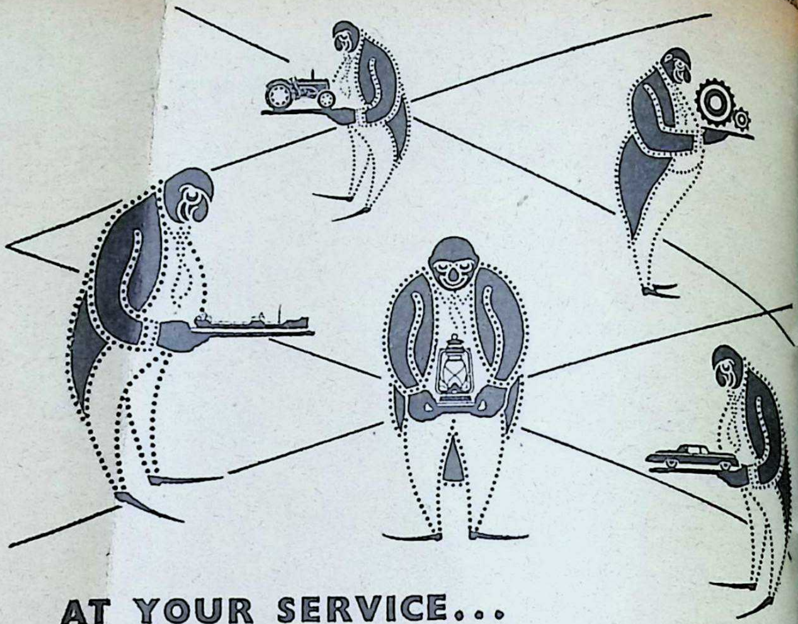

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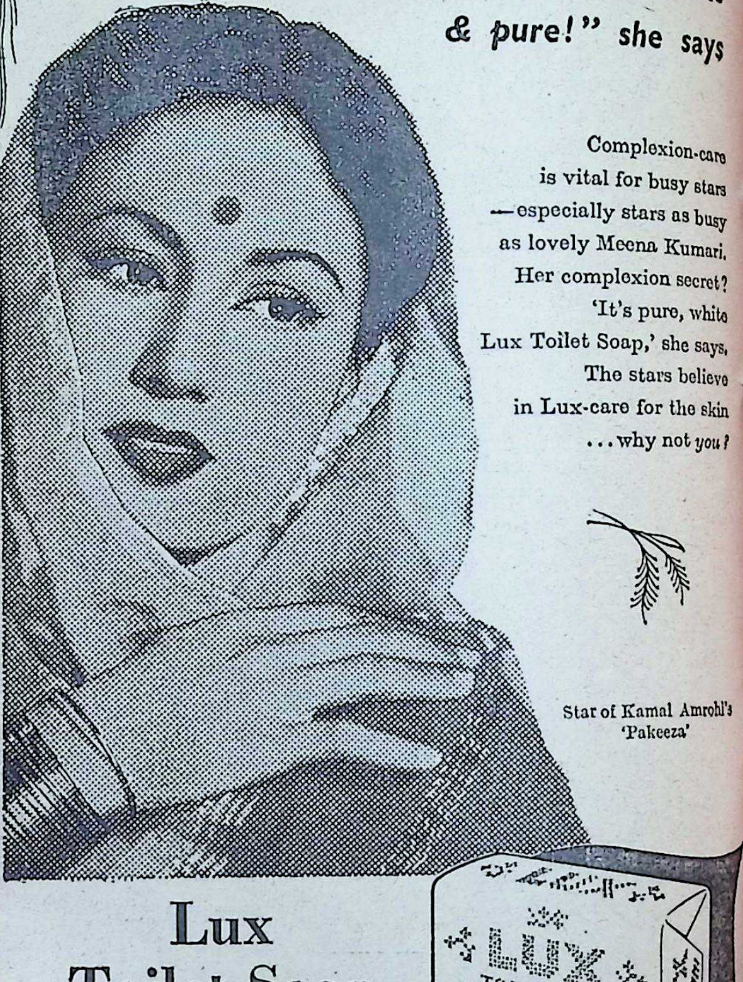

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—Rigveda, I-89-i

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GOODWILL

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यस्मान्नऽऋते किंचन कर्म क्रियते
तन्मे मनः शिवसंकल्पम् अस्तु ।।

That which is the source of high knowledge, and is the intellect and the power of memory,
That which is the deathless flame within living beings—
Without which no action whatever is performed—
May that mind of mine will what is good.

—Yajurveda

Kulapati's Letter
ON
LIFE, LITERATURE & CULTURE

No. 142

★ THE POLICE ACTION IN HYDERABA
★ WHAT IT MEANT ★ THE END OF AN ER

Bharatiya Vidya Bha
New Delhi.
DECEMBER 15, 195

MY YOUNG FRIEND,

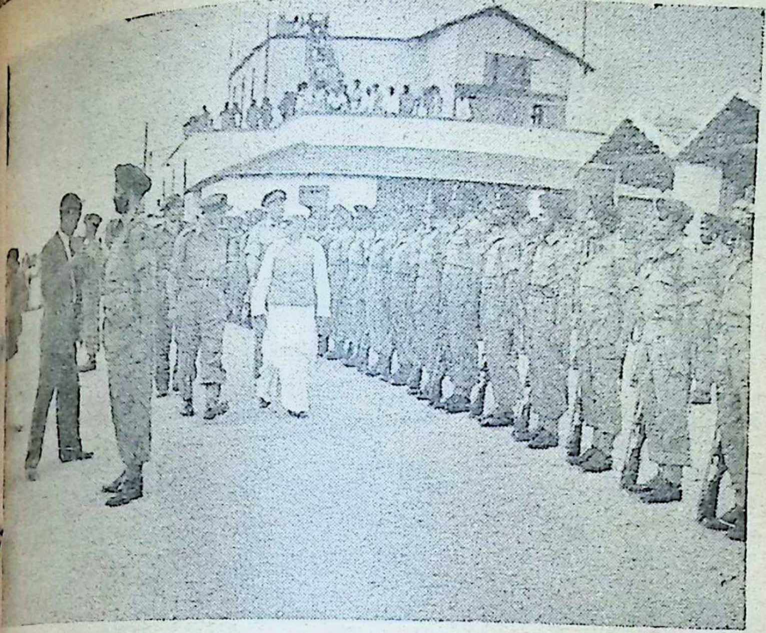
I WILL now tell you what in my opinion was the value of the Police Action in Hyderabad from the historical point of view. It ended an era in our History.

When the Indian troops entered Secunderabad on September 18, 1948, the population was stricken by fear. The State was empty of all beneficent activities, and law and order simply did not exist. The administrative machinery, which had been inextricably mixed up with the Razakar movement, had completely collapsed. The budget of the preceding year showed a deficit of no less than eight crores.

As a result of the Police Action, the face of South India was changed. Normal conditions were restored in Hyderabad and the surrounding States. Business immediately resumed its natural course and the restrictions imp by the Nizam's Government on free flow of trade were remo The public services were op to merit determined by open c petitive tests.

The Communist menace in Nalgonda and Warangal distr necessitated large-scale operat by the Army and the special p from India which lasted for abo four years. They were sup mented by intensive propaga repeated conferences, the estab ment of new villages, the ma of roads and the opening up of jungles in which the Commu had dug themselves in.

A very serious situation had created by the Nizam's polic attracting Muslims from parts of India to swell the Muslim population. The acti of the Razakars and the Co



Sri K. M. Munshi inspecting a guard of honour at Hyderabad.

had forced the Hindus in parts of the State to flee to neighbouring Indian provinces. Muslims of the State had migrated to other parts of out of sheer panic. To this added the difficulties arising of the vast devastations which been wrought by the Razakars the Communists.

e problems created by this ation had to be solved with care. The Muslims from parts of the Union were sent to the Provinces and the who had fled from their were given facilities to re- to them. The Muslims who suffered during the crisis, were resettled and *taccavi* loans were given to the farmers to cultivate lands which had been left fallow. Students who had lost their parents were provided with scholarships. Stipends were given to the widows of those who had been killed and pensions were awarded to their incapacitated dependents. Aid was given to the helpless for getting their children married, housing materials were supplied for the rebuilding or repair of houses damaged by the Razakars and the Communists, and whatever property looted by them was recovered and restored to their owners. Moreover, hundreds of political detenus, who had been rotting in prison for months without trial, were released.

Land reform on modern lines was immediately undertaken and *sarf-i-khas,* the main source of the Nizam's terrible power, was taken over. Its merger into the democratically governed Hyderabad marked the end of the most anachronistic system of land ownership in the country; 1,500 *jagirs.* comprising 6,500 villages and covering a third of the area of the State, were abolished.

The apparatus of a modern and free State was progressively set up, at first under the Military Governor and then under a Council of Ministers. With the ushering in of the Indian Constitution on January 26, 1950, Hyderabad became a B State of the Indian Union with the Nizam as the Rajpramukh, its constitutional Head. Early in 1952, the first General Elections set up a Legislature in the State, elected on the basis of adult franchise with a Government responsible to it.

The First Five Year Plan was introduced in Hyderabad together with the rest of the country. Over thirty irrigation projects were taken on hand; thirty-four Development Blocks, covering 4,000 villages and involving a population of three million, were set up; power-projects were launched and co-operative movements were inaugurated. A movement to afforest the eroded lands was started and facilities for public health and medical aid multiplied.

Hindi and the regional languag were placed on a footing of equ lity with Urdu, and every villag with a population of 5,000 or ov was provided with a school. T Osmania University ceased to b hot-house for breeding fana conquistadors and began to fu tion as a normal Indian Univers without any communal bias.

As normal conditions prevail the Police budget was consider ly reduced.

On November 1, 1956, the State of Hyderabad, the last v tige of the Mughal Empire, w dissolved. Its Telugu, Mara and Kannada speaking subject were joined to the people ho geneous to them in language social structure in the neighb ing States.

But for the Police Action, n of this would have been poss

From a long term point of vi the collapse of Hyderabad wa significant event in the histor India, for the Nizam's rule was last and the most outworn reli the Mughal Empire.

The Nizams would have be thrown on the scrap-heap of tory by the Marathas long bef the end of the 18th century, not the East India Company m tained them in its own inter After 1857, the British Crown them, together with other In princes, in power as a pote reservoir of strength in the e of a country-wide anti-British burst. Later, the Nizams the most glittering pendants to mperial Crown, as also counterights against militant nationam. The Nizam's Hyderabad had, erefore, survived because the itish rulers were interested in intaining them, though the ople of the State had to pay a avy price for it.

As we saw before, the Nizam s permitted to function as an ironsible potentate in matters internal administration; in this ect, he was subject only to the trol of the British Resident, through him, of the Governoreral. He maintained his hold r the State because of the enorus wealth which he had collectand with the help of a subsernt feudal order, as also with the port of the Muslim community ch had a vested interest in intaining a pro-Muslim rule. serve his own ends, Nizam an VII was also exploiting munal rivalries. He exercised power with the aid of a vast ay of the weapons which had n at the disposal only of medie- royalty: patronage, arbitrary er, espionage, intrigue, vast urces and religious fanaticism.

In the pre-British days, the ur- Muslims, mostly the descents of local converts, had eloped a conquistador outlook ards the Hindus. This was llenged by the Hindus who eloped a fierce consciousness eir superiority in race, religion social purity. As a result, the lims looked upon Hindus as and cowardly. The Hindus, bullied or coerced into humiliating submissions, harboured a smouldering resentment.

During the British regime, the Hindus, being more adaptable, acquired wealth, position and prestige. The rule of law and the equality which they enjoyed before the law also gave scope to their intelligence and power of organization. They were, therefore, able to challenge the conquistador spirit of the Muslims in various parts of India by corresponding aggressiveness.

If the Muslims tried to consolidate their community and strengthen it by converting Hindus to Islam, the Hindus reacted by similar movements of *sangathan* and *shuddhi*. If the Muslims Arabicised Urdu, the Hindus Sanskritized Hindi. When the Muslims tried to retain their ancestral memory as the conquerors of India, the Hindu racial memory reverted to the glory of the pre-Muslim period or to the heroic deeds of those who fought the Muslim invaders in the Era of Resistance.

In the name of religion, the Muslims insisted on their right to carry the sacrificial cow on the public roads. At the same time they denied the Hindus the right to play music on public roads before the mosques. The Hindus resisted. Hindu-Muslim riots followed.

But the new Indian nationalism soon became a powerful force. It was a composite sentiment based upon the Western concept of nationalism. as also upon the Hindu attitude towards India as the sacred Motherland. This new force brought an overwhelming majority of Hindus and a small section of Muslims together in the struggle to fight foreign domination. However, there were large sections of Muslims who were not able to share this group consciousness with the rest of India. They, therefore, challenged the very idea of Indians being a single nation. Communal separativeness, enforced at all costs, thus became a challenge to Indian nationalism.

The Indian National Congress, the architect as well as the instrument of Indian nationalism, was for several decades dominated by Mahatma Gandhi and his devoted band of followers, both Hindus and Muslims. It exercised great self-restraint. But for it, Muslim separativeness would have led to the growth of fierce Hindu aggressiveness.

When the transfer of power from the British to Indian hands became a clear possibility, the separativeness which dominated certain sections of Muslims found expression in growing demands. They wanted separate electorates; communal weightage; then, a balance of Hindu-Muslim provinces in the Federal Government; later, a claim to equality of representation with the Hindu community. In this way they blocked the progress towards freedom for several years. Ultimately, when freedom was at hand, this separativeness took the shape of a blunt refu to live in the same country and determination to establish separate homeland.

The Indian revolution was p cipally backed by moral for Naturally therefore, national In could not be a party to retain the areas predominantly occup by Muslims against their wi

When the Mughal Empire disintegrating, whatever dig and power the Nizams posse was upheld by an aristocracy posed of Muslims and Hin When the Nizams found th selves weak against the Param Power, they also found that could develop internal stre only by uniting or parting the communities and producing ing alliances as the occasion manded. In this game of m taining a balance of power, Nizams often found the Hin more dependable. This earned the Nizams the reputation of b fair to both the communities.

But with Muslim separative growing in strength in the rest India, these old traditions soon forgotten.

Hyderabad was the largest in the country, with Osman at its head, a ruler anxious to strength from Muslim comm lism to maintain his auto Muslim adventurers from o the State and even from were, therefore, attracted to State. Many of these new en to the civil and military se had no local associations ked upon the Hindus as inferior ns. As a result, once the am decided to become the Head n Islamic State, the fanatics of e North who held power in the te emerged as a source of ength. During the decades of munal tension in the country, e elements became ardent pronists of the policies of the Mus- n League.

ce Pakistan was conceded and Congress installed in office at Delhi, communal fanaticism its hold over vast sections of Hindus. The fanatic impulse ng the Muslims who remain- in India was also curbed, at on the surface.

ut these new developments ted little impression on the th Indian Muslims of Hyderabad. Like the Bourbons, they er learnt or unlearnt anyg. The Ittehad, inspired and inated mostly by the Indian lims, was also aided by local nturers. Its natural ambition, refore, was to build a modern ist centre of communal aggresness in India on the crumbling ice of the State. Kasim Razvi s their voice. Their object, cely concealed, was to establ h Islamic domination, with or out the aid of Pakistan, first Hyderabad, then of the South ultimately of the whole of ia.

d this attempt succeeded, it d have precipitated so powera Hindu sentiment as to have spelt the end of a free democracy in India. It would also have arrested its march towards a modern democratic State. The end of the Ittehad, therefore, served to bury this potential catastrophe once for all.

In Hyderabad the communal problem became mixed with the problem of Indian Princes. I think Professor Coupland was the first to draw the distinction between the two problems. The communal problem related to the Muslims sharing power with the Hindus under one Central Government. The problem of the Princes revolved round the fate and position of the ruling dynasties after the States were integrated. The Nizam's bid for independence was the product of the problem of the Princes.

For many years, the Nizam had been hypnotized by the British into the belief that he had a special position in India. He was, therefore, anxious to maintain that position and perpetuate his dynastic rule. According to Campbell-Johnson, the Nizam was reported to have said that the fate and policy of the other Princes in India were no concern of his and that he regarded them as noblemen to whom certain courtesies were due. This attitude showed the Nizam's lack of realism. The Indian States system, created by the British, was one and indivisible; it drew no distinction between the big and small rulers. But the Nizam lived in bye-gone times when the

Mughal Emperors called the ancient rulers of Rajasthan mere zamindars!

If the Nizam had little realism, he had less knowledge of history. He could never realize that Hyderabad owed its birth to the turmoil of 18th century politics in India; its continued existence, to spoon-feeding by the foreign power. When he saw that the British had decided to withdraw from the country, he thought that he could fill the vacuum of power by communal fascism, with himself as its head and symbol.

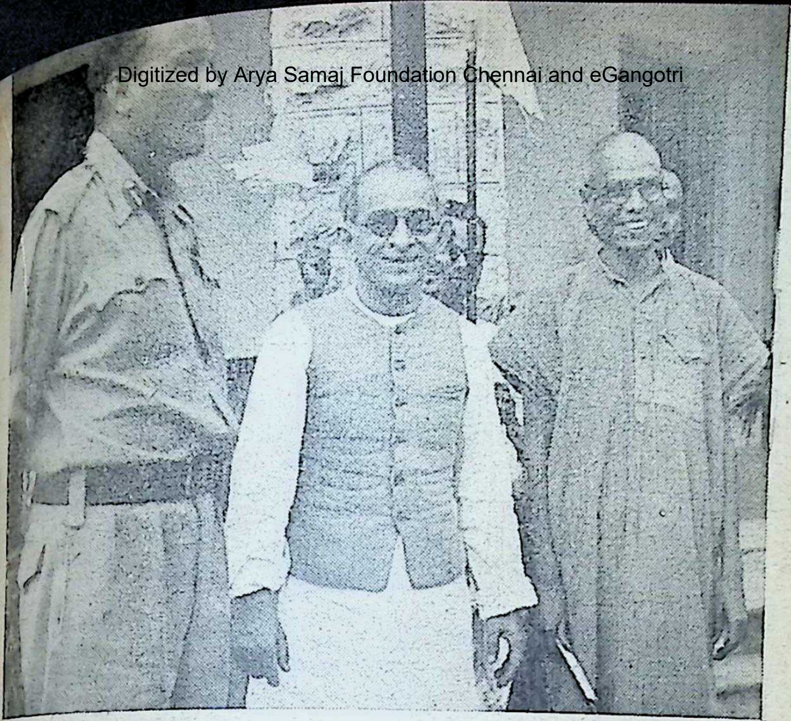
Throughout the eighteen months during which India was being integrated, the Nizam was the master of the situation in Hyderabad, except during the last few days before the Police Action. The delegations which went to and fro, the pinchbeck Feuhrer and his Razakars, the Laik Ali Ministry and the army, only played their allotted part in an orchestra, of which the Nizam himself was the conductor.

No doubt, the personalities of Kasim Razvi, Laik Ali, Moin Nawaz Jung and others cannot be forgotten. However, neither the part they played nor the communal aspect should be allowed to overshadow the reality of the situation. It was a game of power politics, in which a medieval dynasty struggled to survive the revolutionary changes in India. The communal and religious factors were only brought into play to help the Nizam in carrying on the struggle.

When viewed in the context the process which transforme India into a free and united natio the Hyderabad episode was an u happy one; in a sense, it was di graceful. During this process, a large number of Indian Princ spurred on by patriotism, o prompted by a sense of the inevi table, made great sacrifices an came out unscathed from th ordeal. For some of them, like th rulers of Udaipur, Bikaner, Jo pur, Mysore, Baroda and Jaip and their advisers, history wou have nothing but undiluted a miration. Had they stood o India's destiny would have bee frustrated. Of them all, the Niza alone could not stand the test, a in the dying struggle of an in tution which was doomed to dea he went down before the inevita forces of the history.

If Hyderabad had remained u integrated with the rest of In the country would have felt o raged. The communal fascism o the Ittehad would have develop into a civil war between the c munities. The Muslims of Ind who had been accepted as an in gral part of our democratic soci would have come to be lo upon as hostiles.

If the Police Action had been d layed, the egregious insolence the Razvi group would have gr to formidable dimensions. T Hindus would have been fo into the arms of the Communi The ferment would have sp not only in the border district



Major-General Chaudhury who led the Operations, Sri K. M. Munshi and Swami Ramananda Tirtha, then Chief of the Hyderabad Congress after the Police Action.

e three surrounding States, but the whole of the South. Peace d security would have been en- ngered and Communist infiltra- n made easy.

n India's onward march to tional solidarity, the integration f the Princely States was only a ilestone. The Nizam and the ttehad barred the way. In utter sregard of the forces which were ding to the consolidation of the tion, they hoped to isolate the ople of the State by mobilising mmunal fanaticism.

When Hyderabad collapsed in September 1948, parochialism lost its armed battle.

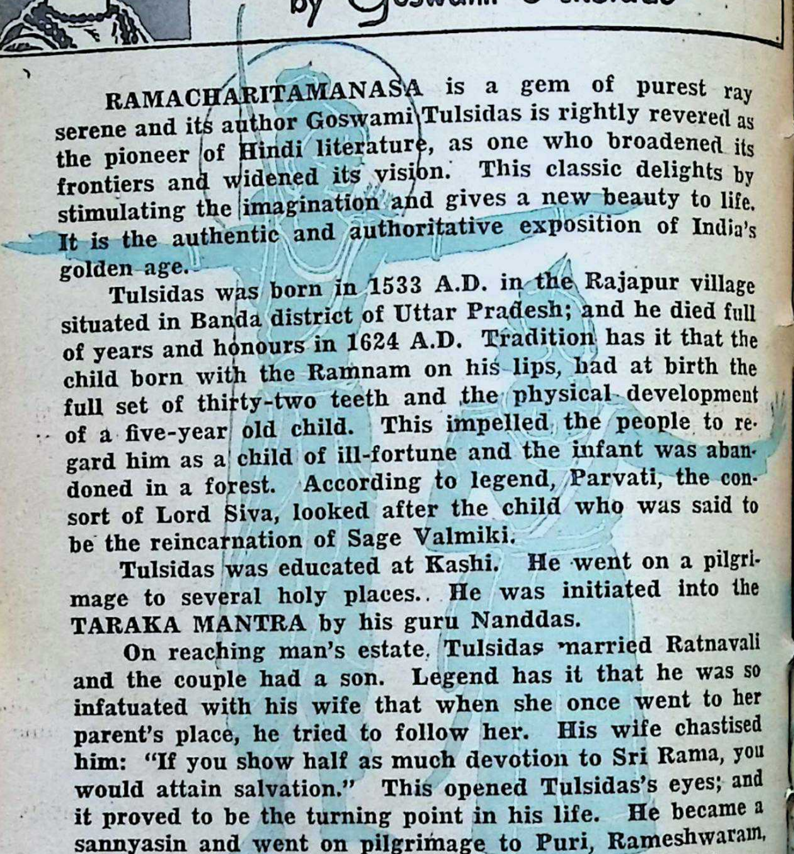
By the Police Action, the people of India not only met an internal challenge; they fulfilled the destiny which had been denied to them by the accidents of history.

With the close of the Hyderabad episode, therefore, an era came to an end.

Yours sincerely,

SCENES from Ramacharitamanasa

by Goswami Tulsidas



RAMACHARITAMANASA is a gem of purest ray serene and its author Goswami Tulsidas is rightly revered as the pioneer of Hindi literature, as one who broadened its frontiers and widened its vision. This classic delights by stimulating the imagination and gives a new beauty to life. It is the authentic and authoritative exposition of India's golden age.

Tulsidas was born in 1533 A.D. in the Rajapur village situated in Banda district of Uttar Pradesh; and he died full of years and honours in 1624 A.D. Tradition has it that the child born with the Ramnam on his lips, had at birth the full set of thirty-two teeth and the physical development of a five-year old child. This impelled the people to regard him as a child of ill-fortune and the infant was abandoned in a forest. According to legend, Parvati, the consort of Lord Siva, looked after the child who was said to be the reincarnation of Sage Valmiki.

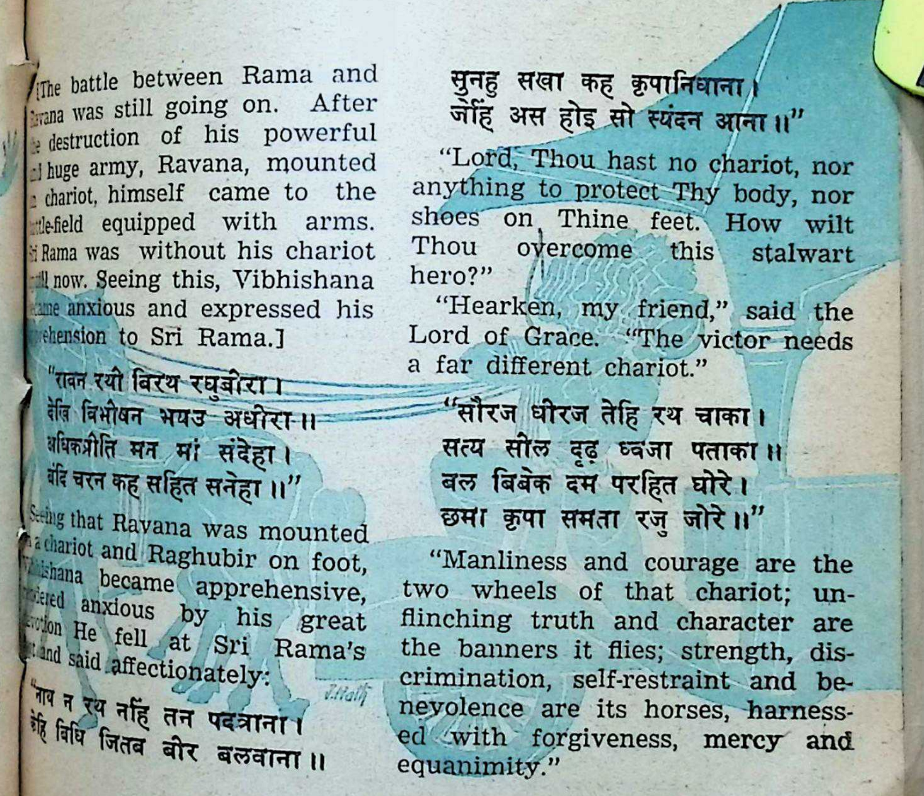
Tulsidas was educated at Kashi. He went on a pilgrimage to several holy places. He was initiated into the **TARAKA MANTRA** by his guru Nanddas.

On reaching man's estate, Tulsidas married Ratnavali and the couple had a son. Legend has it that he was so infatuated with his wife that when she once went to her parent's place, he tried to follow her. His wife chastised him: "If you show half as much devotion to Sri Rama, you would attain salvation." This opened Tulsidas's eyes; and it proved to be the turning point in his life. He became a sannyasin and went on pilgrimage to Puri, Rameshwaram, Dwaraka, Badarikashram, Chitrakut, Prayag and Brindavan.

Tulsidas is credited with having obtained **DARSHAN** of Sri Rama and Hanuman and of Yajnavalkya and Bharadwaja. Lord Siva and Parvati commanded Tulsidas to compose the **RAMACHARITAMANASA** and Tulsidas on completing the book, placed it at the feet of Lord Vishwanath at Banaras who set his seal of approval.

RAMACHARITAMANASA is divided into seven cantos. The first two are the longest and deal with the birth, childhood and marriage of Sri Rama as also his exile. The book is permeated through and through with **BHAKTI** and a perusal of the book, besides intellectually stimulating and morally sustaining, will earn for the reader the benediction of Sri Rama.

1. CHARIOT OF RIGHTEOUSNESS



[The battle between Rama and Ravana was still going on. After the destruction of his powerful and huge army, Ravana, mounted a chariot, himself came to the battle-field equipped with arms. Sri Rama was without his chariot till now. Seeing this, Vibhishana became anxious and expressed his apprehension to Sri Rama.]

"रावन रथी बिरथ रघुबीरा।
देखि बिभीषन भयउ अधीरा।।
अधिकप्रीति मन मां संदेहा।
बंदि चरन कह सहित सनेहा।।"

Seeing that Ravana was mounted a chariot and Raghubir on foot, Vibhishana became apprehensive, rendered anxious by his great devotion He fell at Sri Rama's feet and said affectionately:

"नाथ न रथ नहिं तन पदत्राना।
केहि बिधि जितब बीर बलवाना।।
सुनहु सखा कह कृपानिधाना।
जेंहि अस होइ सो स्यंदन आना।।"

"Lord, Thou hast no chariot, nor anything to protect Thy body, nor shoes on Thine feet. How wilt Thou overcome this stalwart hero?"

"Hearken, my friend," said the Lord of Grace. "The victor needs a far different chariot."

"सौरज धीरज तेहि रथ चाका।
सत्य सील दृढ़ ध्वजा पताका।।
बल बिबेक दम परहित घोरे।
छमा कृपा समता रजु जोरे।।"

"Manliness and courage are the two wheels of that chariot; unflinching truth and character are the banners it flies; strength, discrimination, self-restraint and benevolence are its horses, harnessed with forgiveness, mercy and equanimity."

"ईस भजन सारथी सुजाना।
बिरति चर्म संतोष कृपाना॥
दान परसु बुधि सक्ति प्रचंडा।
बरबिज्ञान कठिन कोदंडा॥"

"Prayer to God is its skilful charioteer, dispassion his shield, and contentment his scimitar; charity is his axe and intellect his keen spear and the highest wisdom his unyielding bow."

"अमल अचल मन त्रोन समाना।
सम जम नियम सिलीमुख नाना॥
कवच अभेद बिप्र गुरु पूजा॥
एहि सम बिजय उपाय न दूजा।
सखा धर्ममय अस रथ जाके।
जीति न एकहिं कतहुँ रिपु ताके।"

"His quiver is his pure and unwavering mind, filled with the arrows of restraint, control and pious observance. Worship of Brahmanas and the *guru* is his impenetrable armour. There is no other equipment for victory com parable to this. There is no fo my friend, who can conquer hi who rides upon this chariot righteousness (dharma)."

"महा अजय संसार रिपु, जीति सकइ सो बी
जाके अस रथ होइ दृढ़, सुनहु सखा मतिधीर॥

"Listen, my resolute friend: h who possesses so powerful a chariot as this is a warrior who ca vanquish so mighty and invi cible a foe as birth and dea Hearken unto me and fear not."

"सुनि प्रभु बचन बिभीषन,
हरषि गहे, पदकंज।
एहि मिस मोहि उपदेसेहु,
राम कृपा सुखपुंज॥"

"Vibhishana rejoiced to hear th words of his Lord and clasped h lotus feet and cried, "Thou ha taken this occasion to teach me wise lesson, O Rama, sum of a grace and bliss!"

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SCENES from NARAYANEEYAM
of Narayana Bhattadiri

BHAKTA
DHRUVA

Narayana Bhattadiri, the author of this work, lived between 1516 and 1546 A.D. He was a Namboodiri Brahmin, born in Meppattur Illam, in the village of Perumanam, on the bank of river Neela, in North Malabar. His father's name was Matridatta Bhattadiri.

Narayana did not acquire much learning till a late age but after his marriage in a Pisharodi family, he studied the Vedas from Achyuta Pisharodi, a learned member of the same family.

Narayana Bhattadiri had an attack of rheumatism. To get himself cured of this disease, he worshipped Lord Krishna, the presiding deity of Guruvayur.

Incidentally, legend has it that when Dwaraka was about to be submerged into the ocean, Lord Krishna instructed Uddhava to ask Guru (Brihaspati, the preceptor of the Devas) and Vayu to take away His *vigraha* and instal it in a suitable place. Guru and Vayu selected this place and so it has come to be known as Guruvayupura or Guruvayur.

Narayana Bhattadiri composed one *dasaka* or ten *slokas* every day. In this way he composed over 1000 verses, 1036 to be exact, which has come to be known as *Narayaneeyam*. It is said that Lord Krishna, the deity of Guruvayur, to Whom these *slokas* are addressed, set His seal of approbation by nodding His head at the completion of the composition and recital of each stanza by Bhattadiri.

This panegyric on Lord Krishna is one of the finest works in devotional poetry. It summarises *Srimad Bhagavata* in a scholarly manner. The verses are singularly beautiful and devotional in fervour. From the time of Narayana, these verses have helped and continue to help immensely a large body of people who are rapt with devotion in securing permanent relief from chronic ailments, physical as well as mental. Even to-day numerous devotees recite these poems with fervour in the precincts of the sacred temple and elsewhere and achieve supreme bliss.

This work is not only an excellent *stotra* being an effusion of devotional sentiment but also a Kavya on account of the wealth of poetical merits. It is regarded as being equal in religious merit to *Srimad Bhagavata* and is recited with reverence by young and old.

The present instalment consists of one chapter dealing with Bhakta Dhruva. The English translations are by Sri M. K. Krishna Iyer, New Delhi.

उत्तानपादनृपतेर्मनुनन्दनस्य
जाया बभूव सुरुचिर्नितरामभीष्टा ।
अन्या सुनीतिरिति भर्तुरनादृता सा
त्वामेव नित्यमगतिः शरणं गताऽभूत् ॥

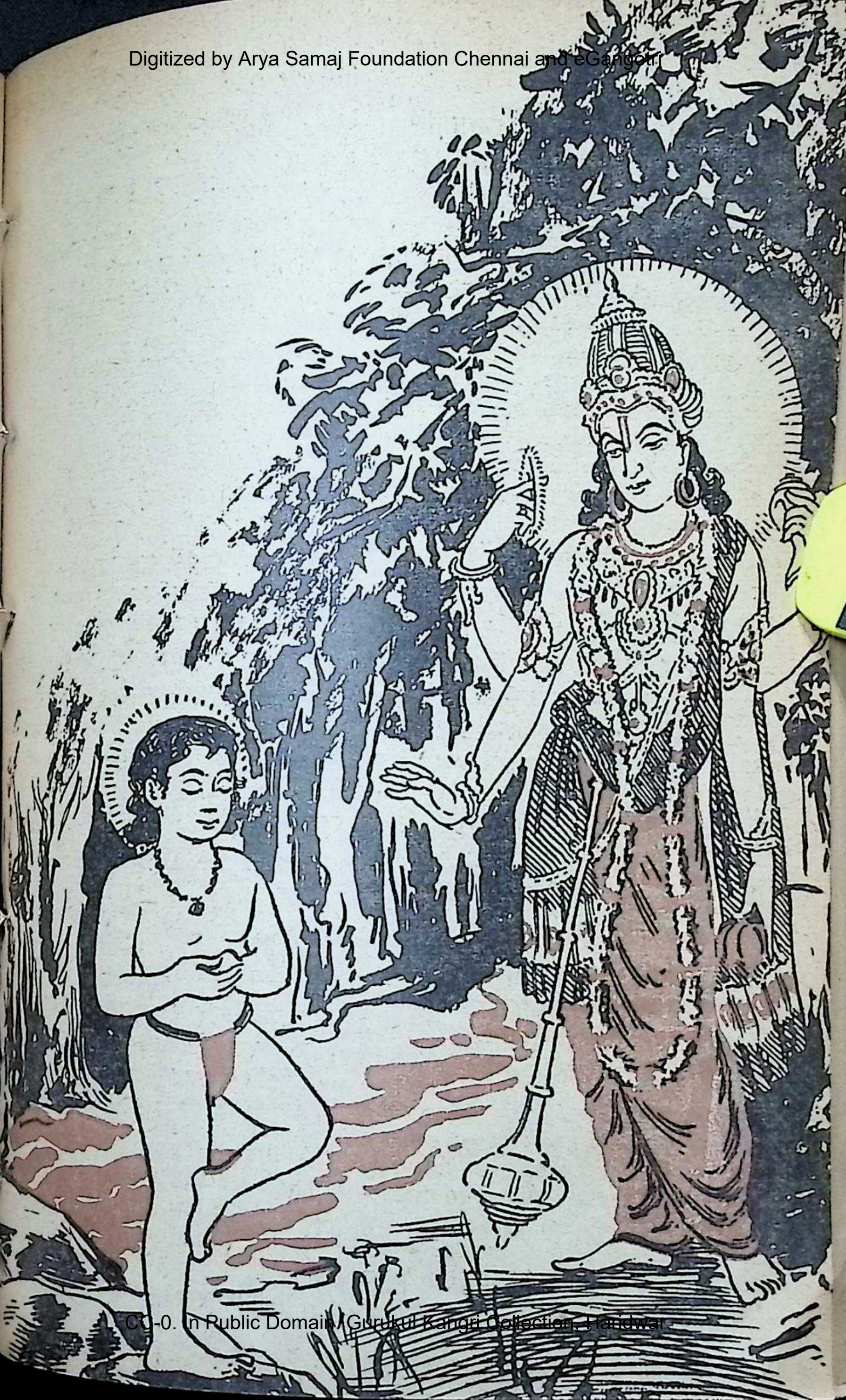
Manu's son, King Uttanapada, had a favourite wife, Suruchi, on whom all his affections were bestowed. Towards his other wife, Suneeti, the King evinced indifference and neglect. In her helpless condition, Suneeti constantly prayed to Thee for her salvation.

अङ्के पितुः सुरुचिपुत्रकमुत्तमं तं
दृष्ट्वा ध्रुवः किल सुनीतिसुतोऽधिरोक्ष्यन् ॥
आचिक्षिपे किल शिशुः सुतरां सुरुच्या
दुस्सन्त्यजा खलु भवद्विमुखैरसूया ॥

Once seeing Uttama, the young son of Suruchi, sit on the lap of his father, Suneeti's son, Dhruva, attempted to do likewise. He was then severely rebuked by his step-mother, Suruchi, in utter regard of his tender age. Sma wonder! People devoid of devoti to Thee, cannot, indeed, free the selves from envy.

त्वन्मोहिते पितरि पश्यति दारवश्ये
दूरं दुरुक्तिनिहतः स गतो निजाम्बाम्
साऽपि स्वकर्मगतिसन्तरणाय पुंसां
त्वत्पादमेव शरणं शिशवे शशंस ॥

Smarting under the rebuke his step-mother in the very p sence of his befuddled, infatua father, the little boy approa ed his mother, Suneeti, sobbi Pained beyond words, yet pow less to afford redress, she advis him to practise devotion to T lotus feet, adding that it was only sure and proven method op to men to obtain release from effects of Karma and attain ev lasting glory.



आकर्ण्य सोऽपि भवदर्चननिश्चितात्मा
मानी निरेत्य नगरात्किल पञ्चवर्षः ॥
सन्दृष्टनारदनिवेदितमन्त्रमार्ग-
स्त्वामारराध तपसा मधुकाननान्ते ॥

Taking his mother's advice deeply to heart, the boy, only five years old, yet steeped in self-respect, left the city resolved to propitiate Thee. Meeting Sage Narada on the way, and obtaining blessing and detailed guidance from him, he proceeded to Madhuvana and commenced his penance directed towards Thee.

ताते विषण्णहृदये नगरीं गतेन
श्रीनारदेन परिसान्त्वितचित्तवृत्तौ ।
बालस्त्वदर्पितमनाः क्रमवर्धितेन
निन्ये कठोरतपसा किल पञ्चमासान् ॥

King Uttanapada, who was smitten with remorse at the departure of Dhruva, was comforted by Sree Narada who happened to visit the capital. Meanwhile, the young boy, deeply absorbed in Thy contemplation, made rapid progress in his terrific penance within five months.

तावत्तपोबलनिरुच्छ्वसिते दिगन्ते
देवार्थितस्त्वमुदयत्करुणाद्रचेताः ।
त्वद्रूपचिद्रसनिलीनमतेः पुरस्ता-
दाविर्बभूविथ विभो गरुडाधिरूढः ॥

By the end of this period, the entire universe felt suffocating distress. Being entreated, on the one hand, by the Devas to intercede and moved, on the other, by sublime compassion towards Thy tender devotee, O Lord! Thou appeared before him, who was immersed in joy, seated on celestial Garuda.

त्वद्दर्शनप्रमदभारतरङ्गितं तं
दृग्भ्यां निमग्नमिव रूपरसायने ते ।
तुष्टूषमाणमवगम्य कपोलदेशे
संस्पृष्टवानसि दरेण तथाऽऽदरेण ॥

Delirious with joy on seeing Thee, his eyes became rivetted i the alchemy of Thy form. Noticing his evident desire to give ora expression to his feelings, Tho affectionately touched his chee with Thy divine conch, Panchajanya, the *sabdabrahma*.

तावद्विबोधविमलं प्रणुवन्तमेन-
माभाषथास्त्वमवगम्य तदीयभावम् ।
राज्यं चिरं समनुभूय भजस्व भूयः
सर्वोत्तरं ध्रुवं पदं विनिवृत्तिहीनम् ॥

Immediately, cured of his *ajnan* there flowed from the tender lip of Dhruva an immaculate strea of praise. Thereafter, Thou ble sed him in the following words:

"Dhruva, after reigning over th realm for a long period, enjo ing regal honours and pleasure you will attain the most gloriou and exalted state from whic there can be no fear of descent

इत्यूचुषि त्वयि गते नृपनन्दनोऽसा-
वानन्दिताखिलजनो नगरीमुपेतः ।
रेमे चिरं भवदनुग्रहपूर्णकाम-
स्ताते गते च वनमादृतराज्यभारः ॥

When Thou departed af blessing him, the young prince r turned to the city to the great j of its citizens. On his father reli quishing the throne and retreati to the woods for meditation (t

scribed penultimate state—
aprastha) Dhruva became king
he realm and ruled the country
fully for long.

क्षेण देव निहते पुनरुत्तमेऽस्मिन्
यक्षैः स युद्धनिरतो विरतो मनूक्त्या ।
शान्त्या प्रसन्नहृदयाद् धनदादुपेतात्
त्वद्भक्तिमेव सुदृढामवृणोन्महात्मा ॥

0. Lord! Once Uttama, son of
uchi, was killed in a fight with
Yaksha. The angered Dhruva
ght to fight the Yakshas to
nge the death of his brother.
his grandfather Manu inter-
ed and advised Dhruva to
ist, pointing out the im-
riety of causing destruction of
cent Yakshas. Magnanimous
nature, Dhruva readily respond-
to the wholesome advice. Im-
sely pleased with the peace so created, Kubera, the lord of Yakshas, came and solicited him to accept a boon. Mahatma Dhruva craved Kubera's blessings to strengthen his devotion to Thee.

अन्ते भवत्पुरुषनीतविमानयातो
मात्रासमं ध्रुवपदे मुदितोऽयमास्ते ।
एवं स्वभृत्यजनपालनलोलधीस्त्वं
वातालयाधिप ! निरुन्धि ममामयौघान् ॥

In the end, boarding the *vimana* specially brought by Thy celestial ambassadors and accompanied by his mother, Dhruva attained the position of the highest eminence among celestials, there to dwell eternally, shedding lustre and hope to all mankind. O! Guruvayurappa! I humbly implore Thee who delights in protecting Thy servants, to free me from the manifold afflictions that torment me.

Uttanapada signifies the man who aspires for progress. He has to choose between Suneeti or right conduct and Suruchi or desire. Dhruva, the Permanent, signifies the result of right conduct.

—H. H. Sankaracharya of Hariharpur.

Always use

G. G.

SUPERFINE MISKI
ASAFOETIDA

RELIGION IS REAL

RAJENDR

Rashtrapati Rajendra Prasad completed 7 years on the 3rd of th month. He embodies i his person, character an achievement, the highe values of Indian culture His great qualities of head and heart have endeared him to the nation which i

BASICALLY all faiths have one and the same object, namely, enabling the human soul to attain to its full height of evolution so that man can achieve real peace or *moksha* or *nirvana;* in other words, man may lose his identity with that of the Supreme Being and get absorbed in Him. This aspiration of man is so strong and so natural that no other urge can give him surer guidance in life.

The moment we touch the level of true religion, mutual suspicions and bickerings disappear and man is face to face with a breadth of vision before which all human beings appear as equal. Spiritual view of life is another name for this feeling. It should be quite clear that genuine peace and happiness of man are inextricably linked with this view of life.

It does not mean that bodily comforts and material prosperity should be necessarily eschewed. What is meant by saying it is that this prosperity should not be mistaken for life's *summum bonum.* Material well-being may be looked upon as one of the means for achieving the highest good.

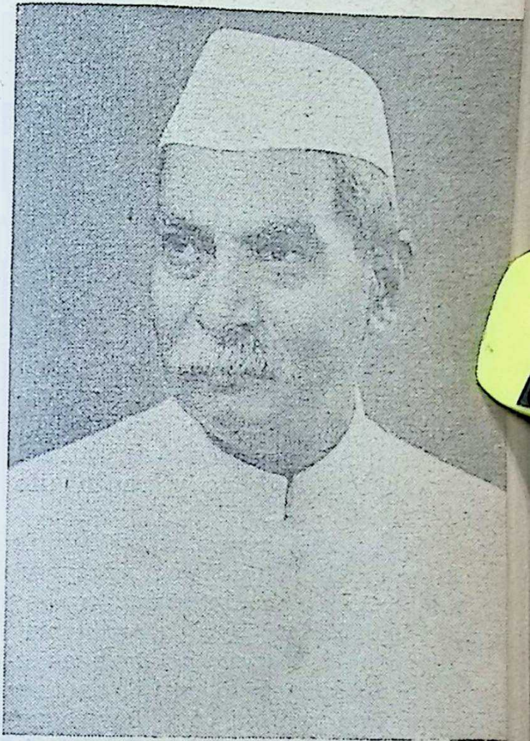
We find a number of faiths and religions prevalent in the world. On account of the differences in time and space, religious faith has taken different forms and we find people divided among vario faiths. As a result of for rituals and external symbol these differences have gone s deep that we find in history m turning against man, tribe agai tribe and country against countr

On occasions, keen on destr ing others in the name of religi man has not strained from she ding blood. The number of re gious wars in human history is gion and the suffering caused them is indescribable. While, the one hand, we find man res ing to injustice, narrowness a cruel behaviour in the name of ligion, on the other we also the spectacle of many a faith person inspired by religion p ing through untold sufferings e to the extent of giving away life. Alas, it is not possible to even today that man has outl the animal instinct which im

BASIS OF PEACE

PRASAD

e in the prayer that he may live the Vedic span of a hundred years. This article is an extract from his speech in New Delhi last month when he inaugurated the Conference of World Religions.



to believe that his views alone are right and to persuade others by force and repression to accept his beliefs.

The progress of science has brought us face to face with another difficult and complicated problem. In the wake of his mastery over Nature and its forces man has begun to look upon himself as omniscient, and indeed it would not be surprising at all if mistaking material prosperity and comfort for the ultimate goal of life he were to consider himself as omnipotent also. The basis of religious belief is not material but spiritual in nature.

Although this idea is as old as the cosmos, yet unfortunately it appears to have remained dormant as a moving force. Perhaps it is due to the predominance of materialistic outlook among the people. With the help of science man has largely succeeded in analysing and controlling the forces of Nature and this startling progress has laid before him the snare of delusion.

Man has not been able to free himself from the excessive influence of materialism, though as a result of latest researches science itself seems to be overgrowing and surpassing the bounds of materialism and coming closer to a recognition of the spiritual forces.

The situation which we are facing today as a result of the invention of destructive weapons is such that in sheer self-protection we are beginning to incline towards spiritualism. It is gratifying that in unchecked advance of the means of destruction man now sees the ghost of his own annihilation and has thus been persuaded to look elsewhere for a way out of this quandary.

The only way which can help him in this predicament is the way of truth and non-violence. This alone can give man real peace and happiness.

Be that as it may, there can be no doubt that man can neither benefit fully from the advance of science nor escape his sure doom without giving due place in life to religious or spiritual values.

There are certain facts in life which appear to be straight and simple and apparently within easy grasp. We see those things clearly and feel the truth of their existence, but for one reason or another turn our back on them or are unable to accept them as such in actual life. It is difficult to say whether the fault lies with our surroundings or with human nature. What is beyond doubt is that to realize these simple facts, to have faith in them and to act up to them in life is the greatest blessing one can imagine or aspire to.

Religion is the foremost among such facts. If we go into the intricacies of philosophy or metaphysics, it will be hard to define religion with all its subtleties and it would be difficult to derive guidance from it in every-day life.

It would be easier to define religion if we view it as man's inner experience and thought and belief. The finer form of religion is concerned with man's inner experiences, which, strangely enough, are also responsible for the birth of religious bèlief in human mind.

Its outer form, on the other hand, is seen in one's behaviour and actions in every-day life. In a wider sense we could say that religion consists of those beliefs and ideas which hold for us the key to the mysteries of the origin of life and the relationship between man and the Supreme Being.

It is religion or *dharma* which supplies the real basis for peace, for life's highest aspirations and for the knowledge of the great seers. It is also the ultimate goal of all devotees' and mystics' search no less than the aim of all literary endeavour.

Religion thus is not only essential but inevitable for man as an individual and as a member of society.

Our ancestors, our saints and *faqirs*, and for religious leaders from the very dawn of history have placed before us the ideals of tolerance, faith and respect for all religions. This fundamental right of freedom of belief and of propagating it for all the citizens we have incorporated in our Constitution. There are some who th at because we are a Secular tate, we do not believe in religion spiritual values. Far from being so. it really means that in this untry all are free to profess or each the faith of their liking and t we wish well of all religions d want them to develop in their n way without let or hindrance. it does not mean that man uld consider himself free from those injunctions and social traints which have been ressible since the earliest times organised and regulated life which are inevitably necesy for the development of his ividuality and the evolution of ideal social order.

It means that no individual or society should dominate other individuals or societies by suppressing them and that every one must have full scope of development. This will be possible only when every individual and every society shows respect for the feelings and interest of others.

Suppression of others must not be considered merely as against principles of fairplay but also as incompatible with one's own real self-interest. Thus alone can the feeling of genuine love and tolerance be brought about without which true peace and happiness of the individual and the society will ever remain a mirage.

That we are fallen upon an age in which corruption is barely not universal is universally confessed. . . A few years longer and perhaps all endeavours will be vain. . . . We may be delivered to our enemies or abandoned to that discord which must inevitably prevail among men who have lost all sense of divine superintendence and have no higher motive of action or forbearance than present opinion of present interest. . . Let religion be once more restored and the nation shall once more be great and happy.

—Dr. Johnson.

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Chit Shakt

THE MIRACLE MAKE

SWAMI SADANANDA

ONE hears about spiritual cures. The healer prays to God, and there is response. The patient gets cured. Some people practise the art of spiritual healing with success, and the method they adopt is to pray to God and also to put the patient in a suitable frame of mind, so that the patient may, from a distance or from proximity, be in a condition to keep his mind in tune with the mind of the healer. The rest is being done by God. That is the way in which spiritual healing is explained.

Now let us see how the Yogic process is being applied to this matter. The healer evidently is using the emotional aspect of his mind for the purpose of fixing his mind upon a particular point, the point being an intensified thought that something should happen. That is the idea that is kept in the forefront of his mind. He does not allow any other idea in any manner affecting or disturbing this one idea that he wants to keep before him. In the present case only one idea is there: the patient must recover, and no other idea is allowed to enter into the healer's mind for the time being.

Now let us see what happens. when you are able to utilise one of these three aspects, the emotional, the intelligence or the determination aspect, for the purpose of making the mind rest only on a single point, the other two aspects are subordinated. In the devotee's case, the emotional aspect predominates. There is no permi given to the mind to think ab the causes and the effects, ab the reason for a particular act a the effect which follows as the a There is no permission allowed one's own mind to dwell upon law of causation which is b up with an act.

An act has to take place in ti and space. The result of y allowing the emotions to play prominent part in the suppress of the activities of your mind that causation is stopped. T ideas of time and space are tra cended. These are the three li tations of the mind and bec there is only one idea there wi is bound up with the emotion has been stirred up within healer, the result is the mind not function, and when the m does not function, the soul or *Jiva* is able to transcend the tations of the mind and pass the region from where the itself gets its energy. The f tain-source is reached.

That is the field which is narily spoken of as the field

Swami Sadananda

ation, but really it is the field Chit Shakti. In that region e is no differentiation into g, willing and knowing. All e powers are there as an un-ed whole in the form of un-ed energy. That is the reason y it is spoken of as Chit Shakti. e, knowledge, emotion and r are all combined. To know ing means to have the power ing the thing. That is the d of Chit Shakti. The person o is functioning in that field has ledge in the form of power. ppose, a Siddha takes up a e of carbon and says it is a dia- d. When he hands it over to it is a diamond. The very men- that the carbon is diamond s about the transformation of arbon into diamond, for there idea separate from power.

On the other hand, when the power trickles down into the mind, the undivided composite power is differentiated into three things: feeling, willing and knowing. And when you receive it as knowledge, you receive it as an idea, and the result is that scientifically we know that diamond is carbon, but it is only as an idea. We are not able to transform one thing into another, which the Yogi is able to do, because he transcends the limitations of the mind, namely, causation, time and space.

So, when the spiritual healer thinks intensely of God, he is, whether he is conscious of it or not, taking himself beyond the limitations of the mind into the region of Chit Shakti. When the healer prays to the Lord, so that the Lord may help the patient, what happens is that the emotion aspect of the healer is utilised. A Jnani would apply the intelligence aspect of it. A Bhakta would use the emotional aspect. Then the healer's sole activity or force functions in the field of Chit Shakti.

The Chit Shakti is not confined to one individual. It is a common Shakti, and everybody is in a position to derive the force from the Chit Shakti wherever he might be. And therefore, when the healer concentrates his attention and makes a prayer intensely by developing his own emotion to the extent of making himself forget the intelligence aspect and the willing

(Continued on page 59)

In the last instálment of this article the author had described Sri Aurobindo's ideal of the divine life of man and the new civilisation to come under the spiritual genius of India which will provide the solution for the problems of mankind. Sri Aurobindo's seventh Samadhi anniversary was observed on the fifth of this month all over India.

Sri Aurobindo and the FUTURE of INDIA

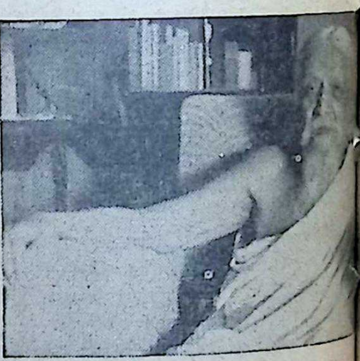
●

Sisirkumar Mitra

●

IT is not possible to define what exactly will be the essential elements of this new civilisation. They will be determined by the Divine Shakti who will create it. But there is no doubt that they will be spiritual in their intention and effect. Its poetry will sing of the New Dawn. It will be the utterance of the deepest soul of the spiritual man and of the universal spirit in things. Its art will express the truth of the Spirit in the beauty and delight of existence.

Its education will embrace all knowledge and its whole trend will be to unfold the self in infinite directions. Its science will be the knowledge not only of the world and Nature in all her processes used for material ends but also of the workings of the Divine in man and in every natural phenomenon and beyond. Its sociology will regard every individual as a soul growing to perfection, will seek help and power from the perfected ones for the general wellbeing of the society, and provide appropriate opportunities of self-development for all. Its economics will give all men the joy of work according to their nature and free leisure to grow inwardly towards a simple yet rich and beautiful life. These will be the primal aims of the principal forms



ulture in the initial stage of the spiritual civilisation, as indicated y Sri Aurobindo. It may be oted that in a life of the spirit ssibilities of self-expression will e infinite. The creative life in the new society will therefore go n enlarging its outlook to greater d greater aims along with its higher and higher realisations.

The future of India will be this ew civilisation, this new society. The Shakti of India has long been reparing this consummation. All er past endeavours were directed o this end. It is this great future f India that will explain somehing at least of her hidden meang.

A new age is coming upon manind. And as always in history, e dawn will first be heralded in e East, and this time in its very eart, in India, who, reborn into r Shakti as the gracious and ajestic Mother of the world and owned with the sun-laurels of a preme spiritual conquest, will ad humanity to its divine goal.

Happily for the world, the begining is already there. The greatest ent in the spiritual history of n has happened. The Suprantal Light has descended upon th and has become the dynamic inciple of its evolution into that er which the Light will reign r ever. The Mother of the Gods bodying the Light kindles now e celestial flame in the aspiring ul of man so that the impure y that he is may change into the pure gold of heaven and earth itself into a new paradise. The movement of world-liberation is going to be the movement of world-transformation. Man now enters upon a new cycle, his history from now will be an ever-unrolling scroll of a new life divinising itself more and more into the transcendent glory of a new creation, India being the centre and the whole world the vast field of its growth and expansion.

'The manifestation of the Supramental upon earth is no more a promise but a living fact, a reality.

'It is at work here, and one day will come when the most blind, the most unconscious, even the most unwilling shall be obliged to recognise it.'

This historic declaration the Mother made on April 24, 1956, the occasion being the thirty-sixth anniversary of her final arrival at Pondicherry to begin her spiritual work with Sri Aurobindo for the liberation of India and the world.

In 1914 when the Mother met Sri Aurobindo for the first time she told him of her pre-vision of India's independence as a divinely-settled fact in the occult world. Before leaving Bengal for Pondicherry in 1910 Sri Aurobindo also had made the same prediction. India's independence, divinely ordained, has been divinely realised, though, due to human errors, at the cost of her unity and integrity. But India has the word from Sri Aurobindo that 'The divi-

(Continued on page 31)

Sri Ramakrishna Upanishad – 20

C. RAJAGOPALACHARI

WORTH ONLY AN ANNA & A HALF

IT is possible to acquire thaumaturgic powers by yogic practices. These "siddhis" enable one to perform miracles. They are wonderful powers which seem to oppose natural laws. With the aid of these powers, some yogis perform acts at which others marvel. The disciples of these yogis go about advertising these "powers" and "miracles".

Bhagavan Sri Ramakrishna used to say that it was improper to try to acquire such powers and to make people wonder at them.

If anyone said, "In that town there is a yogi who has marvellous powers; come and see him", Sri Ramakrishna used to reply: "Do not go there; do not go to see them believing that you can benefit by seeing them."

Sri Ramakrishna did not say that the miracles which the yogis wrought were all bogus. He only taught that that was not the way to see God, that to acquire wonderful powers was not the proper way to worship God.

"These powers are thorny shrubs in the straight path of the seeker of Brahman. Do not get entangled in them. Do not get near those who claim to cure your ills by incantations, and to win your law suits by yogic power. True devotees will not desire anything except God's grace. Certain powers

On December 8, Rajaji completed 78 years. His has been a life of devoted and dedicated service to fellow beings. A true 'Karmayogin', there is hardly any aspect of life that he has not touched, and enriched and embellished in the process. Rajaji has rendered yeoman service to India but his greatest contribution to India and to humanity is perhaps his inimitable exposition and interpretation of the Upanishads, the Mahabharata, the Ramayana, Sri Ramakrishna's teachings and Tiruvalluvar's Kural. We pray that Rajaji's services may be spared to humanity for many more years to come.

ay accrue by devotion, yogic ractices and discipline. But they me of their own accord. True votees will not seek consciously acquire them".

"If we eat, we throw out faeces, rine and sweat. But nobody eats ly to throw out excreta. True votees will not practise devotion r yoga for the sake of attaining dhis. Siddhis are like the creta".

By the acquisition of siddhis, 's egotism increases. So, it is obstacle to devotion and not a lp to the attainment of God. at is why Sri Ramakrishna led Siddhi the 'refuse' of yoga.

Here is a story which Sri Rama ishna told: A yogi went to his cher and said, "I performed nance alone in a forest for fourteen years and I have acquired the power to walk on water". The teacher replied, "My son, why did you toil so hard? You have wasted fourteen years! For an anna and a half, the boatman will carry you across the water to the other shore. The siddhi that you have acquired is worth only an anna and a half".

No one should waste his days seeking siddhi. Practise true devotion to attain the grace of God. Do not join the company of yogis who wish to entice you by their miracles. That is Sri Ramakrishna's teaching.

[From *Sri Ramakrishna Upanishad* by Sri C. Rajagopalachari, published and copyrighted by Sri Ramakrishna Math, Mylapore, Madras-4, who have kindly permitted us to quote.]

[*To be continued*]

SRI AUROBINDO AND THE FUTURE OF INDIA—*Contd.*

n will go and a free and united lia will be there....The Mother l gather around her her child- .' And India's unity will make the world unity and the final ration of both in the Spirit. r he has given the hint that gust 15, 1947, the birthday of ia's freedom, may count as 'an portant date in a new age open- g for the whole world, for the itical, social, cultural and spiri- al future of humanity'. India's pendence therefore has cast n her a most sacred responsi- ty for her children to discharge. It will be possible only when they have found themselves in the Spirit.

The Mother's other Message in April, 1956 was:

'A New Light breaks upon the earth,
A New World is born,
All things that were promised are fulfilled.'

This is the Dawn of the New World towards which the present is moving. As the Light grows the world also will grow into its noontide glory. That will be the crowning fulfilment of Sri Aurobindo's — India's — divine mission on earth.

vedic RITUAL

A. C. BOSE

THE simplest ritual in the Veda is prayer offered in terms of the Vedic mantras. Brahman, the term for prayer, also implies the body of verses meant for prayer, and more generally the Vedas themselves, as books of prayer and wisdom. There is a Deity, Brahmanaspati, the Lord of Prayer. Brahmacharya primarily means the discipline for the mastery of the Vedas and Vedic knowledge. Then Brahman has stood for the Object of prayer—the Divinity especially contemplated as an impersonal Reality.

Brahman has meant also the spiritual interest as well as the person pursuing the spiritual life. The word Brahmana, which became a caste name in later times, originally meant one knowing Brahman or the text of the Veda. It was a marvellous feat in the whole cultural history of the world for the Indians to have preserved the Vedas by the oral tradition, taking every care to maintain each syllable of the text unimpaired. The men who carried the Vedas in their heads deserved well of society, and a traditional social law gave them a privileged position in that they were immune from capital punishment. For, t kill a Brahmana would be, perhaps to obstruct the oral tradition of Veda carried on by him.

Yajna is the Vedic ritual of offering libation or oblation on the sacrificial fire, lighted on an alt Another ritual was the offering Soma juice. Whatever the nam of the Deities worshipped, t ritual was the same. The Ved ritual was picturesque, acc panied by chanting, singing (S hymns were musically render and also acting. There was t simple domestic sacrifice (Ag hotra); there were also gr seasonal sacrifices held in op spaces and attended by vast nu bers of people. Political colouri was given to the ritual by the ins tutions of Ashvamedha (whi used to be preceded by a challeng to the neighouring states to a tri of military strength) and Rajasu (which was utilised by emper to obtain homage from th vassals).

Being a great public institut the Yajna developed complica rituals that added to the attr tiveness of the ceremonial side prayer. In course of time, the fore, it needed a class of exp from among Brahmanas, t knowers of the Vedas, to carry ritual with the appropriate mony. This formal part of worship began to be known as makanda, the "action part" of religion.

The conception of Yajna was h widened by the adoption of systems of "Great Yajnas" in ch, in addition to the usual ihotra, the study and teaching Vedas (Brahmayajna), service the guest (Nriyajna), giving l to lower creatures (Bhuta-a) and service of or offering blation to Manes (Pitriyajna), e recognised as great Yajnas hayajnas). The *Bhagavad-Gita,* s own remarkable way, distin-hes the spirit of Yajna from forms. If the spirit is accepted the material part of Yajna, ted to the fire, fuel, and the tion, may be taken not only lly but also symbolically and ratively.

Even in the Veda we find Yajna n in the figurative sense. The itualization of the concept of a is quite in keeping with the an system of thought. The itution of Yajna as ritual, how-r, had specialities of its own. emphasised, for one thing, the stic elements of the Vedic re-n. The glorious lustre of the ing fire, the sweet perfume of burnt ghee, the blades of grass, cooked offering, the crushed and all the other materials of a had their direct and purify- effect on the minds of the shippers.

And the acting of the priests, the chanting and the music, and the mass action in making the final offering—these carried an immediacy of appeal which was of no small spiritual value.

The Vedic ritual was not pure formalism. The performance of the *yajna* was accompanied by religious discourses and debates, in which both men and women took part. There is a recurring prayer in the *Rigveda* for the fulfilment of the wish to speak eloquently in the Vidatha, the religious assembly before which Vedic mantras were recited and *yajnas* performed:

> ***Brihad vadema vidathe suvirah***
>
> **(May we speak loud in the assembly with heroes in it.)**

The newly married wife is told that she would address the religious assembly (Vidatha). A young man was desired to be fit for the Vidatha *(vidathya).*

In the Upanishads we are told how during the performance of great *yajnas* sages who came from their forest dwellings held lofty discussions on the highest spiritual realisations. The woman sage Gargi took a prominent part in one of these.

Thus the Vedic ritual brought the sages and the people together. It also served as a uniting force among all. A Rigvedic sage tells the people:

> **A common purpose do I lay before you, and worship with your common oblation.**

Historical Personality of India

I ADMIRE MOST

We have great pleasure in announcing the results of the Historical Personality Competition. There were 51 entries and the panel of judges that examined them consisted of Sri J. H. Dave, Prof. Tarulata J. Dave and Prof. V. Emani.

The judges were of the opinion that the standard of the entries was fairly high, but their complaint was that the majority of the competitors had chosen well-known personalities alone. Surely, they argued, there are heroes enshrined in the hearts of each province, district and village of India.

To the judges who scrutinized the entries so meticulously, our thanks are due in large measure.

The following entries have been adjudged as best, in the order. Unlike in the previous case, the judges have recommended five prizes and the winners will therefore receive Rs. 25/- each.

1. **"Shivaji: The Idol of his Race" by Sri B. S. Narasimha Iyengar, Bangalore.**
2. **"Kautilya" by Sri N V. Jagannath, Hyderabad.**
3. **"Asoka: Beloved of Gods" by Kumari Shalini Basrur, Madras.**
4. **"Akbar: Great Mogul" by Sri N. Harinarayana, Madras.**
5. **"Krishnadeva Raya" by Sri S. Jayarama, Madras.**

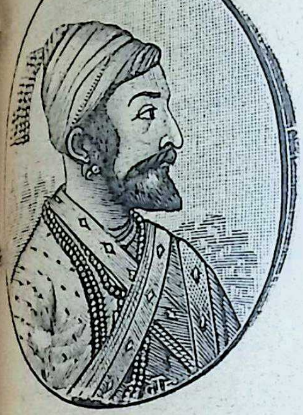
NEXT COMPETITION

Details of the next competition will be announced in the next issue.

SHIVAJI

the idol of his race

• B. S. Narasimha Iyengar



"THE History of the world is nothing but the biographies of Great Men", wrote lyle. This expresses a great h though a partial one. ugh we must cease to study e history of any nation as a mere unt of big men or a chronoical chronicle of the rise and of empires, we should surely to assess the contribution made historical personalities to the pe of events in their own times well as in posterity. If viewed passionately, it will be seen that e value of a study of the part yed by a historical personality sists in our being able to apply r knowledge to the betterment f the conditions of our own times. diers or statesmen. scientists or ial reformers, political leaders philosophical giants—all men of inence have one chief characteristic in common. They have, by tradition and training, by intelligence and industry, achieved success and risen to heights of glory. The history of India, as of any other nation, abounds in examples of such personalities. We respect and adore them for their personal qualities as well as for their invaluable services to the nation. Let us now turn our mental eyes back to the beginning of the Seventeenth Century and try to understand the life and work of a great nation-builder of South India, Shivaji.

PARENTAGE AND BIRTH

The time, place and circumstances of the birth of great men have invariably exercised a great influence upon their later career. So too, was it with Shivaji in whose life the influence of the parents and the tradition he inherited were most marked. Shahji, his father, was a faithful fighter against the Moghul

PRIZE WINNING ENTRY I

power on behalf of his master, the Ahmednagar Prince. Quite a lot of his time and energy were taken up in this service and he had hardly any time to enjoy his married life. Though placed in trying and troublesome circumstances, he was a very loving husband to Jijabai, who in her turn was a pious and faithful wife. On the whole, the two were a happily married pair. Their yearning for a good son was satisfied when, according to legend, an anchorite appeared in the dream of Shahji and forecast that the couple would have an illustrious son, who would be an incarnation of Shiva. When, true to this prophecy, a chubby boy was born, he was duly named after Shiva, as Shivaji. In the words of M. G. Ranade, "To have been born of such a father and mother was a privilege of greater value than any that legend or fable could confer on Shivaji".[1] Jijabai brought up this God-sent gift with great care and tenderness.

HIS RELIGIOUS FERVOUR

One of the earliest but greatest influences on the entire career and character of Shivaji came from his pious mother, who was fond of reciting stories from the epics, the *Ramayana* and the *Mahabharata* to her darling son. Shivaji, though still an infant, listened to them with intense longing. Right from his childhood, "his mind was cast in an intensely religious mould" says Ranade again, "and he continued to be, above all, religious throughout his chequered career".[2] It is also stated that his love for the epics was so great that he would not hesitate to walk many miles to attend a *pravachan* or recital of them by noted preachers. This religious fervour, in fact, went to such lengths that on three occasions during his later political career, he had almost decided to quit active military life and retire into quietude. His able tutors and ministers, however, effectively prevented him from taking such a step; reminding him of his duties towards his people. They instilled into him a strong sense that he had been born with a glorious mission. Thus, compelled to be ever alert and conscious of his duties, he was enabled to meet all critical situations with the spirit of prayer in his heart, the kindly light of Mother Bhavani always leading him and guiding his actions.

TRAINING FOR LEADERSHIP

The political and social setting into which Shivaji was born counted a lot in the kind of training he received for leadership. The times were turbulent; his parents were being persecuted by the Muslims. Very naturally he began to develop a violent dislike for the Sultans. With a spirit of independence—almost born with him—he refused to bow to the Sultan of Bijapur. This spirit found nourishment in the

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1. **M. G. Ranade"—Rise of the Maratha Power"—P. 47.**

2. ***Ibid*—P. 48.**

itical and social upheaval of the ole population of Western India sisting of a race of hardy and rageous men entrenched in the y tracts. Though the Moghul pire was at the zenith of its er, certain forces were growin the Deccan, which were soon oppose them tooth and nail. t religious leaders and poets Tukaram, Ramdas, Vaman dit and others helped to inse the spirit of free living and ture the rising plant of nation. A new nation was beginto rise on the ashes of the mani and Vijayanagar em. The nominal Muslim rulers Golconda, Bijapur and Bidar virtually come to be controlled in civil and military matters Maratha statesmen and wars. In Dadaji Kondadev, Shivafound an ideal master, who ht him the arts of both peace war, who acted often as a ying influence on the enthun of Shivaji whenever it tendto run wild. In fact, Dadaji lookfter his ward "as if he had been own son" so that at the age of teen, "Shivaji was a man, tires fearless and deeply inspired h the resolve to free his country n the rule of Bijapur".3 Shivaji s thus to prove himself shortly leader of a whole populace h had already been "strongly d together by common ties of religion and literature and was seeking further solidarity by a common political existence".4

AS FOUNDER OF A NEW NATION

The series of his early military successes made possible by the support of a number of trained and faithful men of his race, need no detailed mention. A point which does need special mention in this connection is that much slur has needlessly been cast on the personality of Shivaji by some writers. Shivaji has been characterised as an opportunist, an adventurer and a free-booter. The firmness of purpose with which Shivaji undertook his task of consolidating the various hill-forts as a bulwark against the onset of the Moghul forces needs appreciation, especially because this task was done without bloodshed. With consummate skill and steady resolve, he laboured hard to free his people from the Muslim yoke. All his movements and exploits, all his battles and treaties were designed to serve his greatest ambition, namely, to build a strong Maratha nation. His skilful escape from the clutches and snares of Aurangazeb redound to his resourcefulness and presence of mind under all stress and strain. The greater the darkness, the more brilliant does the lamp shine. So, too, was it with Shivaji. The greater the tests and trials, the more marked was his strength and more deep-

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Charles Kincaid—"Shivaji Bhosle" n "Great Men of India"—A Home Library Club Publication—P. 191.

4. Ranade—"Rise of the Maratha Power"—Preface—P. 7.

rooted his conviction. The strength of his men and the feeling of solidarity among them under all reverses was mainly due to his powerful personality. The chief interest of this part of Shivaji's life is that he confessed that the guidance came to him in all moments of intense crisis from Bhavani in whom his faith never waned. The crowning part of this side of his career was normally and naturally his formal but grand coronation in 1674 as the head of the Maratha power, an event which Ranade truly calls as "a symbol of the establishment of a powerful Hindu Kingdom". Speaking of the identity of ideals revealed and of the united opposition against Moghul inroads into the Deccan offered by Shivaji and his followers and of the consequent establishment of a strong Maratha confederacy, Ranade goes on to say that "the history of the Marathas is the history of the formation of a true Indian Nationalism".[5] The real significance of this event is that Shivaji, by his genius and magnetism, produced a band of men who stood by him and by the new nation like one man. His brother Suryaji, his friends like Raghunath Narayan, Shanthaji Ghorpade and a host of others stuck to their posts while he was a captive at Delhi and were only too eager to welcome him back as the undisputed master of the nation. It is said that he had trained up about a hundred trusted workers to carr on his work of nation-building i the spirit in which he had founde it.

AS AN ADMINISTRATOR

Far from being a mere militar leader. Shivaji showed himself a his best even as an organiser, ad ministrator and builder of civ institutions. The empire, which stretched as far south as Mys was well-knit by a chain of hi forts. A strong Central Gover ment was established at Rayaga It struck Shivaji that it could b effective and useful only by a wi administration. Hence, he intr duced the democratic form of go ernment which was based on t advice of a council of eight mi sters, the Ashtapradhans as th were called—a system which h to-day found favour in almost a advanced nations of the worl Showing a spirit of toleran and shrewd statesmanship, h employed officers of all comm ties to key posts on the strength o merit. The introduction of th system of cash payment a management of the revenue syst without the intervention of t Zamindars was an innovation, m modern in outlook and cont He discouraged the practice of signments of lands as rewards successful officers, such assi ments being strictly limited to nations for temples and charit As in modern governments, Shi ji's ideal was to reduce the bur of taxation on the people as m possible. So, he was satisfied the collection of the minimum s required to maintain the ad- istration. By strict orders to men during his military cam- s, he had assured to the com- man and the cultivator the e that was essential for the uction of wealth of the nation. h an enlightened and effective inistration richly deserves our ration.

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[5] Ranade—"Rise of the Maratha Power"—P. 8.

PERSONAL CHARM AND EATNESS

all accounts, Shivaji was a le personality. His face re- d his inner confidence that a r higher than man's protected and his work. The secret of strength and success as a r of men lay undoubtedly in fact that he represented all religious and political aspira- s in an intensified form in his person. The place of honour he gave to women shows how spected the injunction of the s and the practice of our n ancestors. It reminds us of how Gandhiji in our own s upheld the need for respect- ur women and restoring them eir true glory in society. In connection, it is noteworthy Shivaji arranged for the pro- n of cows, women and child- in the worst of battles and even to send back the captured women to their husbands. His affection and adoration for his mother and his reverence for his Guru show how he practised the precepts of the Vedas where the parents and the Guru are given the first place of honour *cf.* मातृ देवो भव, पितृ देवो भव, आचार्य देवो भव etc. *Taittiriya Upanishad.* By his power of love, he was successful in preventing the proposed immolation of his mother on the death of her husband. Shivaji's life has thus revealed and proved several truths: that true religion is essentially a matter of the heart and that it can be a great power in political and military activities too; that a great soul is produced in a country whenever it badly needs it; that greatness of every sort is achieved by patient and persistent effort and that every great personality is an embodiment of the best wishes and aspirations of his age. Such is the account of this great warrior-cum-statesman who lived for just a short span of fifty-three years (1627-1680) but who sowed the seeds of a strong nation, whose interesting and thrilling history stretched for nearly a century after his death. Thus, truly speaking, Shivaji does not belong to the Marathas alone nor to South India. He deserves to be ranked as one of the greatest heroes of all-India.

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Bhagawan Parashurama

PART III: IN A STRANGE LAND

K. M. Munshi

PREVIOUS STORY

This Part III is a sequel of the saga of the conquering Aryans. The first Part was published as a serial in the Journal under the title 'The Woman that was Goddess'. The second Part dealt with the boyhood of Parashurama or Rama of the Battle Axe, the son of Sage Jamadagni, descendant of Bhrigu.

Rama is born to Renuka, the wife of Jamadagni, in the ashrama of the Bhrigus in Aryavarta. On account of differences with Sage Jamadagni who wants Rama to be brought up not as a warrior but as a sage, Kavi leaves for Bhrigugram. The child Rama goes in search of him and, on the way, is captured by strange men who want to offer him as a sacrifice to their unAryan deity. Rama escapes and is ultimately found by Kavi.

Six years after Rama's return, Sudasa, the king of the Tritsus and brother of Loma, invites Sage Vasishtha to be his High Priest in the place of Sage Vishwamitra. Vishwamitra presides over King Harishchandra's human sacrifice, but Shunahshepa, the boy who was intended to be sacrificed, is saved by God Varuna.

Young Arjuna, otherwise called Sahasrarjuna, the king of the Haihayas, wants to marry Loma, the sister of King Sudasa. When he is not able to do so on account of the curse of Jamadagni, he kidnaps her to his Anupadesha on the Narmada. Rama, though a boy, is devoted to Loma. He therefore persuades Arjuna's General, King Bhadrashrenya, to take him also with Loma. They arrive by boats in Saurashtra.

Arjuna, being angry with Bhadrashrenya, removes him from the office of the Commander of the Haihayas. Then he leaves for a war in the South.

In the meantime, Rama, though a boy, organizes and strengthens the Yadavas. Revat, the king of the Sharyatas, a tribe living in the adjoining territory, prepares for a war of utter destruction against King Bhadrashrenya. Rama decides to take up the challenge, but wants to wage the war in his own way. He foils the Sharyata conspiracy.

12. RAMA WAGES A WAR

WITH rapid strides, Rama reached the hut of Kukshi. The High Priest was enjoying a hearty meal, Kalvini, with her best charms on, serving him.

Rama went into the hut with the tread of a conqueror, stood with his battle-axe in hand in front of Kukshi and in tones of irresistible command, said: 'Kukshivant, come along with me.'

On seeing Rama, Kalvini was about to say some words of welcome, but the words froze in her throat as she saw the fierce light in his eyes.

'Come along with me', commanded Rama.

'Where? And why now?', asked Kukshivant, amazed at the way Rama was addressing him.

'I want you to join the war. Prateep is marching on the Sharyatas. It is the duty of the High Priest to be with the Crown Prince when he goes to war.'

Kukshi was speechless for some time. Frightened to the core, he looked at Rama, dazed. 'Against the Sharyatas! War!'

'Yes.'

Kukshi shook off his fright and said with decision: 'I am not coming. I am not going to come. Fight the Sharyatas! Why do you want me?'

The face of Rama was immobile in its stern majesty. 'Kukshivant. Come along with me,' he said as he pointed to the door.

'What have I to do with war? I am a Sage. I do not understand what you say.'

'I am the son of the Best of Sages, Jamadagni, the head of your *Kula*. Your duty is not merely to see *dharma*, but to establish it.'

A tremor shook Kukshi's frame. 'But what have I to do with all these?'

'Kukshivant', said Rama coolly. 'It is no use your waiting for Jyamagha. He will not come though you are waiting for him; he and his men have gone to the Land of Yama. You cannot install Madhu as the King of the Yadavas tomorrow as you want to, for he—the would-be parricide—lies dead. I killed him. Here is my axe with his blood on it, if you want to see it. Half the men of Prateep have reached the territory of the Sharyatas. The horses that you brought for the Sharyatas are now ridden by Yadava warriors. You are a *Rishi*. You are a Bhrigu. Even here, though you are the High Priest, I am your Kulapati, the head of your *gotra*. I can cut your head off.'

Kalvini, out of fright, wanted to shriek, but could not do so.

'Come along,' said Rama. 'You are the High Priest of Prateep. Come and give him your blessings.'

Kukshi, trembling in every limb, got up and followed Rama. The sobs of Kalvini broke the silence.

s Rama followed him. Arriving the place where Prateep was iting, Rama helped Kukshivant mount the fourth horse which s awaiting its rider.

The five hundred disciples of ama, all armed with battle-axes d the hundred and odd Bhrigus o had arrived from Aryavarta re waiting a few *yojanas* away m the Sharyata *gotra;* Vimada Kurma were in command. er midnight, Rama, Prateep Kukshi arrived on the spot. Spies then brought the news that Sharyatas were asleep. The g of the Sharyatas was enjoy- the sleep of the victorious, for had no doubt that his son agha had by then installed hu as the King of the Yadava ra.

As Rama arrived, the leading riors who were waiting for surrounded him, awaiting his ers.

Then the Master said: 'Prateep, ave one thing to tell you which have never told you before. om the earliest times, you—davas and Sharyata *gotras*—ve gone on kidnapping each er's cows and women; you have d each other and then every e you have patched up a peace. am not interested in such a war. s war is to establish *dharma* r ever. If we fail, we do not t to live. Are you ready for pledge?'

Yes, Master. We pledge our- ves,' the leaders said.

We have not come here to take the Sharyatas captive. You know the stakes. Saurashtra cannot be united unless the war between the two *gotras* is waged in the way that I propose. If Saurashtra cannot be one, Arjuna will wipe all of you out. This is not a play war. It is war unto death. Listen to my orders: If anyone lets an armed enemy go alive, he will betray *dharma* and I will not let him live. But I do not want a single horse of the Sharyatas to be killed; all of them have to be taken alive.'

As they heard these words of solemn command, the Yadava leaders were full of enthusiasm, and Vimada, who had seen the ways of *Maha Atharvana* Richika and the great warrior, Kavi Chayamana, felt like bursting with pride, for, their pupil was saying and doing things which the others had so far but indistinctly said and incompletely done.

'And one thing more,' continued Rama. 'We have to take charge of all the carts of the Sharyatas and bring them with us, with all their old men, women, children, horses and cows, to the Yadava *gotra.*'

'What!', asked Prateep in amazement.

It was a normal thing that the *gotras* should fight among themselves and that someone or the other should be victorious or be vanquished. Then the victors would take the vanquished captive. The kings of the *gotras* would then make peace. The daughter of the vanquished prince would then be married to the victorious prince. Pacts would be made, captives released. Then the pacts would be broken and strife would begin again. But what Rama was now proposing was something revolutionary, something unthought of.

'Prateep, tomorrow there will be only one *gotra,* not two', said Rama decisively and as he said this, every heart missed a beat.

'Come. I will show you the way. Follow me,' said Rama, as he led his forces towards the Sharyata *gotra.*

The Sharyatas were happily sleeping in their huts and carts, for they had been informed that Jyamagha and his Sharyata warriors would have, before midnight, taken the Yadava gotra by surprise, killed King Bhadrashrenya and installed Madhu on the throne. They also knew that the dreaded Rama and his 'satakas' had already left for Gokarna Theertha. The joy of the victorious was in the hearts of the Sharyatas.

Some time after midnight the Sharyatas woke up in surprise. They heard innumerable horses speeding fast towards the *gotra.* Before they could grasp what was happening, the thundering rush of horses came nearer and nearer and out of the silence of the night rang out the war cry of the *Maha Atharvana* which had not been heard in Saurashtra for decades.

In the darkness of the night, the Sharyata warriors got up somehow, untied their horses, armed themselves as they could. They rushed out in confusion against the invading forces of which they were completely ignorant. What they saw was a sea of tall battle-axes rushing towards them, countless horses neighing in fury and hoofs thundering on the ground. They shot their arrows, but did not know in which direction they sped.

A forest of whirling battle-axes was upon them. Heads were severed, bodies were crushed, cries of distress rose to the heavens. The whole *gotra* awoke to an unimaginable terror. Women and children began to shriek. Those who could fled to the jungles.

Rama, accompanied by Prateep and a few others, sped towards the little mud fortress in which the King of the Sharyatas was awaiting this onslaught. As they, in advance of their men, reached the gate, the King of the Sharyatas with about fifty warriors came forward, dismounted from his horse and prostrated himself before them. 'Bhargava, Master, I fall at your feet. I surrender unto you.'

Rama looked at Prateep, scorching him with his flaming eyes, but the Prince could not grasp the significance of the look. Rama took an arrow in his hands and flung it with all his might at the King of the Sharyatas. With one wild shriek, the King fell.

Rama's orders were scrupulously obeyed. When the sun rose in the sky, not one armed Sharyata was left alive. Immediately, the ks were yoked to thousands of rts in which the *gotra* used to vel from place to place. Placing e old and the weak, the women l the children of the Sharyatas them, Kurma led the convoy together with the cows, bullocks and ses of the *gotra* towards Girnar. large number of Rama's disciples urned with them.

hundred and odd young Yada-, who remained behind, collect all the dead bodies and with respect consigned them to God i. Rama stood there watching vast conflagration, silent, col- ed and calm like the God of th.

the morning of the 14th kla, the Yadava *gotra* received glad news of the great victory h Prateep had won over the es of the Sharyatas. Conchs e blown in triumph and every ava climbed the Girnar to see conquering hero returning in mph. When they reached the of the hill, however, everyone lost in amazement. On the zon they saw, coming towards m, a huge python of immense gth, which they soon discovered e a procession of carts and ani- s and horsemen winding its towards them. The Yadavas ed forward to greet the victo- s army and the strange python carts which was creeping to- s them.

t the head of the convoy was na, who prostrated himself e King Bhadrashrenya and father.

'My son, what is this? Where is Prateep? And where is Bhargava? How many people have you brought here, and why women?'

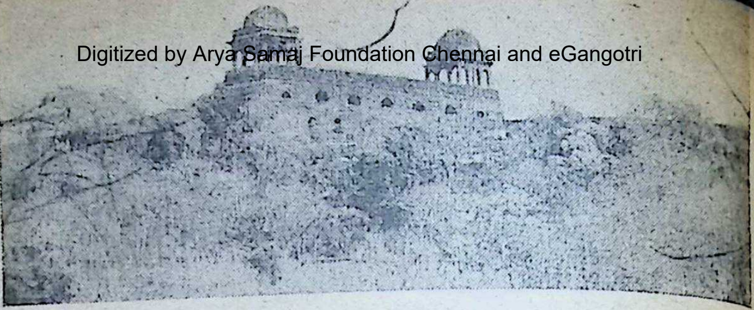
'Where is Bhargava?' asked Loma anxiously.

Kurma gave the news to the King. 'There is no Sharyata *gotra* now in existence. There is no King of the Sharyatas. Both tribes are one and the Master has enjoined that the old men, women and children of the Sharyatas should be adopted by the Yadava *gotra*.

Bhadrashrenya could not, for the life of him, understand what it meant.

Kurma explained the whole thing fully: 'Lord, I know what the Master taught us. In your sixty years, you have fought the Sharyatas on nineteen occasions. All our life, we have been afraid of the Sharyatas. The King of the Sharyatas hated us and we remained frightened of them. Hundreds of our women were kidnapped by them and we kidnapped their women by the hundred. We stole each other's cows. Now the Yadavas and the Sharyatas will have only one King, one High Priest, one Headman, and the wealth of both the tribes will be with one *gotra*. Now will *dharma* triumph, for, we shall work together, speak together and live but with one mind. This is what our Ancients taught us. This is what Gurudeva has taught us today.'

[To be continued]



Rupamati's Pavilion
(*Photo:* Films Division, Government of India)

Immortal India—86

J. H. DAVE

MANDU

THE fort of Mandu has been historic. It is situated in Malwa in 22°-21' North and 75°-26' East on the summit of a hill about 2100 ft above sea level. It is at a distance of about 22 miles from the town of Dhar.

According to Fireshta, one Anand Dev, a Rajput of the tribe of Bais, attained power after the death of Partabchand and constructed the fort of Mandu in Malwa. This Anand Dev is stated to be a contemporary of Khusru Parvis who was the King of Persia. He ruled for a period of 16 years. He is thus said to have flourished in the beginning of the 7th century. According to Tod, Maheshwar was the original seat of the Government of the Parmars and they subsequently founded Dhar and Mandu.

Mandu was also called Mandapika or Mandapa Nagar and was part of the territory of the Gurjara Pratihara Emperors who had their representatives both at Ujjaini and Mandapika which was even then one of the principal towns and forts of Malwa. The Chauhans of Partabgarh acknowledged the suzerainty of the Pratihara Ruler Mahendrapala II, who held Ujjain and Mandu in 945 A.D.

Among the Paramars of Malwa Munja and Bhoja stand out pre-eminently as patrons of learning and poetry. Munja succeeded Siyak in 972 A D. and was also called Vakpatiraj. He was the seventh king of the Paramar dynasty which had its capital in Dhara in Madhyabharat. Siyak had two sons, Munja and Sindhuraja. According to one version, Siyak had no son and while wandering in a forest, he picked up a new-born child from a heap of Munja grass. This was Munja. Later on he had another son called Sindhuraja but in spite of that, he continued to treat his adopted son unja as his elder son. Munja is so known as Sri-Vallabha, thvi-Vallabha, Amogha-Varsha d Vakpatiraj. He was a patron poets like Dhananjaya, Hala-dha, Dhanika, Padma-Gupta and itagati. Munja defeated appa, the General of the lukya King Taila II, six es. Thereafter, he wanted to d a campaign to invade Taila's itory. Disregarding the advice his minister he crossed the vari, was ultimately trapped imprisoned and when his men d to rescue him from imprisonment he was executed. Munja succeeded by his younger her, Sindhuraja who, in turn, succeeded by his son Bhoja about 1000 A.D. Bhoja ruled territories which included tor, Malwa, Bhilsa, Khandesh He was very well-known for patronage of learning. He is author of about 23 works on erent subjects. He was the on of scholars like Dhanapala Uvata. On account of his olarship, patronage of learning art as also his good rulership has been justifiably considered one of the greatest kings. ing his time, however, Some-ara, son of Jaya-Sinha, came the Deccan and looted Dhara, u and Ujjain. At the end of thirteenth century, Allauddin ji invaded Malwa and his ral captured the fort of du.

ny of the remnants of the history of Mandu before it was conquered by the Muslims are not available. Bhoja had installed an image of Saraswati in the Saraswati temple in the University of Dhar. This and a few other remnants of the Paramar art can be seen at Dhar and Mandu.

In 1304 A.D. Mandu was taken by Ain-ul-mulk Multani and exactly after one century Alp Khan, who assumed the title of Sultan Hosang Shah Ghori, became an independent Muslim ruler at Malwa with his capital at Mandu and ruled from 1405 to 1434. A.D. Alp Khan's father Dilawar Khan used to frequently visit Mandu and had constructed the Assembly mosque near Jahaz Mahal. Thereafter Mandu was ruled by several Khilji rulers. Malwa was annexed by Bahadur Shah of Gujarat in 1531 A.D. Humayun attacked this Bahadur Shah in 1535 A.D., and defeated him at Mandasaur. He also conquered Mandu to which Bahadur Shah had taken resort. In 1545 the fort of Mandu was taken from Humayun by Sher Shah along with other parts of Malwa. It was placed in charge of Sher Shah's General Shujaat Khan. After the defeat of Sher Shah and overthrow of his Suri dynasty, the son of this Shujaat Khan by name Bayazid took possession of Malwa with his capital at Mandu and became an independent ruler. This Bayazid is famous in history by the name of Baz Bahadur. He ruled from 1554 to 1564 A.D. This independent Pathan ruler was the last of the Malwa Sultans. He was extremely fond of music, hunting, fine arts and romance. He married the daughter of a Rajput Thakor by name Rupamati in very romantic circumstances. She was a very beautiful and accomplished lady, highly adept in music, and was born in the town of Sarangpur which was situated to the north-east of Ujjain. She was well-known for her soft, melodious voice. It is said that once she was singing under a tree in solitude when she was observed by Baz Bahadur. His mind was captivated by her melodious voice and beauty and he immediately fell in love with her. Rupamati being an orthodox Hindu lady resisted his offer of marriage for some time but ultimately the intense love of Baz Bahadur made her agree to his proposal on condition that Baz Bahadur brought river Narmada to the hill-fort of Mandu, as she was accustomed as a devout Hindu to perform her religious acts on the bank of Narmada. Baz Bahadur spent enormous amount of money and is said to have brought up the current of water about 1200 feet high in the Mandu fort and constructed the *Rupakund* for Rupamati. She married him in 1557 A.D. This reminds us of the legend in connection with the celebrated poet Jagannath who raised the level of Ganga for being purified on his marrying a Muslim lady. After her marriage, Baz Bahadur could not much attend to the State affairs, being captivated by her beauty. The pair of Rupamati and Baz Bahadur is famous all over the country for their affectionate devotion to each other and their love for art and music. Both of them composed poems. When Akbar saw that Malwa was in confusion on account of the attachment of Baz Bahadur to his *zanana*, he sent his General Adham Khan to invade Mandu. At the last moment Baz Bahadur gave up his apathy and came forward to fight but his Afghan generals deserted him and he was obliged to run away. His favourite wife along with other women and the Treasury fell into the hands of Adham Khan. It is said that one of the eunuchs of Baz Bahadur seeing that Rupamati was being captured by Adham Khan wounded her with a sword so that she could be prevented from falling into the hands of the enemy. It is further said that Rupamati duped Adham Khan by agreeing to see him and before Adham Khan came to her she dressed herself nicely, took poison and slept. Adham Khan came and looked at her face. He found her dead. This Rupamati is stated to have found out the Raga of Bhup Kalyana which is so famous and sweet.

Mandu became part of the Mughal Empire in 1562 A.D. Inside this fort there are many mosques, tombs, palaces and dwelling houses which are remnants of Pathan architecture. The seven gates, the Hindola Mahal, the Jahaz Mahal, the Palace of B hadur, the pavilion of Rupamati are some of the ancient dings worth seeing.

A long easy flight of steps leads the palace of Baz Bahadur. On entrance of this palace is an ription in Persian which sug-sts that the palace was perhaps structed earlier by Nazir-ud- n.

There are ten gates in this fort. Gari Darwaza is the first to entered. The Jahaz Mahal is ted by the side of a lake like hip and is, therefore, called by t name. The Hindola Mahal is great massive structure. The que of Dilawar Khan is the ancient mosque on this hill and was constructed in 1405 the fragments of Jain tem- The great mosque of Ho- g was completed in 1454. It commenced by Hoshang and pleted by his son. The tomb Hoshang is another nice struc- e. Opposite the mosque there d a tower of victory which hmud had constructed in 1443, commemoration of his victory r Rana Kumbha of Chittor. s tower is in ruins. A few rs later Rana Kumbha invaded du and celebrated his victory by constructing a commemoration tower at Chittor.

Mandu lost its importance as the capital after the overthrow of Baz Bahadur by Akbar. Akbar himself visited it twice. Sir Thomas Roe, the British Ambassador from King James to the Court of Akbar, visited Mandu in 1585. Jahangir stayed here for some time and in the diary which he maintained, he has written copiously about this place. Emperor Jahangir records a legend of Raja "Vikramjit" who found a philosopher's stone near Mandu through the help of a wood-cutter whose iron sickle had turned into gold on a mere touch with that stone. With the help of that stone, this king amassed great wealth and constructed, among other things, the Mandu fortress. When he desired to retire from this world he distributed his wealth among the Brahmins, and this philosopher's stone he gave to that Brahmin in whom he had the greatest faith. That Brahmin did not know the worth of that stone, got enraged at the present of a mere stone and threw it away in the river Narmada, where it still lies.

Liberty of thought and action is the only condition of life, of growth, of well-being. Where it does not exist, the man, the race, the nation must go down.

—Swami Vivekananda.

CHILD and PARENT

●

M. D. ADATIA

●

THUMB-SUCKING is obviously related to the sucking instinct and the problem of weaning. Until recent years it was universally considered just a bad habit which ought to be broken quickly before it became ingrained. Now it is well understood that the baby sucks his thumb because he has not had full satisfaction from the breast or bottle. Incidentally thumb-sucking that occurs only just before feeding seems to be merely an expression of hunger, the result of a deficit in sucking satisfaction at breast or bottle. The prophylaxis and treatment should consist in providing longer and more frequent opportunities to nurse. By the time a baby is a year old, thumb-sucking appears to be no longer primarily a need to satisfy the sucking instinct but has become a 'comforter'. He no lo ger sucks it a certain number o minutes every day but only special occasions; when he is ing to sleep, when he is fatigu when he is frustrated, when he bored. There is no longer an point in trying to increase his m sing time. Efforts to stop th habit by physical restraint, punis ment, nagging or teasing, see only to increase the child's need o

In the last issue it was shown that parents play a vital part in building the personality of the child. I this instalment some popu lar misconceptions are re moved.

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n the thumb.

re is a widespread but un-
ed belief that good health is
red through meticulous regu-
of bowel movement. It has
the style with civilized
to put a lot of effort for
and rigorous toilet training,
the child naturally wants to
atever he likes, and dislikes
compulsion. Observation of
en trained for bowel move-
at different age-periods sug-
that the age at which the
s first set on the toilet is not
mary importance. There are
trained early who rebel during the second year and suffer tragic changes in character during the prolonged conflict with a severe parent. Many babies at this age get so sensitive about their rights and interests that they rebel against minor degrees of maternal insistence. In the course of a long struggle against training he is first of all made unduly obstinate and hostile. This brings an unfortunate influence at such an impressionable age. But worse than the hostility is the insecurity which usually keeps pace with it. The small child cannot consistently defy his mother without becoming uneasy and guilty and this throws his whole personality out of balance. The child often gets obsessed with fear that he has soiled his pants even though he has not actually done so. Correct way of training is to relax the efforts gracefully until he feels more co-operative. Your persistence especially if you resort to suppositories or enemas, will only increase his rebellion and distort his personality. When a baby begins to show that he understands when you praise him for moving his bowels or urinating while on his toilet seat, it is the time to begin real training. This means putting him on the toilet at certain regular times when he wakes up in the morning, just after each meal, before and after naps, and at intervals in between when the control is established. He should be praised when he keeps dry and he

should not be scolded when he has an accident.

The mistake done by children can be corrected by proper explanation and gentle handling. Obedience should not be enacted and demands should be tempered according to the child's capacity to obey. Apology is often useful in teaching the child and a sense of humour would be a better part of the education. Parents frequently become emotionally upset by the child's poor manners, though anger and exaggerated emphasis would result in strict discipline but would repress and distort the natural instincts of the child. Training the child and educating him to observe discipline through affection would be the correct way to avoid repression and maladjustment.

The problem of aggressiveness is inevitably bound up with the child's early training. How these training procedures are managed may well determine whether normally aggressive impulses are turned one way or the other. In the management of these early training procedures, therefore, lies the key of prevention of many of the problems of aggressiveness. At first the infant is a little king. Whatever he wants he gets; and it is right to treat him so. But gradually restrictions are placed on him. He is asked to do certain things as regards to his feeding, toileting etc. Now the world has become for him one big 'Must Not'. In such a world he inevitably feels anger and resentment

against the parents who imp
these rules. He feels angry t
wards his parents, but at the sa
time he needs them desperat
Caught in this conflict, he beco
anxious and fearful that they w
punish him or go away and ab
don him for being so bad. If th
his parents actually threaten t
punish or to leave him, the chi
fear is sharpened. Yet the hosti
feelings are still there, or perhap
even increased. Gradually i
order to keep his parents' love a
approval, to feel that he is a g
boy, he begins to accept restr
tions and do what is expected. B
if he feels cheated of the mot
ing and protection he craves, h
will look upon the necessary re
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tile aggressive feelings will s
up each time he is denied so
thing. Feeling that he has noth
to gain by giving up his sel
wishes, he may become an a
social person. On the other ha
if his fear of punishment or l
of love is too great he may d
with his resentment quite dif
ently, for example, he may no
hostile but may become
gentle, timid, and passive. T
passive goodness in a child is
necessarily a virtue. It may c
up resentment and hatred
sometimes break out in disgu
form in sly cruelties, in tor
ing others who may be smalle
weaker, or may become gener
discontented about everythin
'chronic complainer'. He
even take out his feelings on

l by becoming physically ill. mach disorders, headaches, and ny other physical disturbances ve in some cases been found to m from dammed-up uncon-us feelings of hostility.

The school makes the first con-t of the child with the outside ld. Uptil now the child had l emotional support and secu-of the parents at home and the child has to accept the her emotionally as a substitute the mother; just as breast is tituted by bottle, similarly the d accepts the teacher but its tion is patterned after the ori-l parent relationship.

e of three to four years is ideal age when the child should sent to the nursery school. At s age the child lives in a battle supremacy with the mother. If mother tolerates and accepts child emotionally and helps in sitioning this emotional sup-t to the teacher, the adjustment ld not be difficult.

n the beginning the mother uld spend some time with the d at school. Gradually she uld leave the child for a longer e at school till the child gets sted to the teacher. This ning is slow, depending upon personal needs of the child.

It is here that the child learns ccept himself as a member of whole group and to forget his onal gain. The child learns work by seeing other child-doing that particular work. children feel themselves that it is nice to be active and foolish to be inactive, so that children wish to do things themselves. Some children would not adjust at school completely and might be wanting the mother for supportive security. Their intellect would work only in presence of the mother. The secure relationship of the mother might transfer very gradually the emotional dependency to the teacher.

When parents become very strict for obedience, neatness, discipline etc, children develop hostility to them. If this hostility is not expressed, then the suppressed emotion of the child is exhibited by symptoms such as stammering or stuttering.

If good habits and discipline are obtained by gentle words and affectionate manners, the emotions do not get severely repressed and the pent-up dislike and hostility do not appear, or vanish very soon. The speech becomes more fluent and the stammering disappears.

Nocturnal enuresis or bed-wetting is very common among school-going children. This is often due to some upset or worry. As a rule the wet bed is best ignored and the child reassured. But many parents resort to scolding and threatening and these do not help at all. On the contrary the parents should look into the way they treat the child. They should try to remove all the tensions and worries from the mind of the child. Parents should realise that the less anxious they are and the more relaxed everyone is about the matter the sooner the faulty habit will clear up.

When a small child picks up a thing it comes across, it is because he has little sense of ownership. But when a school-going child begins to steal, there is always some reason for it. Of course, it never means that he is a born thief. Take pocket-money, for example. When other children have pocket-money and your child is without it, he will tend to acquire some by taking it without your permission. The best remedy is to give some money to your child to spend exactly as he wants. This incidenttally inculcates in him the value of money and sense of economy. Most of the stealing which occurs in school children is due to lack of parental love or lack of understanding. A child having a feeling of inferiority on account of physical defects or lack of normal intelligence may have an urge to steal. In some cases the urge to steal is caused by the child needing something which he is entitled to and which he has not received. Once he gets what he wants, the urge to steal also disappears.

The child's habit of *telling lies* is also a common problem. When a toddler tells a lie it only means that either his imagination is exercising a powerful influence on him or he is trying to compensate for his feeling of inferiority, when confronted with the adult world through his imagination. In older children, however, lying is often caused through the interest of self-preservation. If a child is treated severely and threatened with punishment, he gets into a panic and will tell lies. He can hardly be blamed for trying to escape the dire consequences by telling lie. Children normally get over this habit in course of time. If, however, a child is found to be telling lies about a number of things, the reason is that he is unhappy or worried about something. Scolding the child or punishing him severely will only make him more unhappy and give him more reason for telling lies. The parents

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ould advise him, but the accent ould be on truth as a virtue her than on the lie as something be punished.

In the development of a child, her has also important respon- ilities. The child imitates the her as an ideal for him. His ions and behaviour play a very ential role in building his per- ality, a strict father can sup- s the primary instincts of a d, but a loving and affectionate her would bring healthy beha- r and strong personality of the d.

In many families the father ks only as disciplinarian. His starts only when the child s not listen to the mother. In- sed interest from the father h proper consideration and ap- iation of a child's primary ts brings a healthier emotional trol.

It is very interesting to note rural and urban differences in d-parent relationships which g marked effects in the deve- ment of the child. Life in the es is more complicated and de- ding and both mother and er are often engaged in ser- e or business. In villages life mple and parents are either at e or at the fields and can spare e time to be in contact with children. The mother is more less always with the children. In cities the children are given e facilities, e.g. toys, schools, playgrounds and are taught manners such as cleanliness, honesty etc. and are supposed to observe restrictions in play, going outside etc. The parents are often busy with their jobs and a constant companionship or an affectionate guidance is wanting.

In villages the children are given more freedom and allowed to move about in the fields, river banks etc. without any strict code of regulations. Parents have more leisure time to spare for the affectionate care of the children but are given less facilities for education and from public institutions. This brings a marked difference in character building. The children from villages become more independent, less demanding, more affectionate and more imaginative than those of the city.

Mental health plays an equally important role in children as physical health, and more attention should be drawn to educate the parents. This parental education would prevent formation of unstable personalities and damaging conflicts from the minds of children. Ignorance of this knowledge of child-parent relationship brings maladjustment and unhealthy personality development. Helping the child, in his proper emotional development, requires intensive and continuous participation of parents and change of their attitude and value of their relations with their children.

CHIT SHAKTI—*Contd.*

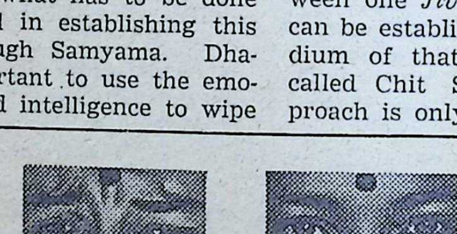
aspect, he gets into touch with Chit Shakti, and because the very same Shakti is in contact with the mind of the patient, the energy passes from the former into the mind of the latter. The healing energy comes to the mind of the patient and the cure takes place.

The Chit Shakti and God are the same. When one appeals to God, God comes to the rescue there, because God is common to the spiritual healer and the patient. The Yogi practises Dharana, Dhyana and Samadhi—called Samyama. Through this, the Yogi is able to do all that he wants to do. In the case of spiritual healing, the Yogi is able to pass the current of Chit Shakti into the mind, and afterwards into the body, of the person who is to be healed. So, it is not at all something which is miraculous. It is strictly in accordance with Yoga Sastras.

Therefore, what has to be done is to succeed in establishing this contact through Samyama. Dharana is important to use the emotion, will and intelligence to wipe out the activities of the mind, so that it might not be a disturbing factor in one's approach to the higher region. Therefore, those who are great believers in the Lord, the Bhaktas, are able to do several things which other people cannot do. All the stories of the great Bhaktas speak to us about the various miracles. The innumerable miracles that were performed by Saint Appar and Saint Sambandhar in South India are instances of miracles performed by Bhaktas.

The person who has developed Siddhi in Hatha Yoga exercises his will. The Jnani, on the other hand, uses his intelligence aspect. Whatever may be the Yoga practised, Jnana, Bhakti or Karma, it is possible to achieve the desired results.

As long as we are functioning as *Jivas* in the universe, contact between one *Jiva* and the other Jiva can be established through the medium of that field of inspiration called Chit Shakti, and the approach is only through our mind.



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r Fortnightly Profile—84

Adlai Ewing Stevenson

WHEN a correspondent interviewed Adlai Stevenson soon after his second defeat e U.S. Presidential elections, id inter alia, "Bipartisanship uly be really effective when n policy is lifted out of the nt of politics altogether, and I o likelihood of that just now. e I want to see restraint in sm of foreign policy, I also k it the duty of the opposition iticize when it is warranted." en he said this, little did he n that after a year he would himself in the thick of a sum- preparatory meet on a bipartisan basis, rubbing shoulders with tallest poppies of the NATO ers. How far this experiment would prove effective in the run in the political climate of however, is hard to guess.

eaking generally, during na- al emergencies, democratic s all over the world find the success in bipartisanship, most outstanding example be- e war-time coalition Cabinet t Britain. Adlai who has dis- shed himself in public life as of the most articulate indi- ls in American politics for a ation now would therefore

undoubtedly make his contribution to the success of the meet, from what we know of him as a lawyer, Governor and Presidential candidate.

Two successive defeats in what may be described as the biggest election battles with the heaviest poll among democratic countries have not embittered Adlai who has every reason to be so, being the most spectacular campaigner. Disappointed he is, but not hurt. He confesses ruefully but without rancour that he is the "foremost authority on unsuccessful Presidential campaigns."

Has Adlai any contribution to make to our political thinking after his gruelling experience? Yes. In electioneering, personal popularity counts much more with people than programmes however exalted. In democratic Governments, the Opposition Party should not take up that attitude for the sake of opposition, but do so with vigour when it sees that the party in power is wrong. Not merely that, it should keep on toe with a spirit of constant inquiry if only to prove right.

Adlai feels strongly against the extraordinarily high cost of American Presidential elections which have nearly ruined him financially, what with the mass media of advertising and conditioning which terrifically discount clear thinking on the part of the electorate.

He feels that Governments and politicians in democratic countries have no greater obligation than to tell the truth to the people, for democracy cannot sustain on ignorance or hypnotism.

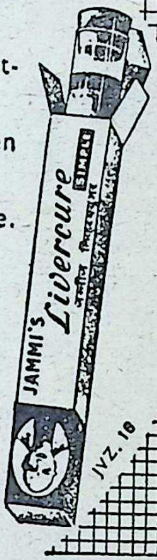
Personally Stevenson has no regrets at all, for he feels he is one of the blessed among men having played such a part in public life. Born of well-to-do parents, he has a highly developed social conscience. He is a lawyer by profession and internationalist by conviction. During the War years he had large experience of Government, and the 'Peace Councils'. He was later elected Governor of Illinois.

Presently he is the titular head of the Democratic Party. Possibly fatigued by two real election battles, he would like to see some younger blood captain the Party. At least that seems to be his present mood.

Adlai is youthful of appearance despite his 57 years. Photographs do him less than justice. He has sharp, blue eyes and his smile is infectious. His features reveal unusual intelligence, mental alertness and integrity. He has a sharp wit. He writes his own speeches and his delivery is eloquent and persuasive. They have a very personal appeal. He is an author too.

Even though a prodigious worker, Adlai finds time to relax in sports. He is a good golfer, tennis-player and horseman. He spends much of his time in reading and has a wide knowledge of the humanities.

A divorcee in private life due to political differences, Adlai is a devoted father to his three sons.



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QUESTION BOX

ANSWERS by K. M. Munshi

Kulapati Sri K. M. Munshi has kindly agreed to answer in these columns questions from readers of Bhavan's Journal on topics falling within the scope of the Journal.

373

Sri N. Lakshminarayana, Anantapur.

Q: *Is man's individual conscience responsible to God or society?*

A: To God. If society tries to suppress the conscience, man must be prepared to suffer martyrdom.

374

Sri P. R. Prabhakar, Bangalore.

Q: *Will it be possible to publish the book entitled 'Simhasana Dwatrimsika' in the Book University Series?*

A: I think it will be taken up in the Series, when convenient.

375

Sri Vishwanath S. Patil, Belgaum.

Q: *Which are more effective in solving personal problems of self-development—Modern Psychology, Epics, Religious Books or Lives of Great men?*

A: Epics first, lives of great men next; religious books, if you have faith, first of all; modern psychology least of all.

376

Sri D. Rama Narayana, Hyderabad.

Q: *What is your opinion about Widow Marriage? What do the* Shastras *say about it?*

A: Some Shastras permit widow marriage in emergencies. But if women are equal—and they are—there is no reason why they should be precluded from marrying again, when men go on marrying not twice but sometimes thrice and four times.

377

Sri A. J. Bhaskara Rao, Guntur.

Q: *Which are the countries that are enjoying true democracy?*

A: England, France, West

any, Italy, Austria, Swit-
rland, Netherlands, Den-
rk, Norway, Sweden,
.S.A., Ireland, Canada, Aus-
alia, New Zealand, Turkey,
rael, India, Burma and Cey-
n.

378

K. Ananthakrishna Rao,
-14.

hich will ultimately prevail
Science or Religion?

y conflict between the two
imaginary.

Science can only deal with matters which can be tested by experiments and its field is sense perception. Its activities result in the conquest of natural forces.

Religion is a matter of faith and its field is supra-sensual and supra-mental perception, resulting in an experience of higher values like Absolute Love, Power, Light and Beauty and which climax in *Anand*, which is God.

Where science ends, religion begins; so both are necessary to complete the power and experience which man is capable of attaining.

379

Krishnamurthy, Shimoga.

o is the hero of Mahabha-
a and why?

juna. He is the man with
uine human qualities, best
iplined and well-directed.

380

Shrimati Vimala Rao, Madras-4.

Q: *Can sincere prayer to Para-brahman change our destiny?*

A: Prayers can dissolve the bondage of attachment, wrath, and fear, and strengthen the fundamental values like Love, Light and Beauty and bring you to God. They will enable you to be free from the bondage and change your destiny as you become more and more God-minded.

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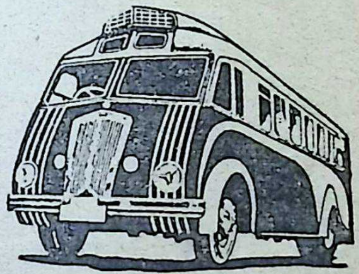

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381

Sri R. M. Chandraiah, Tumkur.

Q: *Why do we chime the bells, play the cymbals or beat the drum, etc., while taking out* Ganapati *for immersion?*

A: When we worship God, we want to lift ourselves into a joyful mood and music played in company always induces such a mood.

382

Sri B. N. R. Vasudeva, P.O.K.C. Farm, Dist. South Kanara.

Q: *Are not the legislations like the Hindu Succession Act, Hindu Marriage Act, etc., bearing on Hindu religion contrary to the secular nature of our State?*

A: No. Social customs in the past have been changed by the *Smritis* of learned text writers. *Yajnavalkya Smriti* in terms authorises changes if approved by learned men. We must assume in this age that Parliament is a wise body, if not learned.

383

Sri P. S. Dhruva Rajan, Delhi-8.

Q: *How can we say that Hinduism and Buddhism do not clash when the existence of God which is an essential faith of Hinduism is denied in the other?*

A: I don't think Buddhism is atheistic. Anyway Buddhism invests Buddha with all God-like attributes. But Hinduism certainly differs in that Buddha is only an *avatar* of God.

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384

Sri K. Adinarayana, Pattabhipuram, Guntur.

Q: *What are the duties, responsibilities and rights of the members of the Joint Family according to ancient traditions and Dharma Shastras?*

A: Will you please look up some elementary text-book on Hindu Law? According to *Shastras*, the joint family composed of male members and dependent woman members, was the unit of society and the manager or Karta, the eldest male member, was its head.

385

Sri D. Rajagopalan, Tanjore.

Q: *In our secular democracy, seats in professional colleges are being denied to Brahmin youths, even though they secure very high marks, even as jobs. How is it compatible with the Constitution?*

A: It is betraying the Constitution and the Order of the Madras Government enforcing such a ban has been declared unconstitutional by the Supreme Court.

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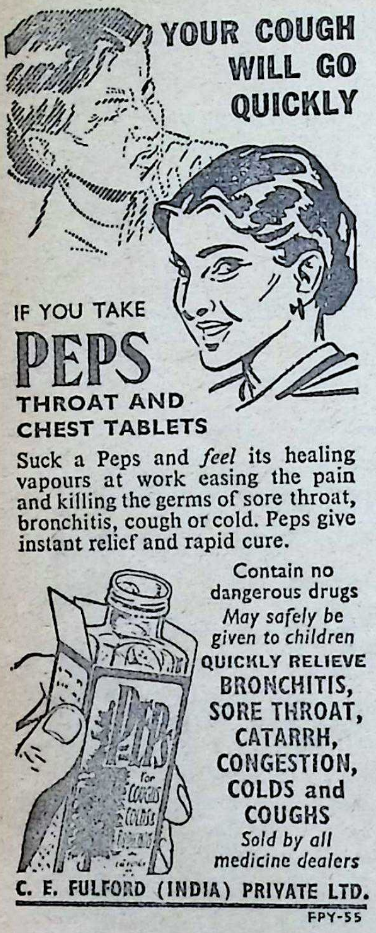

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These are the cardinals; but how will you say "He is the first boy"?

Student:—"सः प्रथमो बालकः।"

Teacher:— 'प्रथमः' means 'first'; can you say what are the ordinals for the first ten?

Student:—

प्रथमः	prathamaḥ
द्वितीयः	dvitīyaḥ
तृतीयः	tṛtīyaḥ
चतुर्थः	caturthaḥ
पञ्चमः	pañcamaḥ
षष्ठः	ṣaṣṭhaḥ
सप्तमः	saptamaḥ
अष्टमः	aṣṭamaḥ
नवमः	navamaḥ
दशमः	daśamaḥ

Teacher:—In 'एकादशः खण्डः समाप्तः' what is the meaning ekādaśa?

Student:—It means 'the eleventh' chapter ends here.

Teacher:—In "अस्मिन् विंशतितमे शताब्दे" what is the meaning *'Viṁśatitama'*?

Student:—It means—In the 'twentieth' century.

cher:—The following are some more of the ordinals.

त्रिंश त्रिंशत्तम	trimśa or triṁśattama	=thirtieth
चत्वारिंश चत्वारिंशत्तम	catvāriṁśa or catvāriṁśattama	=fortieth
पञ्चाश पञ्चाशत्तम	pañcāśa or pañcāśattama	=fiftieth
षष्टितम	ṣaṣṭitama	=sixtieth
सप्ततितम	saptatitama	=seventieth
अशीतितम	aśītitama	=eightieth
नवतितम	navatitama	=ninetieth
शततम	śatatama	=hundredth
सहस्रतम	sahasratama	=thousandth

The above are the words for definite numbers. But when number is not definite, it should be expressed thus:—

उपदशा: upadaśāḥ =about ten

दशानां समीपे ये सन्ति ते।
of ten near that which is

आसन्नविंशा: = āsannaviṁśāḥ =approaching twenty

अधिकचत्वारिंशा:=adhika catvāriṁśāḥ=more than forty

अधिका: चत्वारिंशत:

द्वित्रा: dvitrāḥ—two or three

द्वौ वा त्रयो वा

These are some forms of expressing numbers that are not finite.

[*To be continued*]

Simhasana Dwatrimsika—58

KALI'S GIFT TO VIKRAMA

WHEN King Bhoja came back on the twentieth day to make a further attempt to climb the divine throne, the statuette holding the twentieth step stopped him as did the previous ones and told him the following story.

When the great Vikramaditya was ruling the country justly, the Goddess of Dharma walked with all her four feet.* Varnashrama never faltered. Elders blessed the younger ones who showed them all respect. Temples of Gods were like the pole-star guiding erring humanity. Anyone who thought ill of others was blasted. Rain poured thrice in the year. People lived healthily. Rogues perished. The king's rule was upright like the staff of the mast.

It was at this time that the ubiquitous ghoul brought a disquieting news to King Vikrama. It was this. A king by the name of Chaturavan ruled over Sagarpur. He was fatally bitten by a serpent and his wife was about to commit *sati*. That was enough grist for the mill of Vikramaditya. He immediately jumped on the shoulders of the ghoul and made a dash for Sagarpur. He arrived there just in time to stop the queen from falling into the pyre ready to be lit for her husband's body. Vikra said: "Tarry, Madam, I shall, wi God's grace, revive your husba from the fatal bite."

Struck mute by his assuranc the queen desisted for a whi while the royal minions moved t body of King Chaturavan from t pyre and deposited it on a sh of grass. King Vikrama prayed Goddess Kali of Ujjain and tou ed the inert body with his mag wand all over when Chatura sat up like one gone on deep ber! The joy at the sight of t occurence was indescribable. K Vikrama raised Chaturavan by t hand which he placed on the ha of his (Chaturavan's) queen, th uniting them for the second ti Tears flowed from the eyes of t pair.

When Chaturavan recovered s ficiently, he and his queen pros ted before Vikramaditya and p ed: "It is impossible to repay debt of gratitude we owe to The utmost we can do is to p our entire kingdom at your cious feet and to beg of you to cept us as your servants."

Visibly moved by this spirit the part of the royal pair, K Vikrama gladly accepted the and after releasing them f what they chose to call as t debt, he gifted the entire king to the King and bade them n.

---

* Dharma is likened to a cow.

that time, the calendar showat King Vikrama's half-yearly period had commenced. So raightaway entered the forest. e way he came across a city ame Shambhu Surya. While was walking through the , he saw a temple by the of which was a tank. The o of the temple was multid. From the chimes and smoke escaping from the n of the temple, it appeared the deity of the temple was worshipped regularly ac- to schedule and that the festivals were being celeregularly. He made ies of the people that went and out of the temple about ich only confirmed his sur- He further learnt that the of the deity was Shambhu and that the city derived its from that God. All these inations gladdened his heart. ent inside the temple.

t as he was returning after ng before the deity, he saw a persons dragging another, tying both his hands at the The victim appeared to be ble birth while his persecuooked ruffian-like.

act of injustice was anathe- Vikrama, so it was not surg when his blood boiled at utrage. He called out in a rian voice: "Stop, all of you ! Why do you torment the man?"

Vikrama's imperious stature instilled fear into the minds of the persecutors who intsantaneously folded their hands in supplication.

At this the victim was emboldened to address Vikrama: "Great sire! May I know the name of my well-wisher?"

Laughingly the monarch replied: "Vikrama of Ujjain!"

"Can that be true? Oh, Lord! My troubles are at end."

"Please tell me the cause of your difficulty."

"How shall express it, Sir? I am King Singara of Rajamahendra. As ill-luck would have it, I had too many foes. I was careful to keep them at bay all along. Not being able to vanquish me in open battle, they conspired of devious ways. They sent to me a wily brahmin who ingratiated himself into my confidence. He invited me to a game of dice in which I am also an expert. But by loading the dice covertly and other means the brahmin defeated me in a series of games in which I was made to pawn my country, wealth and my own people. Having thus stripped me bare, my foes have further arranged to send me to this place like a convict and they propose to lock me up in one of the great vaults of this temple. There is none but God to save me now!" and the man wept profusely.

King Vikrama, moved by the heart-rending story ordered the persecutors to untie the chord wound round the wrists and free him. Taking Singara along with him on the ghoul, he reached Rajamahendra. He called an assembly of all the feudatories who conspired to dislodge Singara and made him challenge them for a return game of dice. By the help of the ghoul, Singara learnt each clandestine move of the opponent, and thus succeeded in regaining his lost country and wealth.

Addressing all the mystified feudal lords, King Vikrama said: "Know me to be Vikramaditya of Ujjain. I am now personally anointing Singara as King of Rajamahendra. Now tell me, are you in a mood to rebel against him or live in amity after paying him your subsidies? You must make up your mind right now or you will not live to do it again!"

When the feudatory chiefs came to know that it was King Vikramaditya who was addressing them they fell at his feet saying: 'Who would dare to defy your bidding Mighty Monarch? Gone are our jealousies. We shall live united in peace. We shall do as you order."

Installing Singara once again as King of Rajamahendra and ordering all other chiefs to pay him nual bounties, King Vikrama turned to Shambhu Surya.

By the side of that city wa hill of the name of Indrajit. climbed it and at the top of it a temple of Kali. Going inside he found the idol of Kali surrou ed by eight other idols stud with diamonds. He wondered h such *murtis* came into being that place.

At that time his eyes fell rock on which was an inscrip which ran: "In this *peeth* of Pa sakti, there are untold treasu Anyone who wants to poss them must offer his or any oth human head to Goddess Kali."

The proposition interested Vikrama very much. On th desolate place, however, not human soul could be seen miles around, so he decided to o his own head.

With that idea, he bathed in tank nearby, and after praying be fore Kali, drew out his ma sword with the intention of sl ing his own throat. As the sh edge of the knife touched

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s. Goddess Kali Herself ap- ed and caught hold of the arm ing the sword. limata said: "Vikrama, My I am delighted by your cou- e. I have laid open all the hid- treasures before you. It is for to take all of them," and dis- ared after granting him fur- boons.

st before him the hollow of the was opened, as it were, and e lay a whole heap of untold sures beneath.

rama dug out all the hidden h and tying them up, loaded on the ghoul. Together they ned to the palace of King Singara to whom he gave away all the treasures as gift.

He further enjoined on Singara to worship Goddess Kali at the hill-top as his famiy deity.

Having performed these exploits, King Vikrama returned to Ujjain after the completion of his exile period.

Asked the statuette: "Bhoja, if you think that you are as valorous and selfless as King Vikrama you can ascend the throne and not otherwise."

King Bhoja and Nitivakya returned to their palace as usual after hearing this story.

[To be continued]

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HERE is a magnificent book alike in conception, design and execution. The author and publishers deserve our congratulations for presenting this integrated picture of the art-heritage of India in an admirable manner.

Eclectic in treatment, the work covers almost all art-forms—painting, sculpture, architecture, arts and crafts, music, dance, and ritual decorations. It has six colour plates and over 725 line and half-tone illustrations. Not professing to be a scholarly treatise, it is nevertheless very informative and is divided into six broad chapters, each devoted to one form of art.

In the chapter on 'Dances', descriptions of its different styles like Kathakali, Bharata Natyam, the Manipuri and other important folk-dances are purveyed. Their origins and main characteristics are given in outline. *Mudras* and their meanings and pencil sketches and photographs of the different poses including those after famous frescoes supplement the information.

Similarly in the chapter on music, after tracing its history from mythological times, the author describes the evolution of *ragas* and their emotional aspects, styles, compositions and musical instruments. The pattern of treatment and illustrations are the same. Pictorial representation of *ragas* is unique in the history of Indian music and adequate representation is given to this aspect too.

In the section devoted to painting, its different schools and their main characteristics are given briefly. The six broad categories under which Vats yana divided the theory of paint alongside of the dictum that in In art was never practised for art's sa remind us of the highest functions art in our scheme of life. A rapid sum mary of the history and techniques Indian painting from pre-historic t to the present day covering all sch and parts of the country is supplem ed by choice reproductions of fa paintings in monochrome and co from well-known collections and hi torical remains.

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South Indian bronzes. Architecture ves, in the same scale, adequate entation and there are some reproductions in this section. is a wealth of excellent illustra- culled from sources like the of *Indian Art* in the section to Arts and Crafts. all is said, the printing, quality cks and get-up of the book special mention as they com- favourably with any published here. Altogether the volume review is a valuable acquisition art collection.

—*V. A. K.*

VEERASHAIVA SOCIAL PHI- OPHY. By Dr. S. M. Hunashal, Ph.D., B.T. Published by avani Printing Press, Raichur, re State. Pp. 100. Price: Rs. 2/-. rochure is a part of the author's for a doctorate on Veerashaiva phy. It is an essay on the way of an important community liv- ly in South India. The Linga- people form a small, but an im- sect of the Hindus, and this by Dr. Hunashal is probably the rk of its kind.

Hunashal has analysed the social phy of the Veerashaivas from a e point of view. In the eight s of this book, he has exposed losophical background, psycho- basis, ethical ideology, social re and the historical settings of ayata community.

Hunashal begins his analysis with ergence of Veerashaivism as a t movement. The very basis of aivism is democracy. It accepts and equality as its guiding prin- "Democratic in spirit, puritani- fervour, and cosmopolitan in " Veerashaivism cuts asunder kles of orthodoxy. It is a revo- y and progressive philosophy. regards the philosophical basis, aivism does not support Shan- doctrine of Maya. However, the of Shakti or strength is fitted concept of dynamism. There is perfect harmony between Shiva (silence) and Shakti (dynamism) as realised by the Sharanas (Veerashaiva saints). The Sharanas believed that like Shiva and Shakti, there is close relation between Jangama (Universal soul) and Linga (Individual soul). Jangama and Linga sustain each other; they are reciprocal and relative. Hence the individuality is retained in the Universality. This is the significance of the Veerashaiva concept of Linga-Jangama. This point receives much emphasis and clarification in the Vachanas of Channabasava and Siddharama.

Dr. Hunashal explains the significance of the concepts of Shaktivisisthadvaita, Purusha, Prakriti, Visheshya and Visheshanas. He also makes much effort to distinguish between the meanings of these terms which are also used by Jains, Buddhists and Shankarites. The author then proceeds to examine the psychological approach of the Veerashaivism, the account of which is found in the Vachanashastra. He explains how the Vachanashastra classifies the brain and associates the classes with various aspects of existence. The entire chapter on Psychological Basis of Veerashaivism is a fine and exhaustive analysis of the Vachanashastra.

On the ethical side, Veerashaivism, according to the author, insists not only the necessity of the theory and practice of moral principles, but on their identity also. The Veerashaiva philosophy postulates the identity of knowledge and action, words and deeds. The author further stresses that since theory and practice must be identical, equanimity is an ethical necessity. He who is above all complexes alone can become a saint.

The social traditions and ways of life logically follow from the Veerashaiva philosophy. Devoted to the principles of freedom and equality, the Veerashaiva community discards the social order based upon caste system and inequalities. By wearing the Linga, the people of all ages, classes or sexes assume the form of Shiva, and become equal to each other.

This small book is rich in matter beyond all proportion to its size. It is a good academic treatment of the subject and even for an advanced student, it provides plenty of useful matter. Even on a serious subject, the author has written in a lively style which keeps the reader interested in the subject. The book is well worth reading.

—*Dr. Ramesh N. Desai*

ADYATMA JAGATKI SYRE (in Hindi). By Radhanath Phukan. Hindi version by Nirupama Phukan. Published by Prag Bharati Prakashan Mandir, Dibrugarh (Assam). Pp. 100. Price: Rs. 1/8.

THE Hindi version of the above book by Shri Radhanath Phukan, M.A., B.L., Veda Vachaspati, is a very valuable piece of literature. The book was originally written in Assamese. The author has successfully tried to explain to the layman the highly philosophical and moral ideas of the Upanishads. Fine commentaries at the end of each story which are the result of deep study of Western thinkers like Eddington and others add much to the value of the book.

Smt. Nirupama Phukan also deserves praise for the efforts she has put in. She has a good command over Hindi and knows well how to translate in simple and idiomatic Hindi the abstract concepts of the original.

—*Prof. R. N. Pandey*

SOCIOLOGICAL PAPERS AND ESSAYS: (An Asian Sociologist's Testament). By Kewal Motwani. 1957. Published by Ganesh & Co. (Madras) Private Ltd., Madras 17. Pp. viii+212. Price: Rs. 5/-.

THE book under notice discusses some of the fundamental problems of life as viewed by a sociologist. The book has eight chapters in which almost all the main problems have been conveniently compressed. Chapter I sets forth a plea for reorientation of Sociology; Chapter II outlines the American and the Hindu approach to the characteristics and constitution of human nature; Chapter III surveys the impact modern science on the life of the co tries of South Asia. This chapter par cularly is very useful and interesting a student of sociology as it gives overall picture of the social and cult growth and development as also of organization which has run rampant these countries. Chapter IV formul the mission of sociology and sociolo in all seriousness. Specific probl such as those of Crime, Social Welfa Training for Public Administration, a Jurisprudence have all been tack with zeal and lucidity in Chapters V VI, VII and VIII respectively.

Dr. Motwani has toured extensiv has given lectures in the Univers here and abroad; has done the act teaching work of Social Sciences; h read much and also written much. A an impassioned student of Sociolo and as a vehement expounder of hi theories, he has carved out a reput as a colourful Sociologist.

The book under notice contains wealth of information which can profitably availed of by those who ca and wish.

The printing especially is very and the paper used is of good qual

—*Dr. A. S. Gop*

J. KRISHNAMURTI (An Introducti By Kewal Motwani, 1957. Publi by Messrs. Ganesh & Co. (Ma Private Ltd., Madras 17. Pp. xv+ Price not mentioned.

THIS is another readable book Dr. Motwani and is more or less an pendix, so far as J. Krishnamurti is cerned, to his previous bigger styled "Three Great Sages: Sri A bindo, Dr. Annie Besant, J. Kris murti."

The writer, Dr. Motwani is an ad ing devotee of J. Krishnamurti, w also lovingly nicknamed Kris The book, as such, sets forth an as ment of the personality and preach of Krishnaji exclusively from a sonal point of view. Chapter I desc Krishnaji graphically as it pro interesting reading. In matters as

Motwani is at his best. Chapter II es Krishnaji's main teachings and vides profitable reading. Chapter mpts to evaluate the influence of aji's teachings on the world and vides controversial reading. the end there is a Bibliography is useful. Production values are

—*Dr. A. S. Gopani.*

ASYA UPANISHAD. By akshi Dasa. Published by the hor. Copies can be had from: akshi Dasa R. Somasundaram r, Advocate, 10G, Edward Elliot l, Mylapore, Madras. 1956. Pp. plus 4 plus 96 plus 2. Price 3/-.

ook under review is well equipped the sense that it contains besides t, an English translation, exhaustmentary and explanatory notes. gument in bringing out the preition seems to be this that whatmmentaries are there in the marre all either short of laconic or not ntly able to dispel the minutest s of doubt from the minds of the ts regarding the essence of the ngs of this Upanishad. The r claims, and I think rightly, to removed this common drawback g as lucid as possible in his exn of the theme. He has tried to ectively instructive wherever it eeded. In the Introduction, the sion of Saguna and Nirguna Brahs very ably launched and carried h. The author has been successopening up a new vision and in g forth an acceptable interpretaf the basic truth revealed in this had. Meanings given are all strictly and scrupulously on their ives and explanations advanced r their background the author's y grasp of the subject and deep ship. I find that he has nowhere and has nowhere gone out of the The author deserves every comt for this. Price is a little higher e printing and the papers are not d quality.

—*Dr. A. S. Gopani.*

BOOKS RECEIVED

MATERIALISTIC VIA-MEDIAISM. By G. P. Tripathi 'Anal'. Translated by G. S. Sharma. Published by the Rashtra Bhasha Prakashan, Mandhana, Kanpur. Price: As. 8/-.

ABHYASA GEETAMALIKA (in Telugu). By Vaidya G. Y. Sarma. Published by Shree Gita Pracharini Sabha, Champapuram Post (Bangalore Dist.). Price: As. 4/.

ALL-INDIA TOURIST GUIDE (in Tamil). Published by Shri K. V. Arunagiri Mudaliar, Ganapathy Reading Room, 92, Kamakshi Amman Kovil Street, Conjeevaram.

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BHAVAN'S NEWS

ulapati Sri K. M. Munshi along with the members of the German entre of the Bhavan. At the background is seen the statue of ri Mahavishnu recently installed at the Gita Mandir of the Bhavan.

VAN'S GERMAN CENTRE

delegation consisting of six ers of the German Centre of haratiya Vidya Bhavan was ained to tea at the Gita r of the Bhavan on the 22nd st month. The delegation was on a visit to India was d by Mr. Hemorau and included two women also. After touring India from one end of the country to the other, the delegation visited the Bhavan. They were shown round the various departments and their working. The members evinced keen interest in the Indian theatre, dances and music. They were much impressed by the collection of Sanskrit and Indological books in the Library of the Bhavan.

Welcoming the delegation Kulapati Sri K. M. Munshi recalled the long cultural contacts between India and Germany in the field of Sanskrit and Sanskrit literature and expressed the hope that there would be wider exchange of delegations between India and Germany so that the cultural bonds may be strengthened between the two countries

Mr. Hemorau in his reply said that he was greatly impressed by the past achievements of India from his visits to historical sites like Sarnath, Ajanta, Ellora, etc. What started in a casual conversation, he said, had happily ended in its realization. Speaking about his country, Mr. Hemorau said even children were familiar with the name of Mahatma Gandhi. He expressed his gratitude for the invitation extended to him by the Bhavan.

The delegation was presented with a set of "The History and Culture of the Indian People" and a few select titles from the B University and Gandhi Series p lished by the Bhavan.

STATE AWARD

For the second time in suc sion, the Bhavan's Press, the As ciated Advertisers & Printers w given the State Award for ex lence in printing by Rashtrap Rajendra Prasad on the 21st of t month. This was in the all-In competition sponsored by t Ministry of Information & Br casting, Government of India, N Delhi. Dr. A. K. Majum Director of the Delhi Centre of t Bhavan, received the award on b half of the Press.

GITA JAYANTI

The Bhagavad Gita Jayanti w celebrated on Monday, Decem 2, 1957 in the Gita Mandir of t Bhavan. In the morning th was *puja* of Gitacharya and G *parayan*. In the evening M mandaleswar Sri Swami S nanda gave a discourse on t *Gita* before a large and di guished audience.

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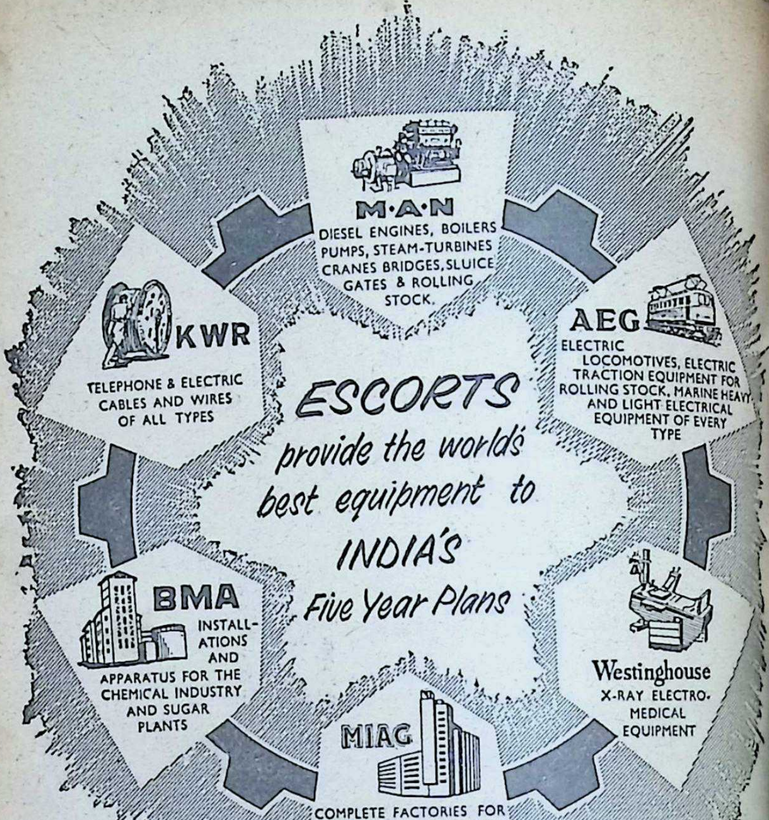
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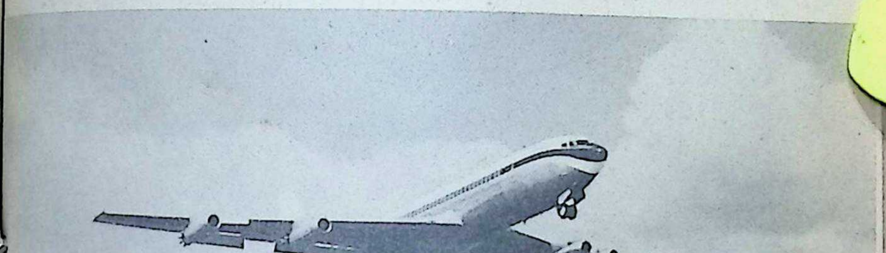

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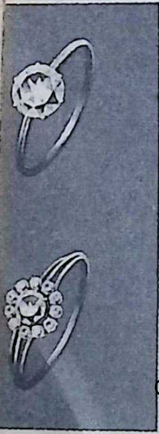

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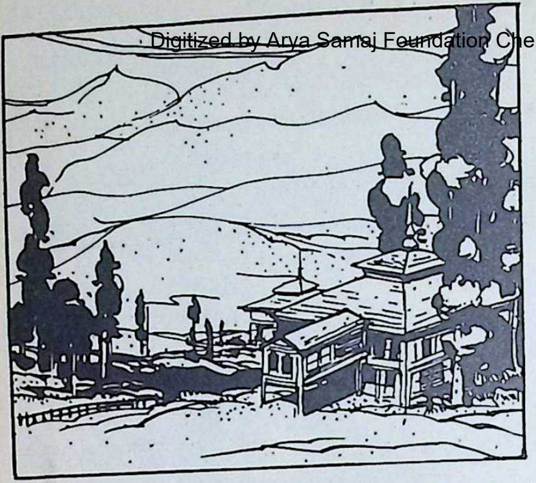

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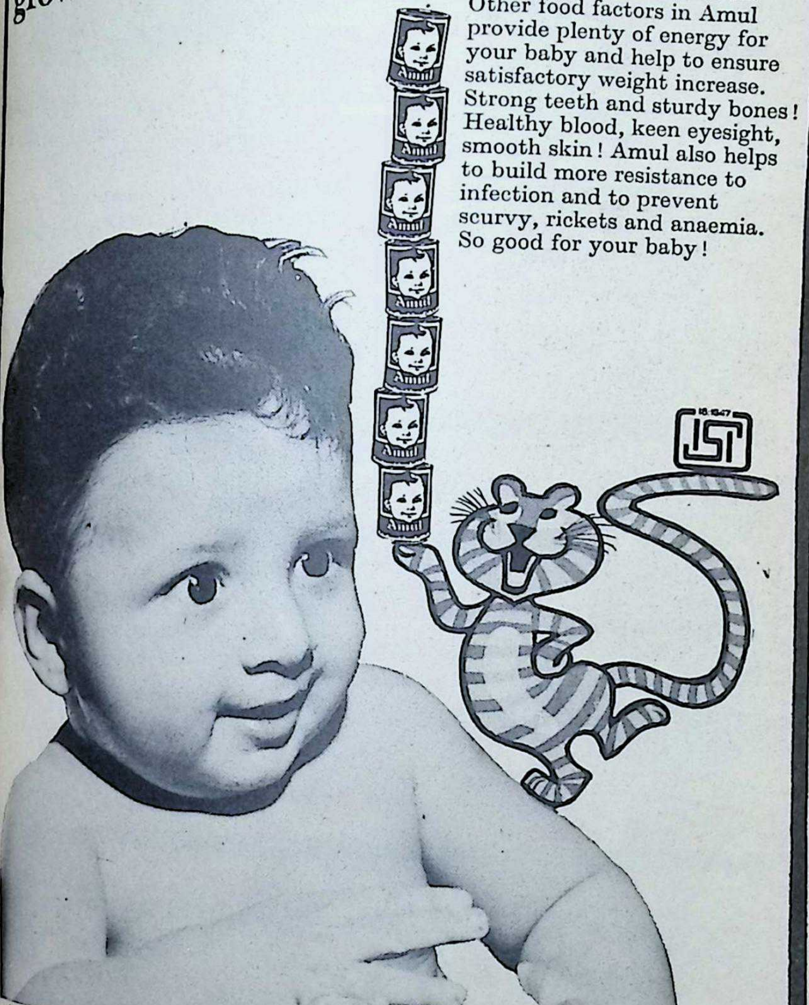

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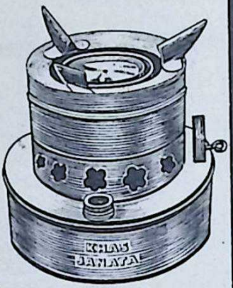

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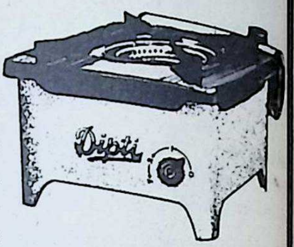

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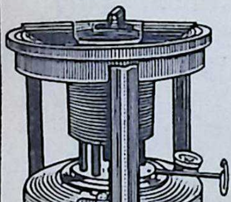

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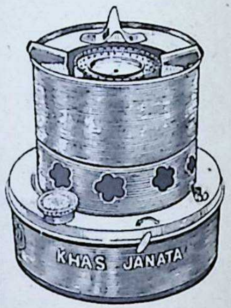

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It Pays to Increase Your Word Power

By Wilfred Funk

Adjectives have been called "the seasoning of words." In the test on adjectives below, tick the word or phrase you believe is *nearest in meaning* to the key word. Answers are on page 12.

(1) banal (bā′ năl; bă nahl′)—A: hostile. B: commonplace. C: forbidden. D: genial.

(2) trenchant (tren′ chănt)—A: incisive. B: greedy. C: temporary. D: swift.

(3) frugal (froo͞′ găl)—A: quiet. B: economical. C: shy. D: generous.

(4) arduous (ar′ dū ŭs)—A: difficult. B: brave. C: fervent. D: sturdy.

(5) nominal (nŏm′ ĭ n'l)—A: entire. B: unnamed. C: too small to be considered. D: believable.

(6) tolerant (tŏl′ er ănt)—A: forbearing. B: irritable. C: weak. D: obstinate.

(7) dubious (dū′ bĭ ŭs)—A: odd. B: humble. C: doubtful. D: timid.

(8) sedentary (sed′ en trĭ)—A: characterized by sitting. B: peaceful. C: formed by deposits of sediment. D: thoughtful.

(9) plebeian (plē bē′ ăn)—A: servile. B: aristocratic. C: cautious. D: common.

(10) benign (bē nīne′)—A: wise. B: angry. C: kindly. D: old.

(11) **obese** (ō bēs′)—A: blunt. B: excessively fat. C: stubborn. D: indelicate.

(12) **lethargic** (lĕ thar′ jik)—A: tough. B: tardy. C: sick. D: drowsy.

(13) **lucrative** (lū′ kră tiv)—A: happy. B: illegally gained. C: highly profitable. D: generous.

(14) **garish** (gair′ ish)—A: beautifully decorated. B: hasty. C: bold. D: unpleasantly gaudy.

(15) **tawny**—A: spotted. B: brownish-yellow. C: unkempt. D: almost black.

(16) **vibrant** (vī′ brănt)—A: quivering. B: beautiful. C: wholesome. D: intelligent.

(17) **rhetorical** (rĕ tŏ′ ri kăl)—A: convincing. B: pleading. C: satirical. D: designed for showy oratorical effect.

(18) **dispassionate** (dis pash′ ŭn ăt)—A: worried. B: showing strong feelings. C: calm. D: amorous.

(19) **definitive** (dē fin′ ĭ tiv)—A: fussy. B: conclusive. C: uncertain. D: critical.

(20) **sagacious** (să gā′ shŭs)—A: excessively grasping or covetous. B: truthful. C: lustful. D: discerning.

(*Now turn to page 12*)

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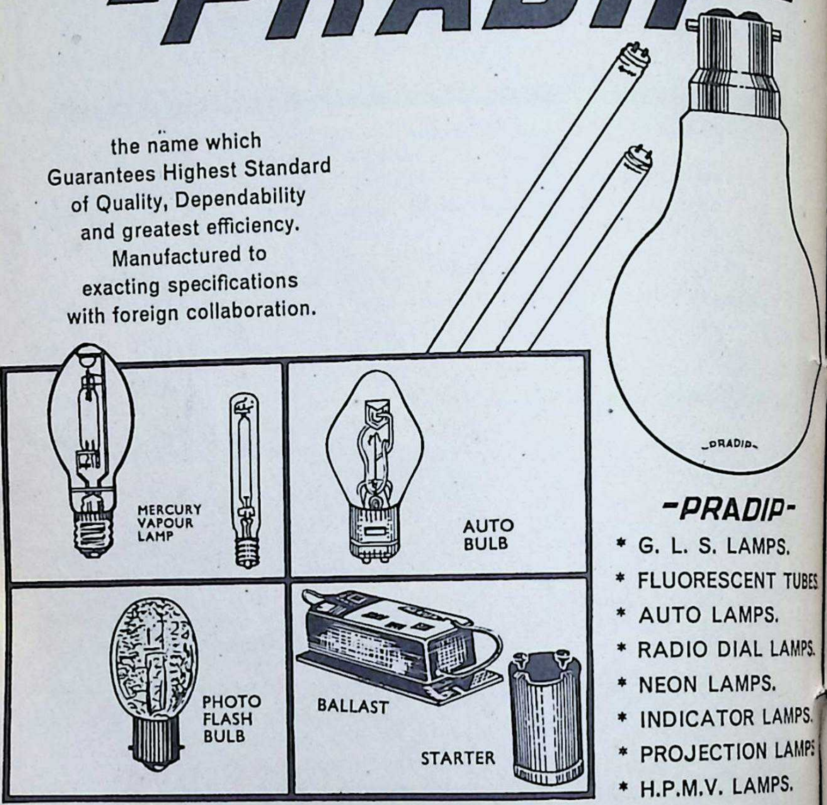
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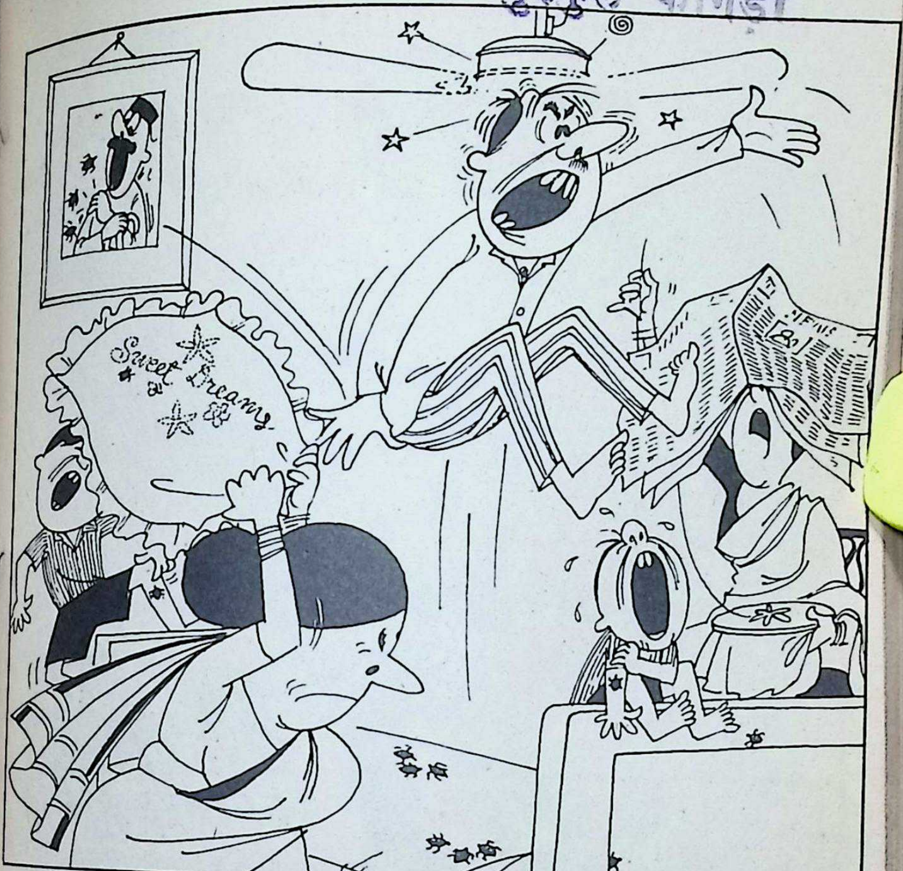
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It Pays to Increase Your Word Power

Answers to the quiz on page 7

(1) **banal**—B: Commonplace; trite; flat; as, a *banal* remark.

(2) **trenchant**—A: Incisive; penetrating; sharp and clear; as, a *trenchant* argument. Also, keen; mentally energetic; as, a *trenchant* critic. Old French *trenchier*, "to cut."

(3) **frugal**—B: Economical; avoiding waste; saving; as, a *frugal* housewife. Latin *frugalis*, from *frugi*, literally, "for fruit"; hence, "careful in the use of food."

(4) **arduous**—A: Difficult; involving great labour or hardship; as, an *arduous* campaign. Latin *arduus*.

(5) **nominal**—C: Too small or slight to be considered; virtually nothing; existing in name only; as, a *nominal* price. Latin *nominalis*, from *nomen*, "name."

(6) **tolerant**—A: Forbearing; indulgent; as, *tolerant* of others' faults. Latin *tolerare*, "to bear up under."

(7) **dubious**—C: Doubtful; uncertain; as, a plan of *dubious* value. Latin *dubiosus*, from *dubium*, "doubt."

(8) **sedentary**—A: Characterized by, or requiring, sitting; as, a *sedentary* job. Also, accustomed to sit much or long; as, a *sedentary* person. Latin *sedentarius*, from *sedere*, "to sit."

(9) **plebeian**—D: Common; inferior; vulgar; pertaining to the common people; as, a *plebeian* custom. Latin *plebeius*, from *plebs*, "the common people."

(10) **benign**—C: Kindly; manifesting kindness and generosity; gentle; as, a *benign* manner. Latin *benignus*.

(11) **obese**—B: Excessively fat; corpulent; as, an *obese* figure. Latin *obesus*, from *obedere*, "to devour."

(12) **lethargic**—D: Drowsy; dull; inactive; as, a *lethargic* audience. Greek *lēthargos*, from *lēthē*, "forgetfulness."

(13) **lucrative**—C: Highly profitable; productive of wealth; as, a *lucrative* business. Latin *lucrativus*, from *lucrum*, "gain."

(14) **garish**—D: Unpleasantly gaudy; showy; flashy; as, a *garish* costume.

(15) **tawny**—B: Brownish-yellow; of the colour of things tanned; as, a *tawny* coat. Old French *tanner*, "to tan."

(16) **vibrant**—A: Quivering; vibrating; thrilling with; as, *vibrant* tones. Latin *vibrare*, "to vibrate."

(17) **rhetorical**—D: Designed for showy oratorical effect; artificial; as, a speech punctuated by *rhetorical* flights. Greek *rhētōr*, "orator."

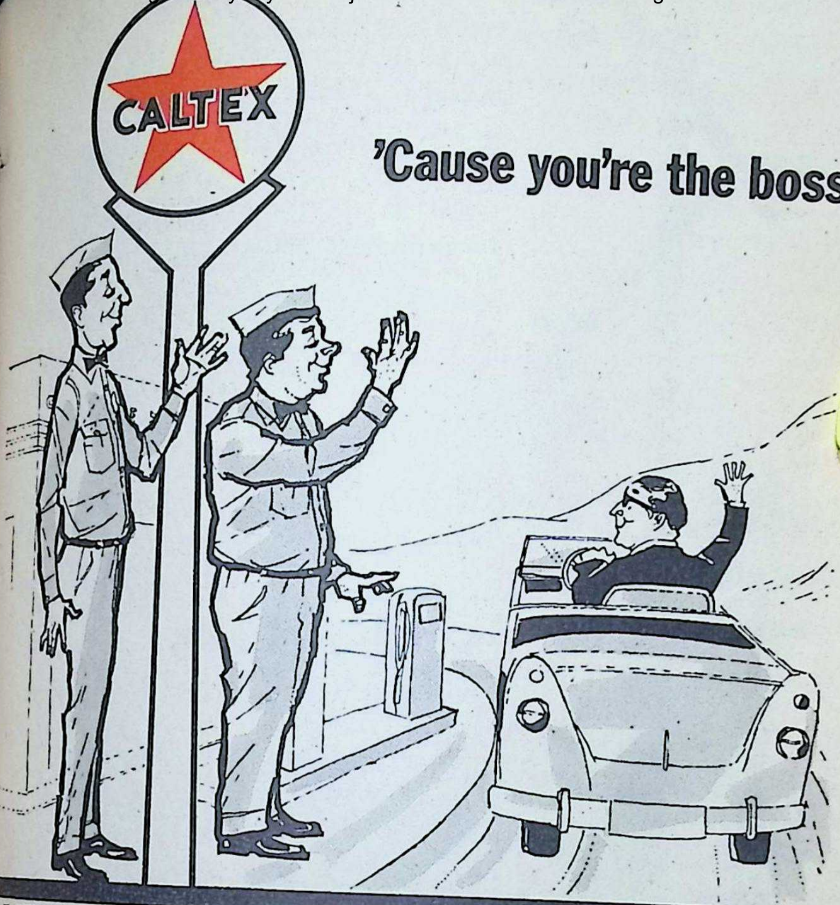
(18) **dispassionate**—C: Calm; unbiased; impartial; as, a *dispassionate* analysis. English prefix *dis-*, "contrary to," and Medieval Latin *passionatus*, "subject to excitement."

(19) **definitive**—B: Conclusive; sharply defined; final; complete; as, a *definitive* biography. Latin *definitivus*, "explanatory."

(20) **sagacious**—D: Discerning; farsighted in judgement; keenly perceptive; shrewd; as, a *sagacious* parent. Latin *sagax*.

Vocabulary Ratings

20 correct......................excellent
19–18 correct....................good
17–16 correct....................fair



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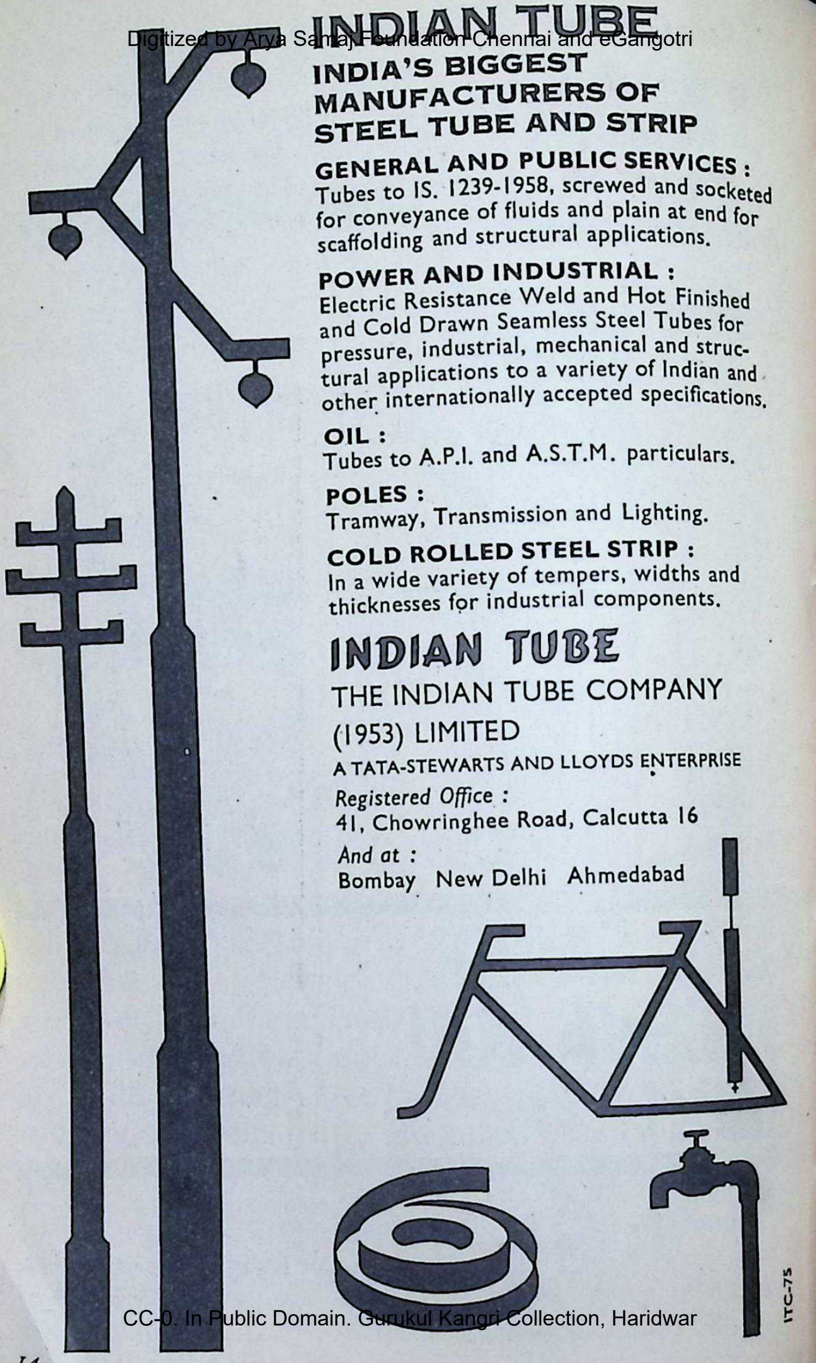

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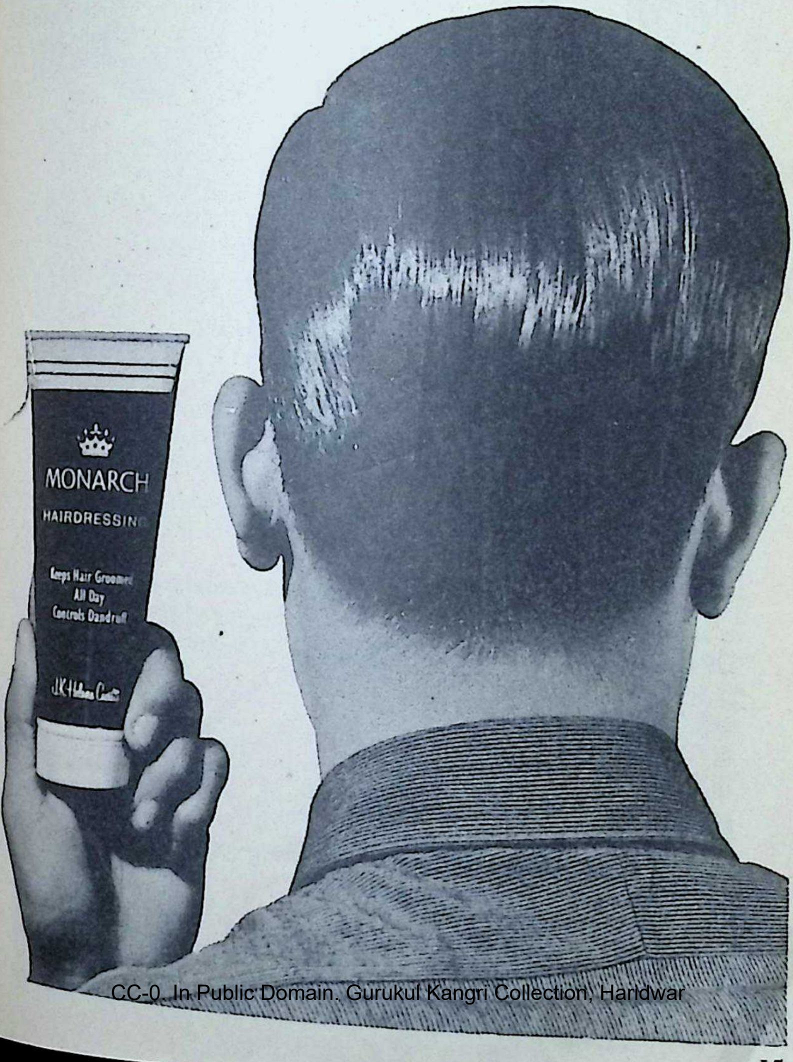
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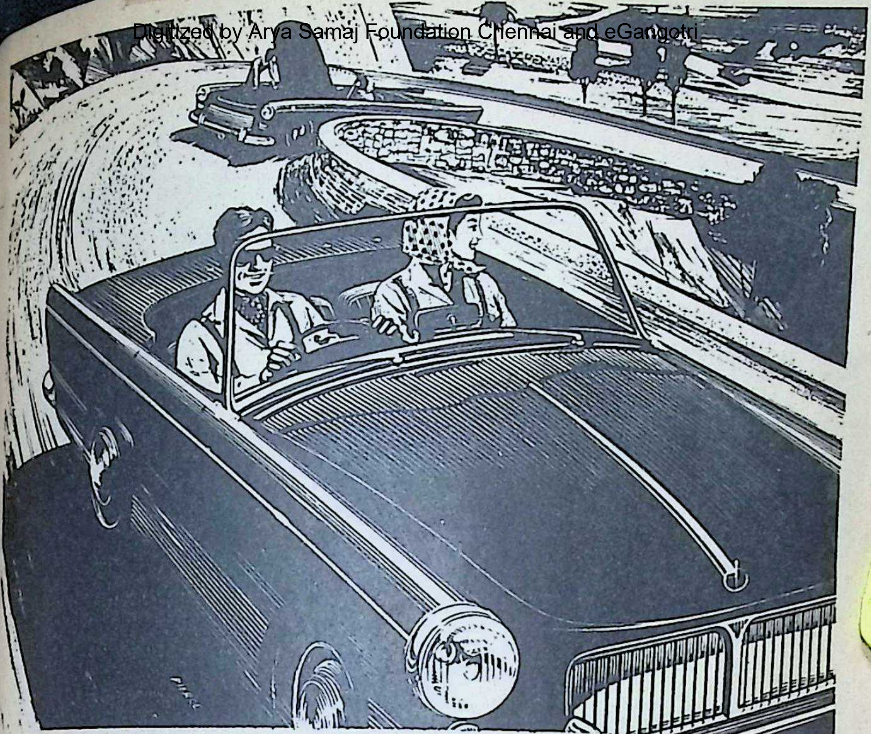

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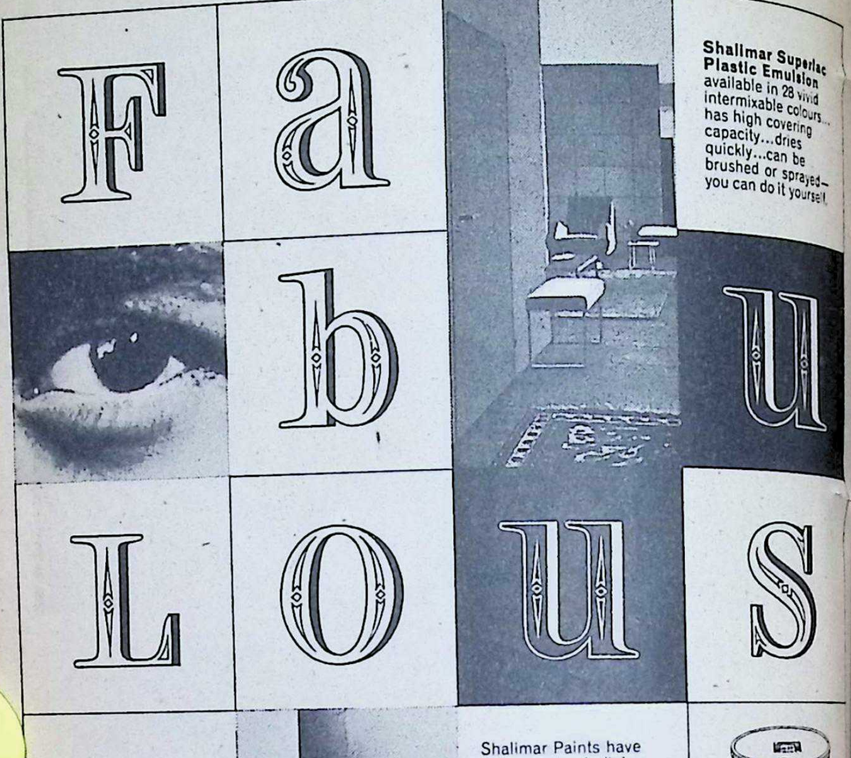

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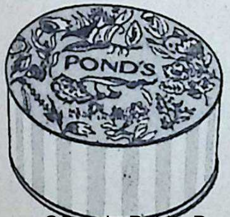

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LIFE'S LIKE THAT

On the farm where we grew up, Hallowe'en was the best evening of the year. We ten children would get together with the local teenagers to build a bonfire, roast marshmallows and later play tricks on everyone. After one such evening of frivolities, we left the last of the group at their home. No sooner were they inside than we thought up one last prank: very stealthily, we took the biggest logs from their woodpile and stacked them against the doors of their house.

The next morning their father telephoned our father. "If you'll send your children over to unbarricade the doors," he said, "I'll send mine over to undo whatever they did to your place."

Over we went, and under Dad's watchful eye we moved all the logs back to the woodpile. As the family came out, grinning, Dad asked, "How did you know it was my kids?"

"Easy," the man replied, "I phoned several other families with the same proposal. Yours was the only one to show up."

—Dorothy Brawders

I was standing in front of a young woman on a train who kept looking anxiously at her wrist watch. She held it up to first one ear, then the other. After that she shook it and went through the listening process again. The man sitting next to her reached down into a black bag between his feet, pulled out a stethoscope, put it on his ears and placed the end of it on her watch.

"Madam," he said authoritatively, "that watch is *not* going."

—J. P.

Most fathers of large families would show some dismay at hearing that another child was due. But this was not true of my brother-in-law. When my sister announced that their ninth child would be born in May, he exclaimed, "Good! We haven't got one for that month."

—Mrs. Roy Robinson

Just before our cruise ship left Hawaii, a native in an orange shirt came aboard to sell us leis. He emphasized to each buyer the importance of throwing the lei overboard as the ship passed Diamond Head. The legend went, he said, that if the leis washed back to the shore we, also, would one day return. As we sailed away, I took a final look at the beach through my binoculars. There I saw an orange-clad figure in a small boat busily gathering fresh, re-usable flowers from the water.

—J. K.

In the mornings, I'm apt to be sleepy and grumpy. My husband is just the opposite. He springs out of bed, sings in the bath and babbles to me over breakfast. Once, exasperated, I exclaimed, "How *can* you be so happy?"

He replied brightly, "Because, so far, nothing's gone wrong with my day."

—Bernice Howard

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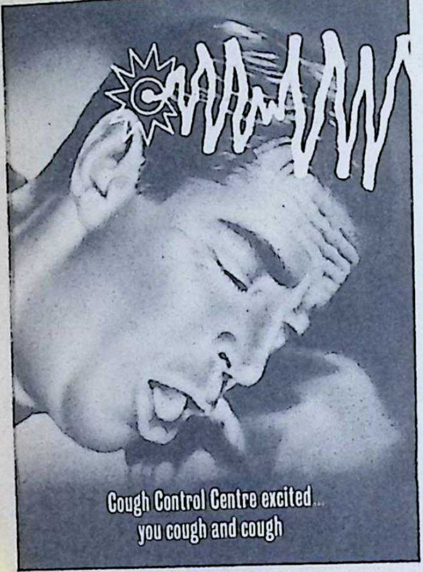

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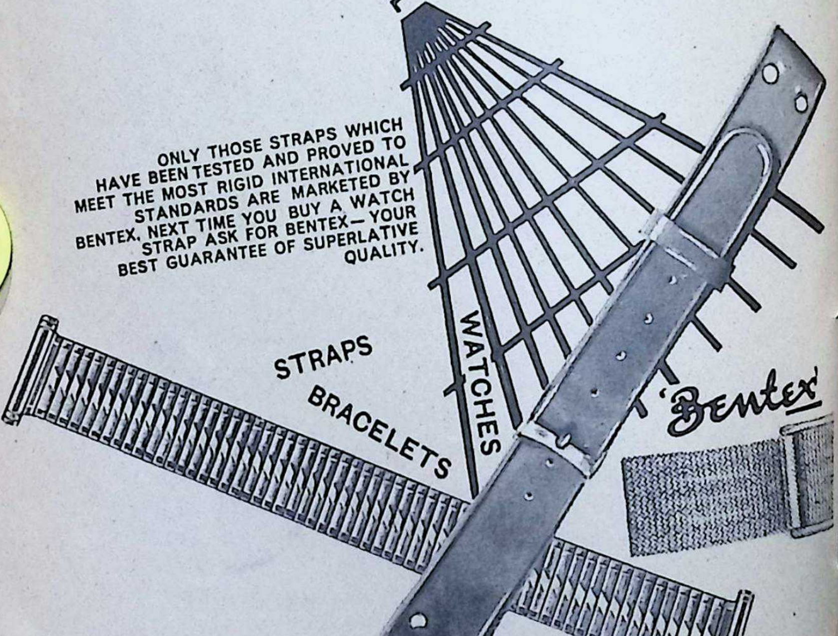

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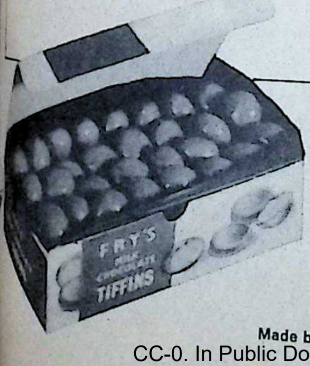
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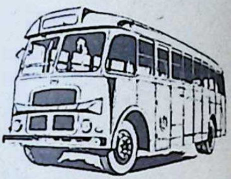

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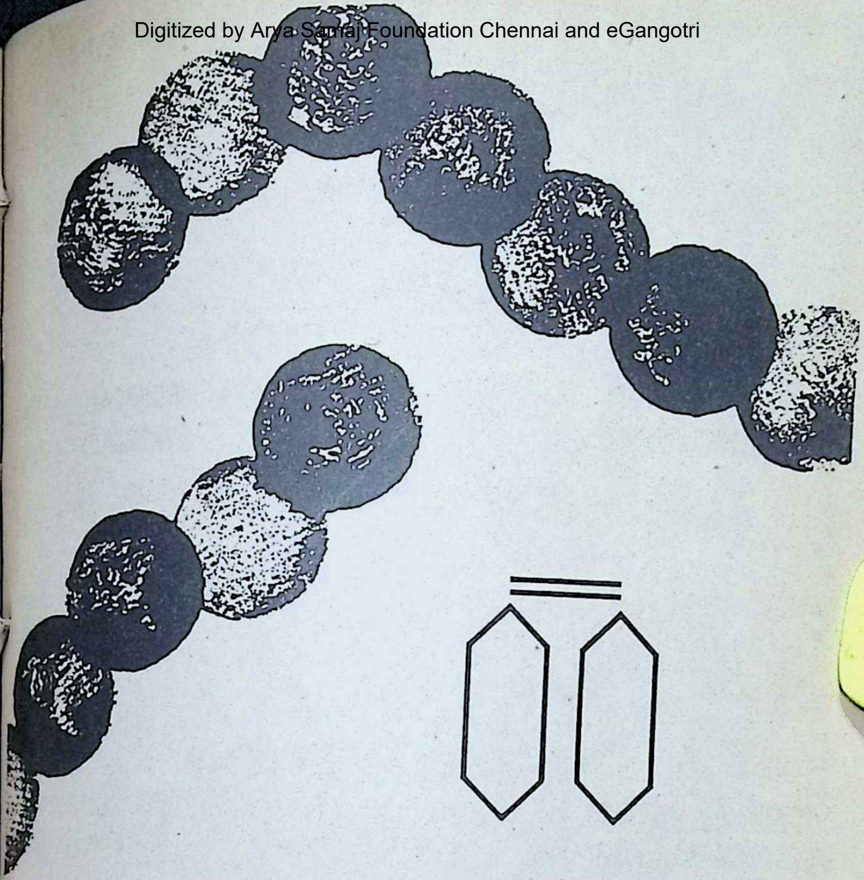

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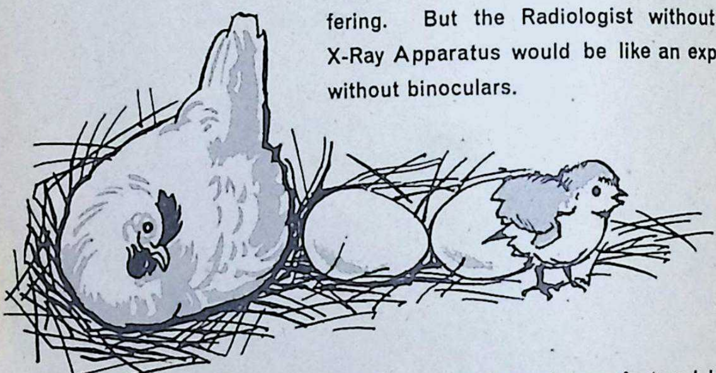

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Laughter THE BEST MEDICINE

THE LADIES of the harem were seated one evening upon a gorgeous Persian rug, spinning a wheel of chance on which their names had been given numbers. Round and round it went, with excitement growing by the minute.

When it finally stopped, they all shrieked in unison, "It's Fatima again tonight—the third time in a row. Poor Fatima!" They shook their heads sadly as Fatima rose to her feet and dragged herself slowly between the velvet curtains that enclosed the room.

"I'd hate to be that poor girl," said Zorinda. "Three times in a row she's had to wash the dishes." —S. B.

AT A WASHINGTON dinner, President Johnson told a group of top business leaders that he planned to treat them all fairly—like the story of the gambler who said, "No cheating now. I want you to play these cards straight—because I know what I dealt."

—Leonard Lyons

SIR—I am reminded of the temporary civil servant who was put on the established staff. Overjoyed, he broke the glad news to his wife, who, woman-like, asked what pay increase was involved. When told that the pay was precisely the same, she exclaimed, "Oh, that's ridiculous! We're living in poverty *now.*" "I know," replied the lucky fellow, "but, thank God, it's permanent!"

—W. H. T. Porter,
in a letter to *The Times*, London

A DENTIST WAS urged by his wife to collect a long overdue bill owed by a well-to-do patient. "Why don't you just drop in on him," she suggested, "and diplomatically ask for part of the bill?"

The dentist said he would, and finally did. When he got home that night, his wife asked him, "Did that man pay his bill?"

"Not a penny," admitted the dentist. "Worse still, he insulted me, yelled at me and even gnashed my teeth at me!" —L. S.

THE STORY is now going round about the factory worker who refused to join a group insurance scheme. No policy could be issued until all employees signed, but he held out stubbornly.

The foreman begged him to sign; the shop steward pleaded with him; the factory manager asked him. Still, no go.

Finally, the owner of the factory took him aside and said, "Listen, you idiot. Unless you sign, I'll fire you."

The worker grabbed the paper and signed immediately. "Now," asked the owner, "why didn't you sign this thing before?" "Because," the man replied, "no one explained it as clearly as you."

—Matty Simmons

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ecently Nichrome Engineers signed, fabricated and erected giant Defence Factory Project vering an area of 400,000 sq. in a record time of seven nths. They have a number of other projects to their credit and their proficiency in the field of erection and electrification of entire sugar mill machinery and plants is well-known. Boiler erection of sugar plants is their speciality. Of late Nichrome has also entered into civil constructions.

It is interesting to note that Nichrome manufacture steel windows, rolling shutters, steel doors, steel tanks for storage, and steel chimneys too. They also have plans to expand their manufacturing line and with this in view they have acquired land in the Chinchwad Industrial Area.

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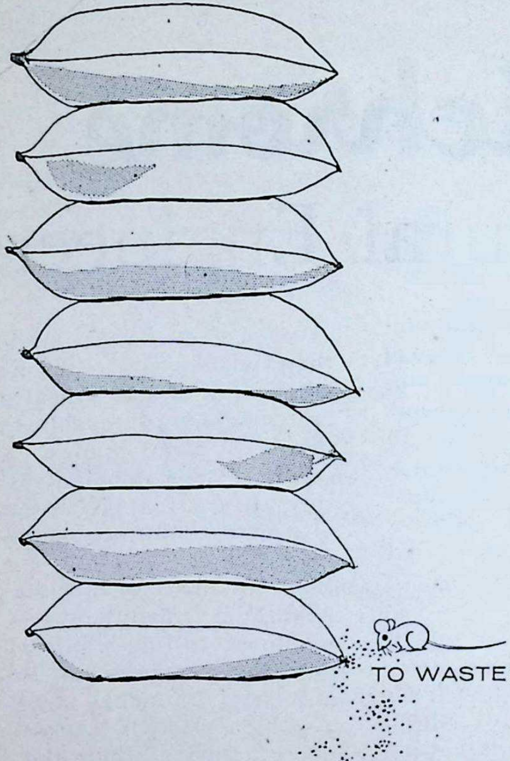
MORE
FOOD



We must grow more food. Certainly. But food which cannot be marketed speedily and cheaply is food wasted. The Indian Roads and Transport Development Association have frequently drawn attention to the fact that at present farmers throughout the country are prevented from marketing a great deal of perishable foodstuffs owing to the lack of cheap transport, and the absence of vital link roads drawing town and country together. Many more roads are required to connect the rural areas effectively with major marketing centres.

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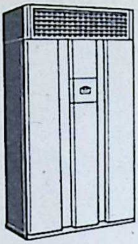

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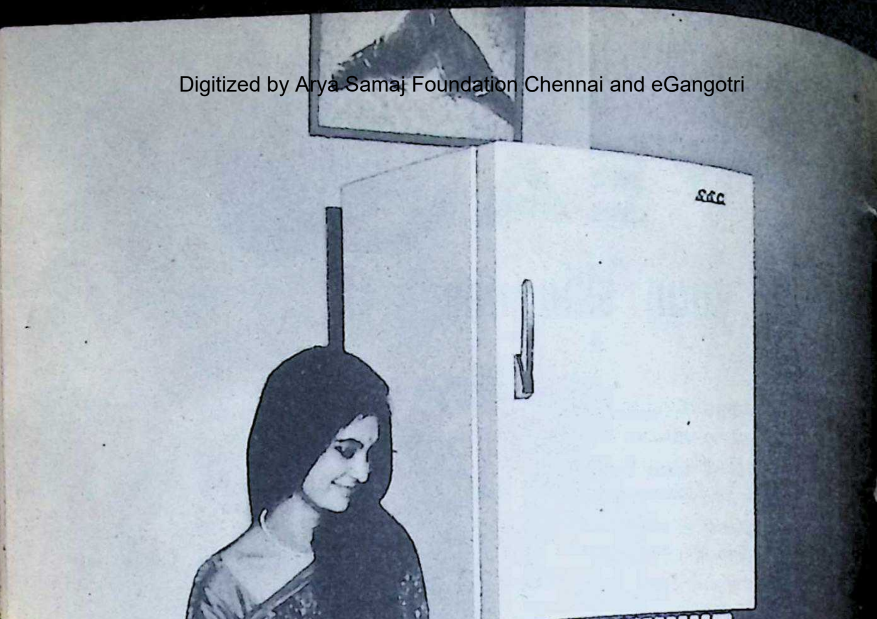

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The
Reader's Digest
VOLUME 85
NOVEMBER 1964

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Thailand's Wonderful Dr. Pierra

A pioneer in the world of medicine, she used her heart to change her country's mind

By J. D. Ratcliff

THE SAMPAN slipped noiselessly over the lily-dotted tropical river in rural Thailand. Beside me sat a slip of a woman—less than five feet tall, weighing perhaps seven stone—yet the mother, by adoption, of 689 children. My companion was Dr. Pierra Vejjabul, by any standards one of the world's most remarkable women.

To become Thailand's first woman doctor, she fought a battle that would have crushed a lesser spirit. Her life has been a continuous battle: against legalized prostitution, plural marriage and the venereal disease rotting her country.

All around her in easygoing Thailand she saw the tragedy of illegitimacy—children unloved, destined later to answer hostility with hostility. If no one else wanted these hapless waifs, she would take them. The first of those she adopted is now finishing his medical education in Paris. Others are at college in Australia and Thailand; hundreds have had secondary education.

That day, Dr. Pierra and I visited one of her pet projects: a rehabilitation centre for prostitutes. Later we returned to Bangkok and sat on the sagging porch of her yellow stucco house. Paint peeled from faded green shutters; the garden was a weedy wilderness shaded by mango trees. This was "home" for 80 children, the youngest two weeks old, the oldest a pretty 17-year-old girl who will go to university next year.

Dr. Pierra sensed what I was thinking. She smiled with her light brown face and her dark brown eyes. "It isn't very pretty, is it?" she said. "But I need every penny to feed, clothe and educate these children. Some things are more important than paint and flowers."

She was born Pierra Hoon in 1909, only child of the third wife of a wealthy teak merchant. She received her education from French nuns. When she was 15 her mother became gravely ill, and did not respond to the herbs and incantations of a Thai doctor. As a last resort, a doctor from the Pasteur Institute who happened to be in Bangkok was summoned. In a few moments he made a diagnosis and prescribed treatment. The mother recovered rapidly.

If scientific medicine could work such wonders, Pierra decided, she would be a doctor. She knew, of course, that Thailand—Siam then—had never had a woman doctor. Even the most fortunate girls received no education beyond the age of 16, when they were married to husbands their fathers chose.

At 16, Pierra approached her father with her plans. Inevitably, an explosion occurred. A husband had been selected for her, he said, and that closed the matter. One day she heard that a school friend, a member of the Thai royal family, was going with her parents on a three-month trip through Europe. The girl told Pierra how she loathed the nursemaid who was going with them to care for her younger brother.

Pierra saw her opportunity. Could *she* get the job? The youthful conspirators set to work, and in the end won their parents' consent. When her companion's family returned home, Pierra, as she had planned, remained in Paris.

Now began for the penniless, friendless young girl a seemingly endless struggle. Her French was halting, her qualifications for any job almost nil. It took her five years to gain a degree, and then she entered the medical school at the University of Paris. There she scrubbed floors, washed dishes, cleaned students' rooms—took any job that would bring in a few precious francs. Fearing that her father would find her and force her to return to Siam, she avoided all contact with her countrymen. It was a hard, lonely life. But in 1936 she became Dr. Pierra Hoon, and at last she returned home.

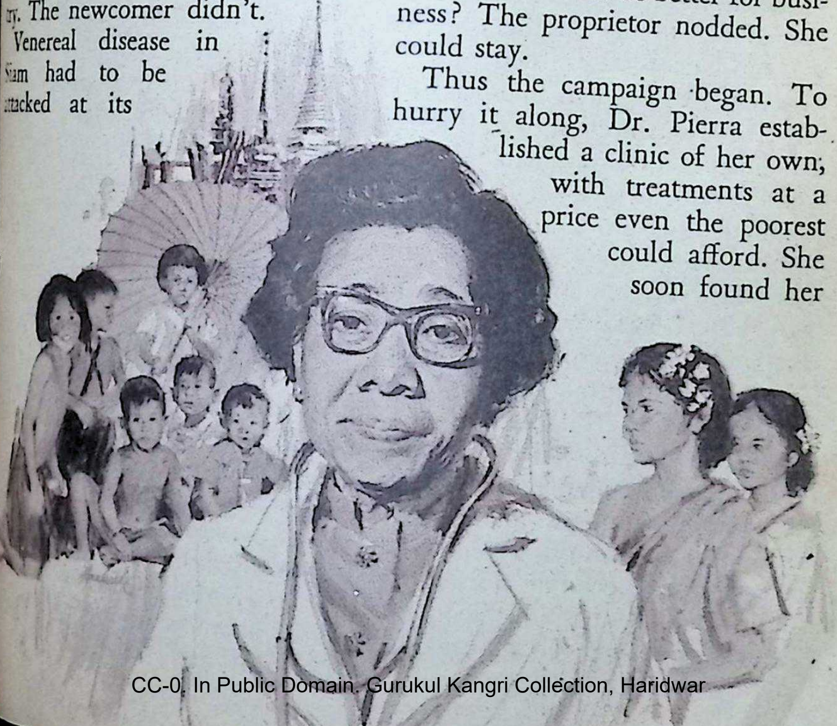
She felt that she would now have little difficulty in getting an appointment at Siriraj Medical School. It didn't work out like that; hostility to women doctors remained as strong as ever. Next she applied to the Public Health Service. Officials there decided that they would get rid of this gadfly once and for all: they offered her a job in the country's only venereal-disease clinic at Rs. 85 a week. Dr. Pierra accepted with alacrity.

A grim spectacle awaited her: babies blinded by parental folly, a seemingly endless parade of men and women crippled or mentally deranged by syphilis. Other doctors accepted this as the natural order of things for their country. The newcomer didn't.

Venereal disease in Siam had to be attacked at its source, Dr. Pierra decided. One prostitute might be responsible for hundreds of cases of venereal disease, and there were 10,000 licensed prostitutes in Bangkok alone. If girls wouldn't come to the clinic when their disease was in the early, curable stages, then she would go to them.

Armed only with a little black bag of medicine, Dr. Pierra marched into one of Bangkok's most notorious brothels. The proprietor threw her out. Much the same thing happened at a second, third, fourth and fifth brothel; most people would have given up. But Dr. Pierra marched into a sixth and started talking fast. Wouldn't a disease-free house be better for business? The proprietor nodded. She could stay.

Thus the campaign began. To hurry it along, Dr. Pierra established a clinic of her own, with treatments at a price even the poorest could afford. She soon found her



salary insufficient to support her activities, and set up a small private practice in gynaecology and obstetrics.

One day in 1938 an unsigned note was delivered to her office. Would she meet the writer at 4 p.m. at a certain street corner? There was such a tone of frantic pleading that Dr. Pierra decided to go. Arriving 20 minutes late, she found no one at the corner. But ten minutes later a girl rushed up and poured out a familiar story: she was pregnant, and the boy wouldn't marry her. She had hoped that Dr. Pierra would perform an abortion. Since the doctor hadn't appeared at 4 o'clock, the girl had taken poison. Now she wanted to live. Dr. Pierra rushed her to the hospital, but it was too late. The girl died.

Several weeks later, another girl asked for an abortion. Dr. Pierra explained that no respectable doctor would perform such an operation. But if the girl was shunned by her family, why didn't she move in with Dr. Pierra and await the baby? Dr. Pierra would adopt it legally. Then the child would have a name—Dr. Pierra Hoon's name. Gratefully, the girl agreed.

Quietly, word spread that a helping hand was being held out to girls who before had always faced ostracism. Girls awaiting their babies received the best possible training in infant care and nutrition. Soon Dr. Pierra's rambling old house was bursting with little Hoons.

Dr. Pierra's angry father summoned her. Wasn't it enough that she had besmirched the family name by running away from home? Did she now intend to give the family's honourable name to every illegitimate child in the country? Dr. Pierra decided that her father was right. She solved the problem by changing her own name to Pierra Vejjabul.

Little Vejjabuls began arriving at the rate of one every two weeks. Somehow, some of the children would have to be moved out to make room for others. Using all her persuasive power, Dr. Pierra prevailed on unmarried mothers and fathers to visit their children. Many did—and melted. Girls readopted their own babies. Scores of reluctant fathers decided that life with the child and mother wouldn't be so bad after all. Dr. Pierra has lost track of the number of marriages that have taken place.

Money is an ever-present problem; Dr. Pierra's bank account always hovers uncomfortably close to zero. The Rs. 57,000 a year needed to support her family consumes the entire income from her private practice, plus her salary from the health service. Gifts from well-wishers help make up the deficit.

For 25 years she has badgered her government not only to treat prostitutes for venereal disease but also to rehabilitate them. And what about stamping out legalized prostitution? Slowly, change in centuries-old customs began; and three years ago legalized prostitution was ended.

Dr. Pierra then outlined a plan to keep prostitutes from going back to their old trade. Since most were illiterate farm girls who knew no other way to make a living in the city, they should be taught a trade and how to read and write. Reluctantly, government officials earmarked funds to try out the idea.

I visited the first of these rehabilitation centres. The 270 girls there devote half a day to manual work, such as filling in garden land to lift it above monsoon flood-levels. The rest of the day is spent in classrooms, learning reading and writing, and an assortment of trades. When products of her work are sold, a girl keeps 70 per cent of the proceeds, to be used on leaving. The best available figures indicate that only about one girl in 20 now goes back to prostitution.

The door to medical education, once tightly closed to Thai women, has been pushed open by Dr. Pierra. Today there are 600 women doctors in Thailand and another 200 in training. A country once hostile to her ideas about care for unwanted babies now gives enthusiastic support.

Not long ago, a sleek new nursery for the Pierra Maternal and Child Welfare Foundation was completed, with friends and the Thai Government contributing Rs. 1·6 lakhs for its construction. Eighty children can now be accommodated. Soon the rickety old yellow stucco building will be pulled down.

The world has honoured Dr. Pierra for a lifetime of fighting battles shunned by others. France has awarded her the Legion of Honour; Thailand, the Most Exalted Order of the White Elephant; the United States, the Albert Einstein Medical College Spirit of Achievement Award. Despite these honours, the high point of Dr. Pierra's life comes each year on January 1, in Thailand the traditional day for the young to visit parents and grandparents. Scores of her children return bearing gifts, in touching homage to the tiny woman who gave them their chance in life.

Condensed from Christian Herald

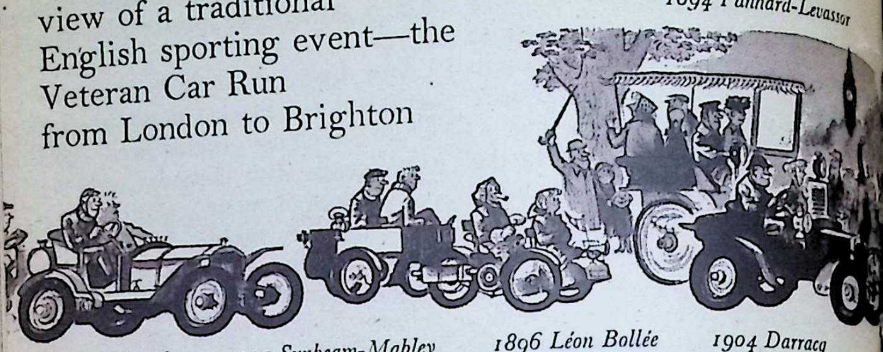
Let There Be Light

A VICAR's sermon featured a complicated interpretation of the writings of an Old Testament prophet. The vicar struggled through its ramifications and finished with great satisfaction. Then he asked the congregation to request the final hymn.

A woman raised her hand and suggested: "Some Day He Will Make It Plain to Me."

—N. S.

An onlooker takes a goggle-eyed view of a traditional English sporting event—the Veteran Car Run from London to Brighton



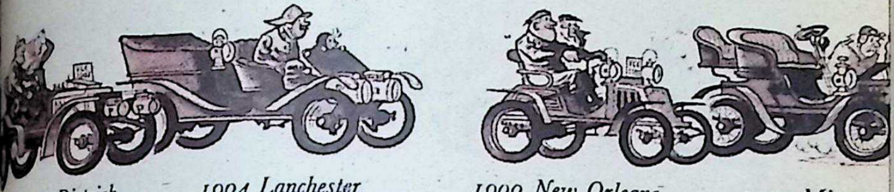
Chugging Down the Old Crocks Road

IT WAS A typical November morning in London with the wind blowing in leaf-rattling gusts and the sun flickering on and off like a loose light fixture. In Hyde Park, as thousands of spectators cheered, 250 veteran cars (none younger than 58 years) lined up in groups of six and bucketed off hopefully towards Brighton, 53 miles away.

They chugged, panted, gasped, pounded or hissed past cheering crowds along the route. Outside pubs—the King William IV in Streatham, the Plough, the Feathers—men raised their glasses in a salute.

At Redhill a girl tossed a flower to a driver sporting a deerstalker cap and cavalry moustache; he responded by blowing her

By James Stewart-Gordon



1902 De Dietrich 1904 Lanchester 1900 New Orleans 1904 Minerva

a kiss and almost wrecking his car. First to cross the finishing line, almost three hours after he had started, was Maurice Davenport, a Cheshire doll's-eyelash manufacturer, driving a 1901 Progress. He got a firm handclasp from the mayor. The last car to finish, a 1900 Enfield Quad, chugged in five hours later, and its driver, R. C. Warne, got the same warm reward.

The drivers, all otherwise normal males gone faintly mad in the best British tradition, were participants in the London-to-Brighton Veteran Car Run which commemorates the original event of 68 years ago. Sponsored by the Royal Automobile Club, the run takes place on the first Sunday in November. It is not a race, the entire object being only to get to the end of the line. All the cars that finish before 4 p.m. get a gold-plated medal inscribed "Awarded by the Royal Automobile Club for Punctual Arrival in Brighton." But the perils of the course are enough to make strong men cry in the night.

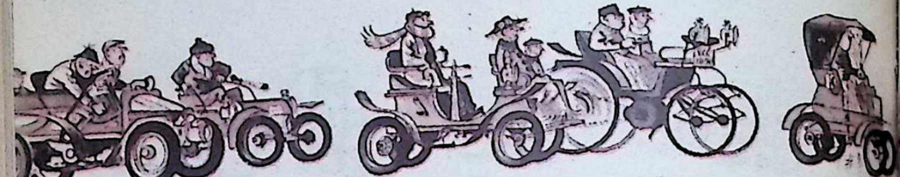
In order to qualify for the run, cars must have been built before 1905, and time has not held its hand from these gallant old crocks. Significant parts have a way of dropping out on the road. Tyres, some as soft as heirloom linen, are likely to go off pop. And, all old cars being female (their owners refer to them by such girlish Victorian sobriquets as Maude, Dora and Emma), they are a skittish, wilful, capricious lot.

When one of the old ladies came to a halt during the run and refused to budge, her owner leaped to the ground, twirled the crank, advanced the spark, rotated something mysterious on her curved dashboard and cranked again. Nothing kept on happening. So he turned to the gawking crowd and asked, "Would you turn your backs, please? She's a bit shy." Obediently everyone looked elsewhere, and the old crock at once spluttered into feeble life and banged along on her way.

If starting these veterans calls for skill, so does stopping them. As one owner told me, "They were not designed to stop on a sixpence. Like the ladies of their time, they were intended to glide to a halt."

The route is filled with traffic.

Onlookers not only line the road, they get into their own cars and drive along with the procession, swooping in and out, shouting encouragement and blowing wild flourishes on their horns.



1903 Wolseley *1904 Oldsmobile* *1901 De Dion Bouton* *1896 Lutzmann* *1902 Baker Electri*

The run has its ups and downs, and what to a modern car is a gentle slope may be a titanic test to a three-horse-power ancient. If getting up is bad, getting down may be even worse. Philip Fotheringham-Parker, onetime racing driver and a veteran-car devotee, on one occasion managed to get his car up the slope of Salford Hill, took a look down the other side and called for a derrick to lower his 1898 horseless carriage on a towrope.

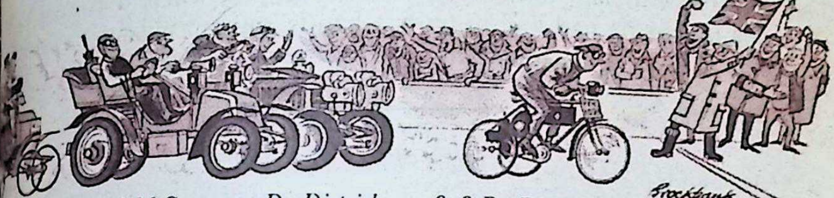
Then there is the weather. November is not a balmy month in Britain, and the old crocks are without such effete refinements as windscreens or roofs. Drivers wrap themselves, mummylike, in layers of clothing, while their accompanying ladies, infected with the magic of nostalgia, are brave in tippets, Dolly Varden hats, veils and similar old-fashioned furbelows.

Despite its inconveniences, the run to Brighton has become a cherished event, a legend. Each year cars and drivers come from all over the world to make the run and—if lucky—to sweep proudly along the parade at Brighton bearing their nation's flag. The Royal Automobile Club has had to limit the entry to the first 250 applicants who send in the one-guinea entry fee and proof that their cars were built before 1905.

Old cars have been divided into three classes: "veteran," built before 1905; "Edwardian," built between 1905 and 1918; and "vintage," dating from 1919 to 1930. Any veteran *certifiably* built before New Year's Day 1905, is worth about twice as much—up to £5,000 (Rs. 66,500)—as its twin built the day after.

The entry committee for the Brighton Run examines each car to make sure that nothing out of character has been added. While it is permissible to replace a worn-out or missing part with one made exactly like it, the committee tolerates no fiddling or borrowing of parts from another car. Many a hope of making the run has been dashed at the last moment by the rejection of such a "reconstruction."

The run had its beginnings in 1896. Up to that year, horseless-carriage enthusiasts, still governed



1899 M.M.C 1902 De Dietrich 1898 De Dion Bouton tricycle

y The Locomotives on Highways ct, were forced to hold their snort- g monsters to four m.p.h. while a et-footed varlet ran ahead with a d flag to warn gentler users of the blic roads.

Bringing pressure to bear on Par- ment, Lord Winchilsea and his omotive junta got the law anged on November 14, 1896, own ever since as Emancipation y. The new law permitted speed- zed enthusiasts to go up to 12 es an hour.

Lord Winchilsea gave a breakfast the Metropole Hotel in London elebrate. First he gave a blazing ech. Then he raised a red flag, bol of past repression, and tore down the middle. This was the al for the company to dash out man their motor-cars. Of the 58 who had pledged to make the to Brighton, about 39 managed t their cars under way, and 13 finished the course within the time limit.

All along the way they were greeted by roaring crowds, thrown bouquets, and signs like "Reigate Welcomes Progress" and "Success to the Motor-car." In Brighton itself they were greeted by a huge banner which said: "Centuries look back upon this your immortal ride." Then it was speeches and champagne the whole night through.

The run was repeated three years later, then dropped as cars became more commonplace. In 1927 the *Sunday Graphic* and *Daily Sketch* revived the "Old Crocks' Run" as a joke. Except for the war years, it has been growing in popularity ever since.

Each car is entitled to carry passengers, and seemingly everyone wants to take part—society beauties, television personalities, wives, girl friends. But, romantic as old-car men inevitably are, their greatest affection tends to be fastened on their cars. Thus girls asked to make the Brighton Run by bachelor friends may be watched closely for clues regarding their fitness as mates. The bachelor will ask himself not if she can cook and wash up, but, "If we get stuck, will she push while I steer?"

In a pub after a recent London-to-Brighton, I asked a man in a Sherlock Holmes cape why he had made the run. His car had broken down near the finish; he had had to push it; he had been drenched by rain. He started to answer when a lovely blonde came into the room, put her arms round him and, her eyes shining, gave him a kiss.

"Arthur," she said, "you were *wonderful!*"

I paid for my beer and left, wondering just where I could lay my hands on an old car. One built before 1905, that is.

What's That Again?

"Ability to distinguish basic colours without the use of a hearing aid is required." —From a description of the physical requirements for a civil-service job at a U.S. Naval Air Station

"A story of passion, bloodshed, desire and death—everything, in fact, that makes life worth living." —From an advertisement for a recent film

"These retailers know that good beef is one of the best magnets for drawing customers into their shops, and they're not sparing the horses to get it." —From *The Farmer's Digest*

"Report Small Babies Caused by Smoking."

—Headline in Three Rivers, Michigan, *Commercial*

* * *

Anything to Declare?

George Allen describes dining at an American friend's home where one of the guests was a visitor from England.

"When darkness came, the Englishman was fascinated by the twinkling display put on by the lightning bugs* and asked whether it would be possible to transplant some of them to his place in Surrey. Since nobody at the party was familiar with the requirements of the lightning bug, we referred the Englishman to the U.S. Department of Agriculture. There, the next day, after a long hunt through endless corridors, he found the office of the department's lightning-bug expert, who gave him a two-hour discourse on the ways of the flashy insect. At the end of the lecture, the visitor thanked his instructor profusely for the enlightenment.

"'But you must not thank me,' the expert protested. 'Permit me to thank you. I've been here for 35 years studying lightning bugs, and this is the first time anybody has ever asked me anything about them.'"

—*Presidents Who Have Known Me*

* Fireflies

Thank You, William Shakespeare *for saying it first!*

By Guy Wright

I DOUBT if there's anyone reading this who goes through a normal 's conversation without quoting kespeare. Once in a while we lize we're doing this, but most the time we lift his lines to son our speech and sharpen our nions without the slightest ght of the source.*

When you call a man a "rotten e," a "blinking idiot" or a "pop-" ... When you say he "bears armed life" or is "hoist with his petard" . . . When you pro-m him "a man of few words" . . . When you speak of "cold com-," "grim necessity," "bag and ggage," the "mind's eye," "hold- your tongue," "suiting the ac- to the words" . . . When you r to your "salad days" or "heart hearts" . . . When you deplore beginning of the end," "life's ertain voyage" or "the un-dest cut of all" . . . You're ting Shakespeare!

When you use such expressions as "poor but honest," "one fell swoop," "as luck would have it," "the short and the long of it," "neither here nor there," "what's done is done" . . .

When you say something "smells to heaven" or is "Greek to me," or it's a "mad world" or "not in my book" . . .

When you complain that you "haven't slept a wink" or that your family is "eating you out of house and home," or you've "seen better days" . . .

When you speak of a coward "showing his heels" or having "no stomach for a fight" . . .

When you nod wisely and say, "Love is blind" . . . or "Truth will come to light" . . . or "The world is my oyster" . . . You are borrowing your *bon mot* from the Bard. Shakespeare was the greatest cliché inventor of all time. Without him to put the words in our mouths, we would be virtually tongue-tied, and the English language would have a lean and hungry look.

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* e of the expressions have changed a h everyday usage, but even these can traced to the master.

Condensed from San Francisco News Call Bulletin

"In Flanders Fields"

By Bernhard Ragner

FORTY-SIX years ago, there died in a French military hospital the man who wrote "the greatest poem in English occasioned by the First World War": Colonel John McCrae, a Canadian medical officer.

The three immortal verses of *In Flanders Fields* were pencilled in 1915, during a lull in battle, on a page torn from a dispatch book. Colonel McCrae sent the poem to *Punch* anonymously, and the editor, recognizing its beauty, printed it in bold type.

As if by a miracle the Canadian officer's verses reached the outer fringes of the earth in record time.

Concerning the poem, McCrae's commanding officer, Major-General E. W. B. Morrison, wrote:

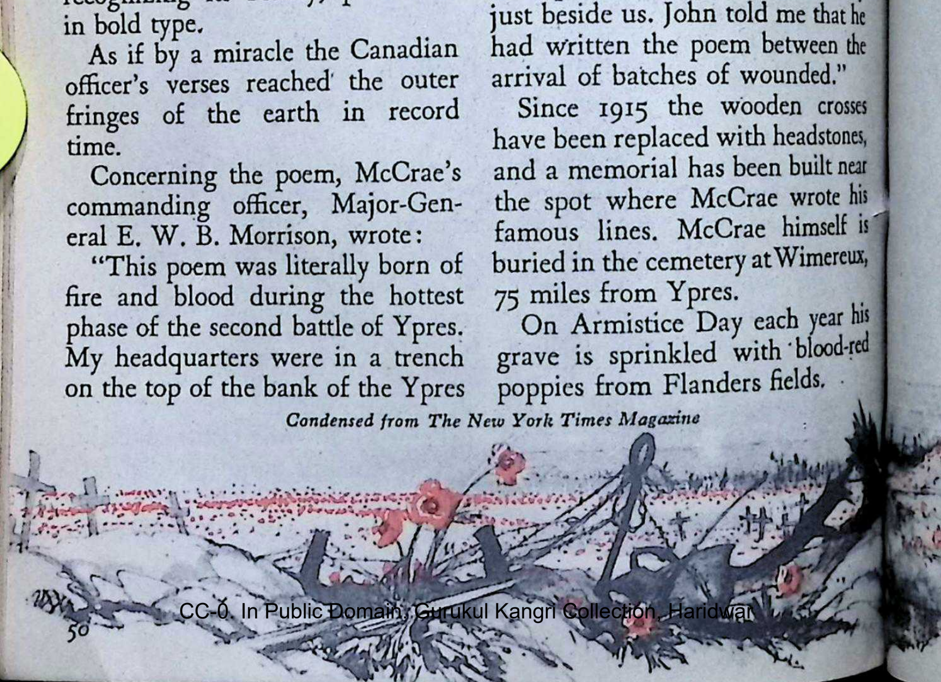
"This poem was literally born of fire and blood during the hottest phase of the second battle of Ypres. My headquarters were in a trench on the top of the bank of the Ypres Canal, and John had his dressing station in a hole dug in the foot of the bank. During periods in the battle, men who were shot actually rolled down the bank into his dressing station. Many times during the 16 days of battle, he and I watched the chaplains burying their dead whenever there was a lull.

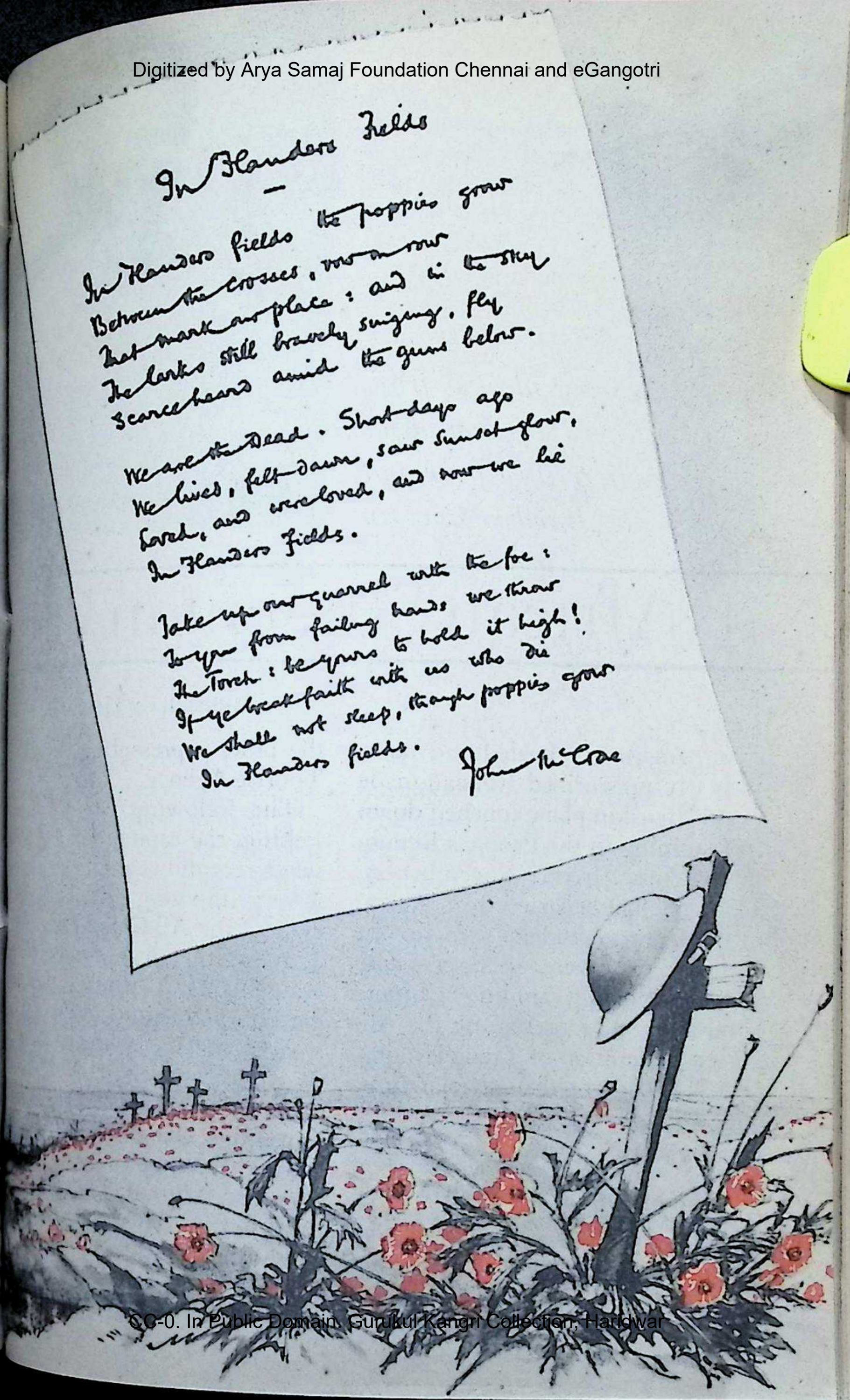
"Thus, the crosses, row on row, grew into a good-sized cemetery. We often heard the larks in the mornings singing high in the air, between the crash of the shells and the reports of the guns in the battery just beside us. John told me that he had written the poem between the arrival of batches of wounded."

Since 1915 the wooden crosses have been replaced with headstones, and a memorial has been built near the spot where McCrae wrote his famous lines. McCrae himself is buried in the cemetery at Wimereux, 75 miles from Ypres.

On Armistice Day each year his grave is sprinkled with blood-red poppies from Flanders fields.

Condensed from The New York Times Magazine





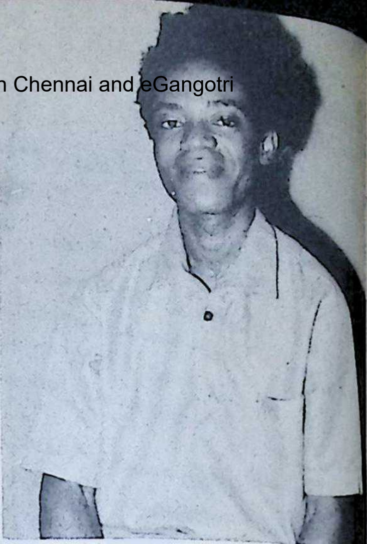
In Flanders Fields

In Flanders fields the poppies grow
Between the crosses, row on row
That mark our place: and in the sky
The larks still bravely singing, fly
Scarce heard amid the guns below.

We are the Dead. Short days ago
We lived, felt dawn, saw Sunset glow,
Loved, and were loved, and now we lie
In Flanders fields.

Take up our quarrel with the foe:
To you from failing hands we throw
The Torch: be yours to hold it high!
If ye break faith with us who die
We shall not sleep, though poppies grow
In Flanders fields.

John McCrae



A young idealist from Ghana learns a lesson about university life behind the Bamboo Curtain

An African Student in China

By Emmanuel John Hevi

The poorly heated and poorly pressurized Russian-made Ilyushin plane touched down in Kunming in the People's Republic of China. It was November 27, 1960. We had departed from Accra, Ghana, three student companions and I, and were received now by two broadly smiling Chinese comrades, one representing the All-China Federation of Trade Unions, which had granted us scholarships, the other representing the Chinese Tourist Agency.

The following day we went to Peking, the capital. Here also there was a reception committee, this time a very imposing group: high officials of the All-China Federation of Labour, the dean of the Foreign Students' Department, and other staff of the Institute of Foreign Languages, together with an interpreter. We were received with all the outward signs of cordiality, including hugs, handshakes, backslaps, and a sumptuous banquet in the airport restaurant. There were many speeches and toasts to the eternal friendship of the African and the

Emmanuel John Hevi, who now teaches at Olu-Iwa College in Western Nigeria, went to Peking to study medicine on a Chinese scholarship. This article is adapted from his recent book "An African Student in China."

Condensed from "An African Student in China," © 1963 by Emmanuel John Hevi and published by Pall Mall Press, London

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easy to

inese peoples. I noticed then and bsequently how especially cordial s the welcome given to students, e myself, from Ghana. At first, is pleased me. It was only later at I realized that the Chinese erve their most cordial greetings r people whose countries are ught to be travelling along the d to communism.

At a Chinese university, students e expected to live like Spartans. at I saw at the Peking Medical llege came as a pretty sharp ck.

Students live in "accommodation cks," primitive dormitories. ght Chinese students occupy a m ten by 12 feet in size, sleeping tiered bunks. Their personal be- gings are stacked higgledy-pig- dy in any available corner. For k of space there are no tables, no irs, no bookshelves. (Students dy in the lecture halls.) The m has one door and one window ich in winter is sealed shut with dges of newspaper; the door is ays kept closed because of the d. With eight people, those ms get very stuffy.

Each accommodation block has e floors; each floor, containing rly 150 students, has one wash- m and a lavatory with five icles. In some of the cubicles e water system is permanently t of order.

The lecture halls are swept once a k, on Saturday afternoons. It is easy to describe the squalor of those halls by the end of the week. In winter, many of the students catch cold. Phlegm and sputum are spat on the floor indiscriminately during lectures. Offenders are never rebuked.

There are about 5,000 students in the college, and all eat in one dining hall, which also does duty as assembly hall, theatre and indoor games room. Lecturers who are not Party members also eat there.

The whole college has only one bathhouse, which serves professors, technical assistants and students alike. There are two compartments: a small section with six bathtubs for members of the staff, and a larger compartment containing 26 showers for the 5,000 students. Men bath between midday and two o'clock; women between five and seven-thirty in the evening. The college has about as many women as men. The mind boggles at the thought of what would happen if all 2,500 men decided to have a bath on the same day. Each person would have 72 seconds to undress, bath, dry, dress, and get out.

Am I being unduly critical? Of course it would be foolish to expect elaborate amenities in a country struggling to raise itself from the dust of backwardness. But the conditions I met with could easily have been remedied by a government more concerned with the welfare of its people and less with expenditure on aid to communist guerrillas in other countries and on military preparations for dominating and annexing its neighbours.

A Chinese girl student once said bluntly that Africa is universally known as the most backward continent. I come from this "primitive backwater" and, so far as accommodation in institutions of learning is concerned, and in what relates to personal and general hygiene and the treatment of students as human beings, it is we Africans who must civilize the Chinese, not vice versa.

Lenin the Fountainhead. Every Chinese student, no matter what course he is taking, has to attend four or five hours of compulsory political lectures each week. Students who get consistently low marks in political studies run the risk, no matter how good they are at their specialty, of expulsion to the collective farms. On the other hand, students who shine in the political courses, however backward in their formal studies, can be assured of high favour with their superiors.

One day my class in the Institute was issued copies of a new chemistry textbook. The first chapter began: "Lenin said . . . ," and then followed Comrade Lenin's definition of matter. This definition conflicted so violently with everything I had learnt before that I raised the point with the instructor. She explained, very patiently, that our class was expected to master some technical terms; we were not to worry about Lenin's definition of matter. And so I stopped worrying. But for millions of students all over China that book is the foundation textbook in chemistry.

The overcrowded, ill-equipped conditions under which Chinese students have to work

Now, of course, Lenin is a very important political thinker. But did you know he was also a great physicist and chemist? You didn't? Well, the Chinese Communist Party says he is, and the Party must be right, whatever the rest of the world says!

Gospel According to Marx. All textbooks have been rewritten to give a Marxist bias. The study of history is limited to the history of the Chinese Communist Party, while studies in politics won't take you further than Marx, Engels, Lenin and Mao Tse-tung. It is the same with fiction; everything an author writes must reflect the Party's attitude. If a writer is s lhardy as to express opinions nter to what the Party says, the k will never be published; and author will end up doing several years in labour and "political ducation" camps. If he is lucky ugh to get out of these alive, and l wants to continue as a writer, at you will get from him will be ks praising the Chinese Communist Party to high heaven. The g goes so far that any new book open seems to have the same me as the one you have just ed.

n the same way that books are trolled, professors are subject to trol in what they teach. On one my first days at Peking Medical lege, our biology professor was uring on metabolism. There was ry indication that she was an ext in her subject (she had studied road before China's "liberation"). t she told us that, because pros, fats and carbohydrates are rconvertible during human tabolic processes, the people of ina do not suffer any nutritional s because of their diet's deficiency fats and proteins. This is as much o say that all the advice doctors experts in nutrition give us ut the importance of a balanced t is nonsense.

Thus, faced with a shortage of tein foods (meats, eggs, milk) fats, the Party declares that e are not necessities but luxs which the Chinese people can l do without.

I did not blame the teacher then, nor do I blame her now. She was telling us what she had been ordered to tell us as a political necessity. It's not surprising she could not look us in the face or sound convincing as she was telling us this tripe.

Toeing the Line for Fun. Chinese students do not have the clubs and societies that enliven university life elsewhere. There are no sports activities of any kind. Paradoxically, for all the emphasis on collective acting and thinking, I never got the impression of belonging to a corporate life.

Dance parties were held occasionally, but these were rather peculiar affairs. Music was provided by a Chinese student band. But it made no attempt whatever at real dance music. Chinese bands have three standard songs, one of which is "Socialism Is Good"; they play it over and over again until you are ready to burst your spleen in sheer boredom. In a year I never heard anything like a new hit. But what really knocked all interest out of the dances for us was that things began to get awkward whenever an African boy danced with a Chinese girl. Immediately after you left the girl, some tutor or Youth League activist was sure to go running to her to interrogate her about your conversation during the dance.

There was another kind of "entertainment" we tried but with no marked success. This consisted of just making friends. During our early days many Chinese students, mainly boys, approached us with intent to make friends. We gradually learned that these "friends" were people set upon us by the authorities to report on almost everything we did. They reported on the books we read, the people we met, our conversations, and every other matter that could help the authorities to determine our level of socialist consciousness. Meanwhile, other students were strictly warned against associating with us.

Sino-African relations were in no way improved by the fact that such girl friends as we found were packed off to prison or to commune farms for hard labour almost immediately, their only crime being that they dared to make friends with Africans contrary to the Party's orders.

Discrimination. The Chinese have so long posed as defenders of the African and the persecuted races that it must come as a shock to many to hear that racial discrimination is practised in China. It is not of the kind that springs spontaneously from the people. It is a deliberate attempt by the Communist Party to assert and to make the African accept once and for all the idea of the superiority of Yellow over Black. But we made them understand that we were not prepared to add the burden of Yellow superiority to that of White superiority under which we and our forebears have been groaning for more years than we care to count.

Out of a total of 118 African students who studied in China during my time, 96 have actually left and ten more had signified their intention to leave by the time I packed my bags. This means that approximately 90 per cent of the original number have found something wrong with China—something which made it impossible for them to stay longer.

In my view there were two causes of the student exodus: First, China failed us miserably by not offering a standard and quality of education acceptable to us. Second, we were disenchanted with socialism when we discovered that the Chinese brand of socialism was not the material of our dreams—nor the nostrum by which we dreamed of curing the ills of Africa.

Africans have studied in foreign countries where, in the midst of plenty, they suffered many forms of privation. But they got through it all and today they are among the foremost and most respected leaders of Africa. But for us there was lacking the sustaining hope of reaching the final goal—sound education. We were suffering to no purpose. This purposelessness, more than anything else, made the majority of us back out.

No matter what the future holds, I, for my part, will never regret my decision that China and I must go separate ways.

Why Is Everyone So Helpful?

By Ralph Reppert

LATELY I've been wondering: Do I look . . . well, below par? I ask because people are always supplying me with quick answers to little problems that I'm quite capable of working out for myself, given a moment or two.

A day or so ago, for example, while I was up to my hips in junk in the cellar, my wife Harriet came down to see what I was looking for.

"Where," I asked her, "is my air rifle?"

"Where," she asked right back, "did you put it?"

That's the kind of stuff I mean. It happens to me every day, making me wonder what people take me for.

"There's no toothpaste in this tube," I find it necessary to yell at Harriet from time to time.

"You have to squeeze it," she always yells back, in the same patient tone she uses when she tells our son why he shouldn't give soap to the baby.

I have lived with modern plumbing all my life. And yet I've never wanted to get a glass of water from the tap in someone else's house without being advised profoundly:

"It'll get colder if you let it run a bit."

My neighbour George sometimes gives me a lift to town, and as I slide into the front seat beside him and swing the door shut I can never make it catch on the first try. Before I have time for a second go at it, George always says:

"You'll have to slam that door."

At lunchtime, now and then, I report to the cafeteria cashier that the cigarette machine seems to be broken. The cigarettes won't come out. She always asks:

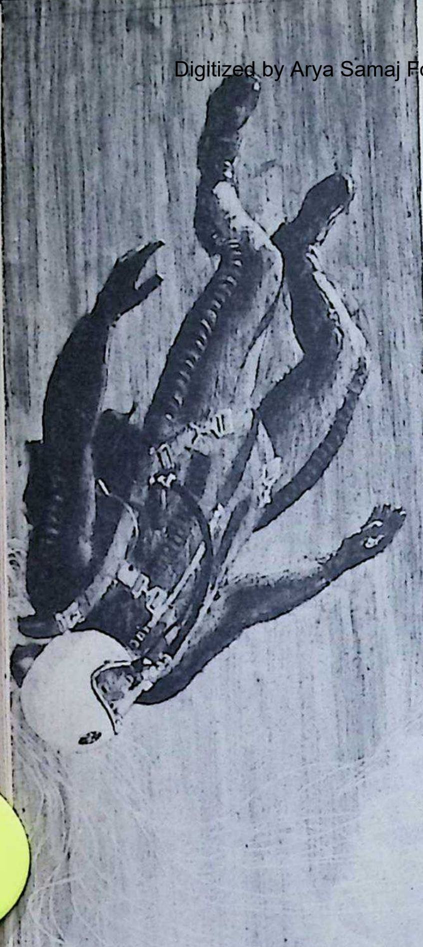
"Did you put the money in?"

I know these people are just trying to be helpful, but I resent the implication that I haven't got any sense.

Whenever I walk up to a lift, I push the button. Good and hard. But the next fellow who comes along invariably ignores me and pushes the button, too, with the flourish of a draughts player moving into the king row.

Perhaps it's wrong for me to resent these things, but I do. Don't I look bright enough to push a lift button as it ought to be pushed?

Condensed from "Ralph Reppert and His Electric Wife," [illegible] by Ralph Reppert



A Reader's Digest
"First Person" Award

It started with the unreality of a slow-motion picture. I was 53,000 feet over Laughlin Air Force Base near Del Rio, Texas, checking a U-2 plane that had just been repaired. It was 2.54 p.m., September 26, 1957—nearly three years before another U-2 was to make history when it was shot down over the Soviet Union. That day my U-2 and I were destined to make history, too.

Since my take-off 35 minutes before, I had been radioing to ground control routine reports on the performance of the then top-secret plane. Now, still climbing, I saw gleaming in the bright sunshine 33,000 feet below me the peaks of huge cumulus cloud columns. Farther below, the silver thread of the Rio Grande twisted towards the Big Bend, and south-westwards in Mexico bluish-purple shadows were building up on the mountains.

Suddenly, the plane's nose began to drop. There was no sound, no warning. I pulled the stick into my lap, trying to bring the nose back up. But there was no control—the plane kept nosing over. In the far left corner of the instrument panel

I BALED OUT—FROM TEN MILES UP!

By Colonel Jack Nole
(U.S. Strategic Air Command)

the wing-flap position indicator told the story: the wing flaps were full down. I hadn't actuated the flaps to put them down—but there they were. (Later, we learned that rain water had drained into a switch, corroded the contacts and caused a short circuit.)

Now my mind awoke to my peril. I shouted to ground control, "I'm in trouble! Real trouble."

I cut the engine, opened the dive boards and lowered the landing gear to slow the plane. But it was plummeting straight down now, even beginning to curl under in an outside loop. At that instant the tail section broke off. Automatically, I described my predicament to the ground controller. My earphones crackled: "Bale out! Bale out!"

"What do you think I'm *trying* to do?" I said. When I shut off the engine, my skin-tight pressure suit had inflated as the cockpit pressure fell, curtailing my movements. I knew that at any second the wings and the rest of the fuselage might disintegrate.

Those early U-2's had no ejection seats to blast a pilot free. First, you had to disconnect the oxygen tubes and radio and heat wires from the aircraft systems. Next, you had to release your seat safety belt and shoulder harness, then unlock the canopy handles and jettison the canopy. Finally, you had to muscle your way out of the tight cockpit, fight the slipstream that tries to pin you in, and push off.

All that kept me busy for perhaps 50 seconds as my crippled aircraft gyrated through one outside loop after another. With each huge somersault, I fell out of my seat and my helmet crashed against the canopy. When the plane turned upside down for the fourth time, my helmeted head smashed the canopy assembly loose. Then, for a brief eternity, my seat pack caught on the cockpit ledge. Eventually, I tugged it free and, as the plane came right side up to begin another loop, I was flung out into space.

I was alone in the stratosphere—ten miles up, where the air is so thin that human life cannot be sustained without the mechanical assistance of oxygen under pressure.

One nightmare over, I now faced another. Tucked into a fold of my pressure suit was a green, lemon-size valve handle that turns on the emergency oxygen supply from the seat pack. I knew it was there, but I couldn't locate it. Sealed in the air-tight suit, staring out through the faceplate, I was aware that my vision had begun to fade—my optic nerves weren't getting enough oxygen. My struggles to work free had exhausted what little air had been trapped inside the pressure suit.

Dimly, I realized I had two alternatives. The first was to let myself fall until my parachute opened automatically at the pre-set 14,000 feet. But it would take me more than two minutes to free-fall those seven and a half miles; by that time, there was a good chance I'd have suffocated.

The second was to open my parachute manually, now. But no other bale-out had occurred at my present altitude—and the casualty rate for bale-outs anywhere near it had been appallingly high. In a few seconds of drop through thin air at 50,000 feet, a falling body can reach a speed of 375 miles per hour. A parachute snapping open to brake this terrible speed is likely to be torn to ribbons, or, if it opens intact, to provide a literally back-breaking jolt.

These choices flashed through my mind. Then, into my dimming vision floated the release ring of my parachute ripcord. In a real crisis, I've always reckoned that it's best to *act,* even if your action may be a mistake. Now the thought hit me: "You're dead—you'd better do *something!"* I reached for the release ring and pulled.

I braced myself for a terrible jerk. There was none. At the end of the shroud lines that stretched beyond my head, the parachute billowed out gently like a miraculous mushroom. With the chute opened, I could now locate the oxygen valve easily and let in the emergency breathing supply. With the first lungful the lights came on full again.

(Later, Air Force investigators conjectured that the reason my chute opened so gently was that since I had been flung free of the crippled plane when it was curving upward in one of its outside loops, I had actually fallen *upward* for a while. When I released my chute, I must have been virtually motionless in space.)

My problems weren't over yet. As I started down, I began to swing in huge arcs like a giant pendulum. Each time I swung, I was afraid that air would spill from the chute's high side and that it would collapse, dropping me like a stone. I began pulling the shroud lines at the top of each swing, in an effort to stop the oscillation. The exertion caused my vision to fail again. I had exhausted the emergency oxygen supply; somehow I would have to get outside air.

Usually it's a simple matter to locate and pull the string, just below a pilot's chin, that releases the faceplate. Not this time. Again I stood an excellent chance of reaching the ground intact but defunct. Even from 30,000 feet with a safely opened chute, a man needs some 16 minutes to reach the ground.

Tediously, clumsily, I peeled the pressure glove off my right hand, popped off the faceplate—and, even at that height, a good breath of God's air brought the lights on once more. Now I was level with the tops of those cumulus columns at about 20,000 feet. Suddenly, for the first time in my 17 years of service, I acted like a nervous passenger on a rough flight. For half a minute I was hideously airsick. That's when I realized the tension I'd been under.

Somewhere between 35,000 and

30,000 feet, three pilots in other U-2's spotted my chute. As they flew slow circles around, I waved both arms overhead in greeting, but they were too far away to notice. They all radioed that I was showing no signs of life, I learned later.

I was still swinging crazily as I neared the ground. I could have landed hard on my back or my face, but luck or providence was still with me. I came down right over a rolling Texas hill with a flat-topped rock on one side. As I drifted over the hill, my body swung back—and my dangling seat pack caught on the rock, bringing me easily to the ground. I struggled to my feet, unbuckled my harness and clambered to the top of the hill just as a helicopter settled down near by. The pilot looked at me as if I were a spectre from outer space. In a sense, I was.

At the Air Force hospital, doctors told me that I hadn't a scratch from the whole experience. I'd been in the air 22 minutes from the time I baled out until I landed. Scientists said that the fall should have lasted more than 33 minutes—but those giant swings had spilt air from the chute at the top of each sickening arc and sped me down to a breathable altitude.

As a result of the jump, the Air Force instituted a number of changes in U-2's. An ejection seat was installed, with quick-disconnecting fastenings to radio, oxygen and heat lines. Now, instead of separate movements, a pilot needs only to pull his ejection trigger: this starts his emergency oxygen, disconnects all lines to his pressure suit and opens the canopy. Parachutes have been redesigned to prevent excessive oscillation.

Air Force medical experts ended their reports with these words: "We can only conclude that Colonel Nole survived through an act of God." I've often wondered how many other lives have been saved by that "act of God" high over Texas on that bright September afternoon.

Initial Understanding

LORD MANCROFT recalls the time when, as a junior minister in the Home Office, he first spoke in Parliament. His official brief was headed F.G.S.B.C.A.S.T.Y.B. When he asked a civil servant what the initials stood for, he was told: "The matter is a difficult one. If you go wrong the Opposition will be after you. The initials mean, 'For God's sake be careful and stick to your brief.' "

—*N.Y.T.*

WHEN A headmaster began publishing a monthly staff newsletter, he asked for suggestions for a title. The first suggestion was FACULTY—for "Frantic Adults Chasing Unruly Little Tireless Youngsters." —G. R.

Many a married couple have gained new hope and strength from the advice in this moving letter

Prescription for a Marriage on the Rocks

to be read

BY NORMAN VINCENT PEALE

Author of "The Power of Positive Thinking," "Adventures in the Holy Land," etc.

DEAR KENNETH,

Your letter tells me that you and Nancy are no longer happy together and that you are wondering whether it might not be best to end your marriage. You add that since I was the minister who married you, both of you feel you owe it to me to talk the situation over with me before doing anything final. You hope I will understand.

I do understand. I understand that two people who stood before me nine years ago and promised to love and cherish each other for ever are about to join the ranks of those who decide to demonstrate publicly that they lack the courage, intelligence and unselfishness to make a marriage work.

You say that you and Nancy are no longer happy together. Do you *really* believe that constant happiness is guaranteed in marriage or in any other aspect of life? Aren't you mature enough to know that every marriage has its areas of friction and that the stresses change as you move through the years? You will never solve all your problems; you would be bored if you did.

This belief that each of you is entitled to *receive* happiness is at the bottom of your trouble. You are not entitled to any such thing! What you do have is the privilege and the problem of *giving* happiness. When you master that art, you discover that you can't give happiness without getting it back.

Condensed from Guideposts

At times I wonder if this obses- n with having things just the ay we want them, and sulking if ey are not, isn't becoming a kind f disease. Somehow we must get quality of toughness and endur- ce back into our concept of mar- ge. We must stop thinking of rriage as a "maybe" proposition maybe it will work, maybe it n't, and if it doesn't we can al- ys shuffle the cards and deal ain.

Two generations ago, there were nty of marriages in which the ng was rocky. But those people n't run to divorce courts at the t sign of trouble. They thought marriage as a contract; it was an ront to God and society to break They were like pioneers who ays had more rivers to ford, re mountains to cross. The vast ority kept going until they had hed the goal they sought.

Certainly there are some cases re a marriage has been allowed die and nothing can revive it. I 't think that you two have hed that point. But you *will* h it unless you take some con- ctive action, and take it quickly.

You say you would like to talk me. All right. I shall be glad e you one week from today— etween now and then, you and cy will agree to an experiment. ou accept this condition, there be some point in our meeting. rwise, I see little reason to e my time—or yours.

Half an hour each day for the next six days is what I ask you to devote to the experiment. I don't guarantee that these will be pleasant half-hours or easy ones. But surely you owe this much to your children, if not to yourselves. Let's face it, the decision on divorce that you are about to make will affect all five of you for the rest of your lives.

The experiment I want you to try has been tested and found to work. The equipment you'll need is simple: an alarm clock—preferably one with a loud tick—two chairs and a quiet room where you will not be disturbed.

Each day, go together into that quiet room, close the door, set the alarm clock to ring in 30 minutes' time and place it where both of you can watch it. Now mentally divide the half-hour into five-minute periods.

In the first five minutes, project yourselves into the future. Separately and silently, visualize life as it will be if your marriage breaks up.

Kenneth, ask yourself what happens to a man when he gets a divorce. He loses his home—the comfort, the familiarity, the closeness. He usually loses his children, possibly their respect and affection, certainly most of their companionship. He may find that in his business or profession he has gained the enmity of people who can influence his career. He will certainly lose some friends; in marital break-ups, people tend to side with the wife.

Nancy, in my 42 years in the ministry I have learnt that, emotionally, the wife suffers most from a divorce. Her sense of failure as a person is greater than the man's, her loneliness more complete. A man has his work to fall back on, with its demands and contacts. A woman usually does not. If she has children, her chances of remarrying are far less than the man's.

In the second five minutes, I want each of you to make a supreme effort to stop judging the other and examine yourself. Ask yourself certain uncomfortable questions. Have you magnified this or that grievance out of all proportion? Have you been too rigid in your demands? Have you refused to compromise on key issues? Have you judged your marriage partner guilty while leaving yourself exempt? Doesn't the law of averages whisper that sometimes *you* must be in the wrong?

Do you know why I recommend an alarm clock with a loud tick? Because one man who tried this experiment told me that at the end of five minutes the clock seemed to be repeating over and over again the word at the bottom of his trouble: *self, self, self, self*.

Here is one other point for you to ponder in this self-examination. You may expect to marry again; most divorced people do. But, unless you face the immaturities in yourself, unless you learn more about self-discipline and unselfishness than you have shown so far, you will probably find eventually that you have simply exchanged one set of emotional problems for another.

The next five minutes are to be spent thinking about your children. You may believe that an atmosphere of discord and hostility in the home is worse for them than the dislocations of a divorce. But this selfish rationalization is based on an assumption that is not necessarily true—that the hostility and discord are inevitable and will go on for ever.

Certainly, quarrelling parents are bad for children, especially if they lack the self-control to quarrel in private. But an uneasy home with two parents may well be better than a broken home with one. It has been my observation that when children become greatly upset in these situations the thing that bothers them most is the fear that their parents are going to split up, and that they are going to lose one or the other of them.

Nancy, I think that you are the one who must refuse to be stampeded into an unwise course of action. My wife is convinced that women hold the solution to the divorce trend—and that they could reduce it sharply if they would study the problems of marriage. Recently at a dinner party I overheard her say, "It is the *woman's* job to provide stability in marriage, to make the home an 'island of quietness in a noisy world.'" And it is the *wife*, she said, who has to do

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st of the adjusting. "That's why arriage is the most demanding d exciting career a woman can oose!"

For the first 15 minutes you will ve been sitting in silence. Now it time to communicate with each er. I want each of you to read ud, taking turns on alternate ys, these verses from the Bible: Paul's First Epistle to the Corinans, chapter 13, verses 4 to 7. ese four verses contain the most found and inclusive definition of e ever written.

I doubt whether you have ever ken time to meditate on just what Paul meant: that love suffers g and is kind, that love is not ily provoked, that love endures things (not *some* things, *all* ngs). After you have read these r verses aloud, don't try to diss them. Just close the Bible and nk about them for five minutes. vitably you will use them as a dstick to measure your own perrmance.

Now it's time for that nostalgic me called "Do you remember?" t each of you recall from the past d remind the other of some epie that was a moment of harmony d closeness. Perhaps the time you lked together on a beach at sun-, hand in hand. Perhaps the time u sat up all night with a sick ld. Perhaps some tender or ludius moment that turned into a ily joke. There need be no dision; just recognition of the fact that once there was love and sharing, and that no possible change of heart can erase those moments—or eliminate the possibility that they might occur again.

In the final five-minute period, I ask each of you, first, to hold one other Biblical phrase in mind: *Be still—and know that I am God.* Whatever your concept of God may be, I want each of you, speaking aloud, to tell Him what you think has gone wrong with your marriage and what your share of the blame may be. Speak from the bottom of your heart.

This, of course, is prayer. You may hesitate or even balk at the idea, but I can tell you this: I have married hundreds of couples and helped hundreds of others, and I have never yet known a marriage to fail where the partners had—or had acquired—the habit of praying aloud together. It is an emotional lightning conductor that deflects anger and resentment into an area so vast that they are simply swallowed up and forgotten, like pebbles cast into the sea.

This need not be a lengthy process; perhaps one minute will do. And there is no set formula. But I will guarantee that if you try, you will find yourself speaking in a different tone of voice, and when that alarm clock rings your whole point of view will be subtly changed.

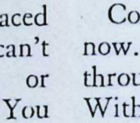
I HOPE that you will try this experiment. Because, if your marriage breaks up, something in each of you will always regret it. No matter how permissive society has become about divorce, I have never yet known one divorced person who, in total honesty, would not admit to some trace of sadness for the failure of a first marriage.

Not long ago, a colleague of mine preached a sermon in which he said that he had found in one short sentence the answer to many of life's thorniest problems.

The sentence was: "The way out is the way through." He meant that when you're faced with a difficult situation you can't solve it by running away or by pretending it isn't there. You have to plough through it until you come out on the other side.

This takes courage, and it takes facing of facts. It takes persistence, determination, control. That's what you two need. If you and Nancy will take your courage in both hands and hang on long enough, you will achieve a closeness and a strength that will make your honeymoon years seem like puppy love—which in a way they were. Something in you, some wisdom deeper than your conscious mind, knows this; otherwise, you would never have written to me.

Come and see me a week from now. The way out is the way through; there *is* a way through. With God's help I think, I hope, I know, that we can find it. NORMAN



Back to Nature

"FOOD PILLS in several sizes, packed in bivalve kits that are elegant in shape, colour and material, and easy to open—just press with your finger tips. The pills, held by an adhesive, won't scatter. No need to return the wrapping, which can be discarded."

A new wonder food? No. Just peas, as seen through the eye of an industrial designer.

—Bruno Munari

* * *

Vicious Circle

THE COMMUNISTS are always doing things they shouldn't do so that others have to make concessions they shouldn't make to get them to stop. Then their opponents feel happy that the emergency is over—when actually there never should have been an emergency.

—W. H. J

Personal Glimpses

NNY KAYE always hoped he might e a doctor. Today he follows medi- e the way some people follow their ourite sport. According to a sur- on-friend, "His knowledge of medi- e is almost that of a fully-fledged geon."

ast year, while flying himself to shington (true to form, he used all spare time for months to earn pilot's licence), Kaye made a self- gnosis of appendicitis, landed near famous Mayo Clinic, and had his pendix removed. —Eric Frankland

E MAGNITUDE of his office never nged Pope John XXIII. When his n family, the Roncalli brothers and ters entered the pontifical palace for ir first visit and knelt, shy and kward, before the Papal throne, the tiff reached out his hands and iled. "Don't be afraid," he said ly. "It's only me."

—Kurt Klinger, *A Pope Laughs*

OVIA, the great Spanish guitarist, e said to me, "When I espeek Eng- h I can only espress half of what eenk, and the leestener can only erstand half of what I say. Theese ees becawse I submeet to the preenciple of our great writer and pheelosopher Unamuno that we have to espeek for ever foreign lengweege patreeotically bad een order to please our contrymen, that ees, to preserve the supeeriority of our lengweege."

—Samuel Chotzinoff in *Holiday* and *A Little Nightmusic* (Hamish Hamilton, London)

LEO ROSTEN, author of *The Return of Hyman Kaplan* and *Captain Newman, M.D.*, came home one day to be greeted at the door by his teenage son. "Dad," said the boy, "do you know what you are?"

"No. What am I?" Rosten asked. The boy groaned and replied, *"Required reading!"* —From a speech at the Book and Author Luncheon

WINSTON CHURCHILL and his friend Edward Marsh, as young men in the 1900's, devised a pastime for soirées. They would often stand together within sight of the ballroom entrance, watching the ladies arrive, and, using as their theme the classic line, "Was this the face that launched a thousand ships?", would assess the beauty of each young thing as she appeared.

"Two hundred ships, or perhaps 250?" one of them might hazard, studying the latest piece of femininity to grace the scene.

"By no means," the other might reply. "A sampan, or small gunboat at most."

—Jack Fishman, *My Darling Clementine* (W. H. Allen, London)

When Nature Goes to Sleep

Surprising facts about animal behaviour

By Archibald Rutledge

THE SLEEP of birds and animals presents a fascinating array of odd and unexplained facts. For example, cats and dogs, and all other members of the extensive canine and feline families, sleep curled up. Snakes invariably sleep coiled up, with their eyes open. Rarely does any living thing except man sleep on its back. The curled posture is probably assumed for warmth, possibly for defence. This doubled-up position may be regarded as common to the human race. Primitive man thus buried his dead, for they, too, were regarded as being "asleep."

A surprisingly large number of animals are affected by the winter sleep of plants and of other animals and insects upon which their food supply depends. As a result we have the phenomenon of hibernation.

At such a time, to save themselves from starvation, birds migrate; and certain animals such as the caribou perform long journeys from the summer to the winter range. But some animals which cannot escape the winter lay in an extensive store of fat, go to sleep, and, months later, wake up lean and hungry.

Mystery of Hibernation. There are great differences between this protracted sleep lasting weeks or months and the ordinary repose which terminates within a few hours. What those differences are it is exceedingly difficult to discover. We cannot tell whether the long

Hibernating dormouse

mber of hibernation is con- ous or interrupted, light or found. Experiments on hiber- ing marmots have proved that ring this strange period there is complete cessation of breathing. e blood circulates, but its move- nt is greatly retarded. The tem- rature of the body falls until it is ost the same as that of the body's roundings. There is no alimen- n and no excretion.

Perhaps the failure of the food ply is not always the only cause hibernation; the severity of winter sometimes determines ther or not an animal shall p. In their more northern range, oons and skunks retire during worst period of the winter. But vers never hibernate.

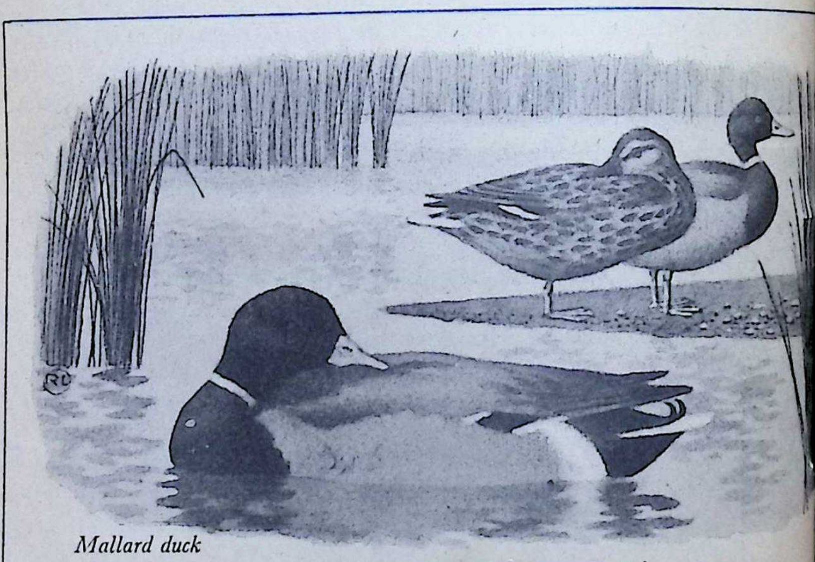
Twilight Sleep. Occasionally we find the matter of sex determining the time for hibernation. The female of the American black bear seeks winter quarters early, in preparation for motherhood, shortly after the new year; the female polar bear buries herself beneath the snow, and does not appear again until she leads her cubs out in the springtime. It is believed that they are born and that they suckle the mother during her hibernation. Here, indeed, is "twilight sleep" profound!

Where winter and summer are very definite periods, hibernation goes on with the precision characteristic of a system of nature. But in climates where the demarcation of the seasons is not radical, all kinds of queer things happen. There is a Line of Hibernation, more or less movable, depending on the severity of the winter. In South Carolina, where I once lived, it was impossible to *count* on a sleeper's staying asleep. There, snakes and other reptiles are supposed to hibernate; but on a warm January day I heard a bull alligator serenading his lady-love with his dreadful bellow as if it had been April; and on a mild day in late December I found the lordly diamondback rattlesnake far from his den, searching for food.

Even the dormouse, a sound-sleeper from October till April, may be roused for an hour or two by a mild spell. It was formerly believed that bats were perfect hibernators in north temperate climes, but they emerge in the winter when the weather improves.

Is it not possible that when the temperature of the weather rises, the depressed temperature of the long sleeper rises with it, thus awakening him? And when he finds that he is hungry, he naturally begins his search for food.

Birds at Rest. The sleep of birds, which do not hibernate, presents a curious study. We describe them as generally sleeping with the head under the wing. As a matter of fact, they only thrust the beak among the feathers between the wing-butt and the body. What induces this particular position is a mystery. But not all birds take this posture. My tame pheasants sleep on high perches with their heads sunk between their shoulders. Coveys of quail always roost on the ground, forming a perfect ring, with all their tails together. A good many birds, especially the waders, sleep standing; storks and herons often sleep while poised on one leg. African mouse-birds crowd together in dense ball-like masses. Owls sleep by day, but never very soundly. Ducks sleep both on land and on water; on the former they often drowse while standing on one leg; on the latter they frequently keep lazily moving with one foot. Wild turkeys, which prefer high bare trees for roosting, apparently sleep through the wildest blast. I once



Mallard duck

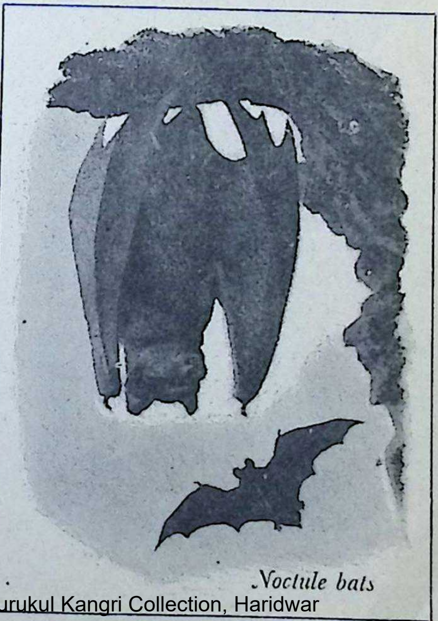
osted a flock in midwinter, when n icy gale was blowing; and ainst the brilliant moonlit sky ey were frantically tossed about, ut were themselves serenely otionless. The turkey's legs are so nged that when he sits down on a mb, his toes automatically shut, d grip the perch.

Sleeping Postures. Of the varied sitions taken by creatures in sleep rhaps the most odd is that sumed by those which, suspended their feet, hang head-down. Such e the bats, and certain small par- ts of the genus *Loriculus*. The th, the potto, and the slow-loris ewise hang by the feet, but their cks are downward, while their ds rest forward on their breasts.

Both horses and elephants prefer sleep standing; and the elephant mmonly sleeps with his weight one leg, alternately resting one d then another. Wild deer sleep ctly like cattle, lying down, and ally with the head resting on the k. But none of the ruminants ep so soundly as the carnivores. e former only drowse, for their stive systems compel them to w the cud. Deep slumber is unwn to them as a rule. Yet at es they sleep soundly enough.

I have a friend who is a deerter. Late one afternoon he nded a fine stag, which escaped m him in the gathering twilight. ly next morning he rode into woods after his deer. Coming the place where he had lost him, he saw the old buck sprawled on a bare sandy hillock. Dismounting, the hunter tied his horse, leaned his gun against a tree, and stepped forward towards his prize. Seeing no wound on the side exposed, the man seized the stag's antlers to turn him over. When the man came to, he was lying on his back, besprinkled with sand, and no deer was in sight. He had taken liberties with the *wrong buck*. The creature had been asleep; and the man's approach across the soft sand had had about it an unpremeditated stealth. His experience, however, is not likely to be soon duplicated.

Sir Julian Huxley says that—among the higher insects—ants, at least, require sleep. "They may



Noctule bats

choose a depression in the soil as bed, and there lay themselves down, with legs drawn close to the body. When waking (after some three hours' rest), they behave in a way startlingly like that of our proud human selves. The head and then the six legs are stretched to their fullest extent, and then often shaken; the jaws are strained open in a way remarkably reminiscent of a yawn."

Day Dreaming. In sleep, animals and birds manifest in various ways that, like human beings, their rest is not perfect. They start; they turn; they moan; they snore. Birds, especially robins and field-sparrows, often sing.

Unquestionably many of these creatures dream. My old deerhound Rowley, long after he was too old to join in the chase, used to sleep sprawled out in the sun on my front porch. Dreaming of following a stag, he would give little panting yelps, his legs would begin to move as in running; and often the poor old fellow used to perform this phantom chase so violently that I would wake him up to terminate his excitement.

Regarding the matter of snoring, I once had an odd experience with a racoon. Finding him fast asleep in the fork of a low cedar, I lifted him out and carried him away in the hollow of my arm. After a while I heard a sound that at first I took to be growling. Then I discovered that my captive was fast asleep and snoring.

We suppose wild creatures to be light sleepers, for they are usually up and away on the approach of an enemy. But it should be remembered that, while in slumber we are almost wholly dependent on our hearing to warn us, so keen are the senses of nature's children that all of them are faithful sentries, even in sleep. A wild deer will scent a man, if the wind is right, long before he can either see or hear him. Sleeping creatures are probably more often awakened by odours than by sounds.

The Sleep-walkers. The sleeping habits of fish are indeed interesting. As far as is known, only wrasses lie down on their sides to sleep. Freshwater fish and many marine species rest upon the bottom, in a horizontal position. Some, like the mackerel, never seem to go to sleep, or are "sleep-walkers." A small school of them in a tank was carefully watched day and night for months. They kept up an unceasing circuit of the tank, the school breaking up only when food was thrown to them. I have seen a tiger shark rest for a considerable time against a quiet shore. But whether he was sleeping, I cannot say. Indeed, the fascination of this whole subject is largely due to the mystery with which it is invested.

ORIGINALITY is simply a pair of fresh eyes.—T. W. H.

THE TREASURE CITY OF EUROPE

Florence is so rich in artistic triumphs that without it the Renaissance would have little meaning

By Max Eastman

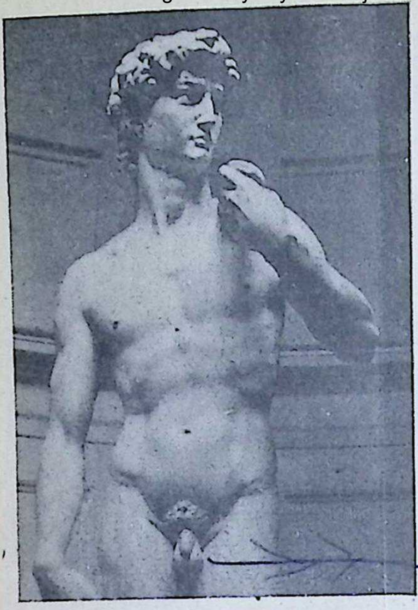
TOWARDS THE end of the last war, the Allied High Comnd issued to its troops lists of rks of art throughout Europe to protected from military damage. dealing with Florence, the Comnd said: "The whole city must regarded as a work of art of first portance."

This was hardly an exaggeration. other city in the history of man, h the possible exception of ens in the ancient world, has wded so many supreme works of into so small a space as has this n on the banks of the Arno in

The dome of the world-famous Cathedral gleams in the warm Italian sun between Giotto's marble Campanile and the tower of the Palazzo Vecchio

PHOTOGRAPH: EVELYN HOFER

EUROPEAN ART COLOUR



Michelangelo's immortal "David" has been an inspiration to art-lovers for centuries. Galleria dell' Accademia

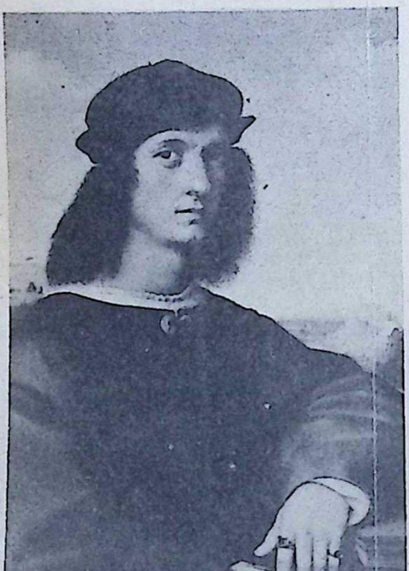
north central Italy. It lies in a wide, saucer-like valley, bordered by the grey-green, gently sloping hills of Tuscany, whose vineyards produce the famous Chianti wine. There is no seaport, nothing obvious to explain why such a prodigy of culture should have arisen just here.

Some think the character of the Florentine people and their love for their city, explain it. The Florentines have long had a high average of intelligence, a sceptical outlook, an ironic wit, and they use the language so much better than the rest of Italy that, in matters of grammar and pronunciation, "Florentine" means correct.

Whatever the explanation, the number of poets, painters, sculptors, scholars, engineers and architects who flourished in Florence during the years 1250 to 1600 is fabulous. Without Florence, you almost think, there would have been no Renaissance. And the whole miracle of it meets your eyes today in the city's famous collections, particularly those at the Uffizi Gallery and the Pitti Palace.

Here, with a mixture of familiarity and surprise, you find yourself in the presence of Botticelli, whose

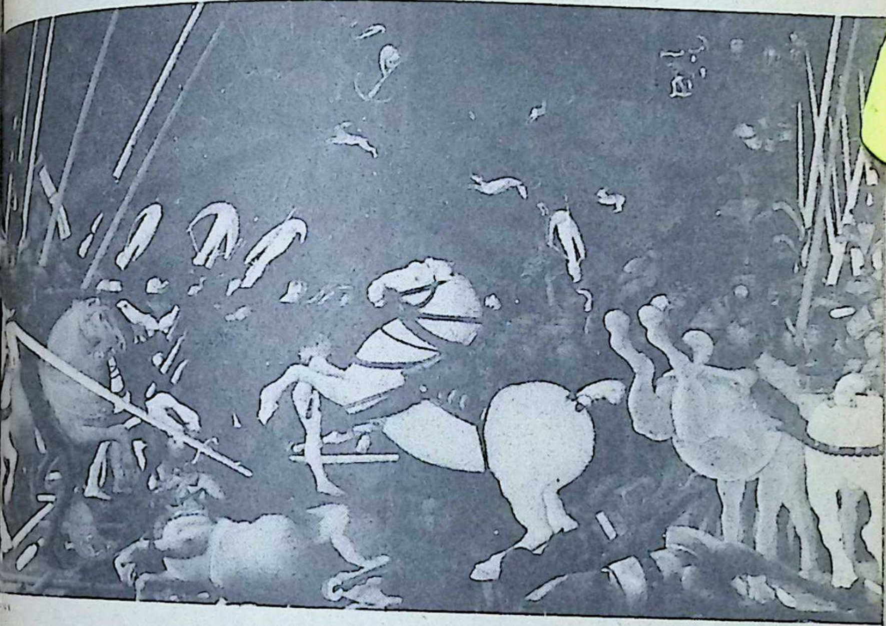
ART REFERENCE BUREAU



Raphael's "Portrait of Angiolo Doni," one of the many masterpieces that line the walls of the Pitti Palace

1964

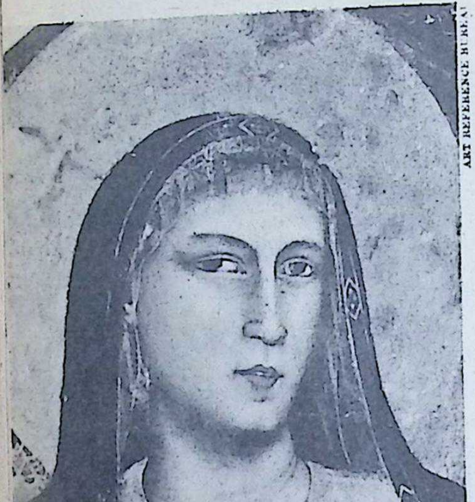
"Spring" and "Birth of Venus" ave travelled in copies to the ends f the earth; of Luca della Robbia, whose angels in medallions of namelled terracotta have flown as ar; of gay Fra Filippo Lippi, whose aintings equal in devoutness the eavenly visions of Fra Angelico. Even Raphael, whose smooth, sweet adonnas have melted the hearts millions of mothers throughout ristendom, though born in near- Urbino, did many of his ntings in Florence.



"*The Battle of San Romano*," *by Paolo Uccello, depicts Florence's historic victory over Sienna in 1432. Uffizi Gallery*

Pope Boniface VIII exaggerated le when he called Florence "the h element: earth, air, fire, water nd Florence!" No other town of its size, or any comparable size, enshrines the memory of so many supremely great men. Here Dante lived, the great poet of the Middle Ages, who stands beside Homer and Shakespeare in the praise of posterity. Here lived Boccaccio, immortal as a teller of racy tales, but more famous in his own day as the scholar-poet who gave lectures on Dante's *Divine Comedy*. Another classical poet of Florentine origin was Petrarch, as famed for his sonnets celebrating spiritual love as Boccaccio was for his erotic stories. Still another immortal Florentine was Giotto, the jovial painter who won an architectural competition by sending the Pope a freehand drawing of a perfect circle. In art annals, Giotto, together with sculptor Donatello, stands as the very fountain source of the Renaissance.

In a single church in this small city you will find the tombs of Michelangelo,* the sculptor, painter, architect, poet, whose fame again can only be compared with that of Homer and Shakespeare; of Galileo, the prime mover in modern physical science; and of Machiavelli, the pure lover of truth, who holds a similar place in the science of politics. (With us his name has acquired a satanic flavour, but in Florence it lends honour to a high school.)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Giotto was one of Florence's earliest and greatest artists. This is a detail from his "Madonna and Child." Uffizi Gallery

Of these great names of Florentines, the richest in meaning is that of Leonardo da Vinci, painter, sculptor, architect, mechanical engineer, scientist, musician, inventor, mathematician, cartographer, producer of pageants. He was almost without doubt the most versatile genius who ever lived—startlingly handsome and well-built, famous for horsemanship, and so strong that he could bend a horseshoe (so it is said) with his naked hands. His "Mona Lisa" is the most famous single painting in the world, and his many volumes of notes on experiments anticipated the most revolutionary discoveries of science in the two centuries following his death.

It is one of the charms of Florence that so many of the sights you travel to see are to be enjoyed out of doors. The gilded bronze doors of the Baptistry, one of which was carved with such perfection by Lorenzo Ghiberti that his admirer Michelangelo described it as "fit to be the gate of Paradise," are right in the street, not 20 steps from a tobacco shop. Not a stone's throw away, the massive dome of the Duomo, or cathedral, rises 350 feet

Detail from "The Crucifixion" by Cimabue, founder of the Florentine school of painting. Church of Santa Croce

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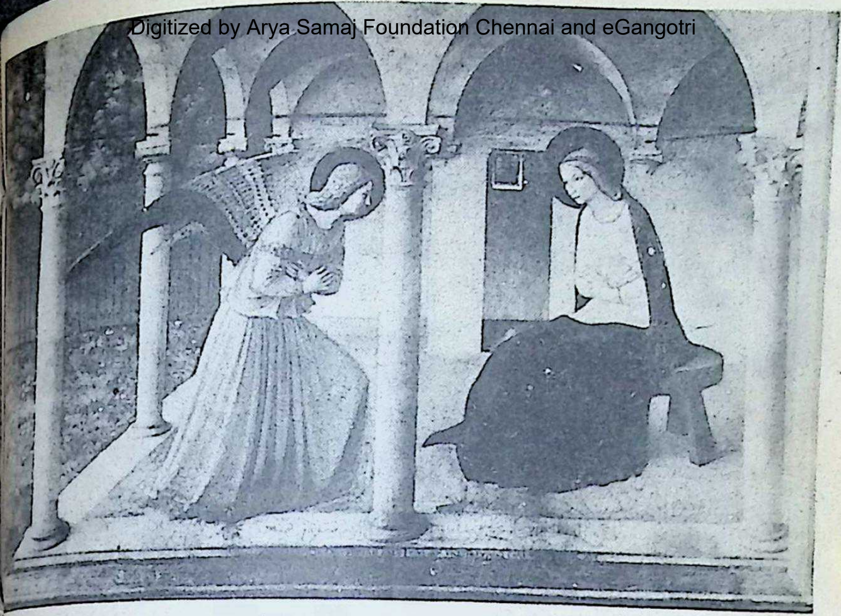
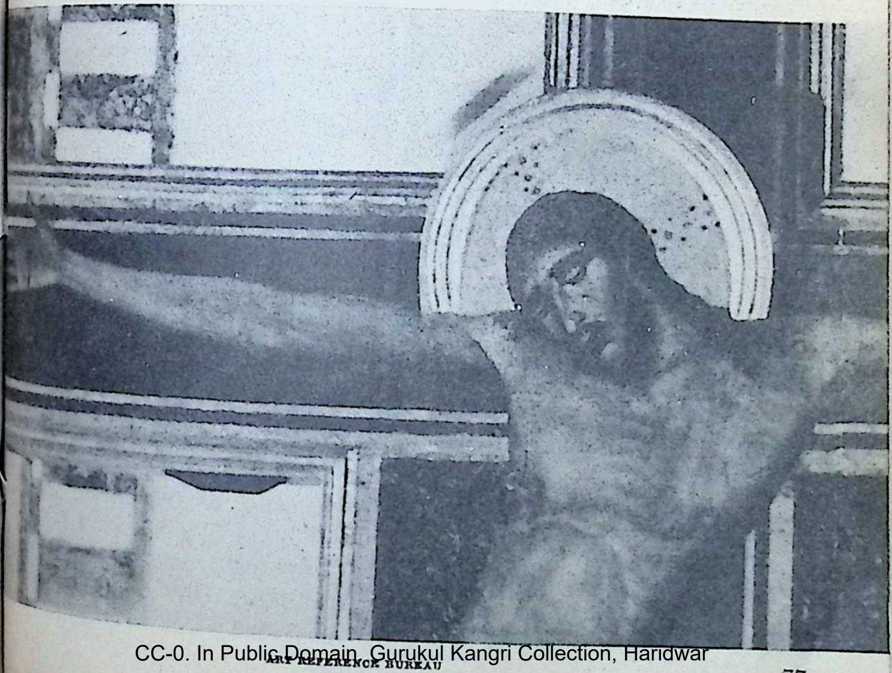
* See "Michelangelo's Monument to Mankind," The Reader's Digest, July 1964.



Angelico painted "*The Annunciation*" *on a wall in the Convent of San Marco. His attention to light and shadow marked a Renaissance innovation*



ART REFERENCE BUREAU

overhead. (Brunelleschi designed that dome so perfectly that it was erected without scaffolding.) Beside it, the famous Campanile, "Giotto's Tower," which Longfellow described as "the lily of Florence blossoming in stone," stands in the midst of a daily swirl of traffic, as though the sublime creations of art were as casual to the Florentines as lamp-posts or pillar boxes are to us.

While sipping your coffee at an outdoor table on the stately Piazza della Signoria, you have before you Donatello's statue of Judith poising her sword to cut off the head of Holofernes. You have a replica of Michelangelo's immense white marble "David" with a sling in his hand taking the measure of his monstrous enemy, Goliath. You have Benvenuto Cellini's "Perseus" holding up the severed head of the Gorgon Medusa, a naked maiden whose body writhes at his feet. He cannot look even at her dead eyes, for they have the power of turning men to stone, but she was beautiful, and there is remorse in his gaze. Above you at your little table broods the majestic Palazzo Vecchio, attributed to Arnolfo di Cambio and surmounted by its tower whose one-handed clock still tells the time as it did for Lorenzo the Magnificent, the city's millionaire master and munificent patron of the arts, almost 500 years ago.

A final and very practical thing to be said of the beauties to be seen in Florence is that they are all near together. The city has about 400,000 inhabitants now, overflowing the valley and climbing up the hills, but you can still trace the old town, for eight mighty gates still stand. With a few short walks inside these portals, you can explore the whole glory and wonder of the Italian Renaissance.

Detail from Botticelli's famous "Birth of Venus." Uffizi Gallery

PHOTOGRAPH: EDITA, LAUSANNE

Love for art still burns in the hearts of present-day Florentines. In 1944, the retreating Nazis blew up all the Arno bridges with the exception of the historic Ponte Vecchio. After the war, the delicate old arches ~~were~~ replaced by utilitarian structures—all but the beloved Ponte a Santa Trinità, which Florentines wanted rebuilt just as it was when completed in 1569, with the statues of the four seasons gracing its approaches. It took 11 years to salvage the bits and pieces from the river, but eventually they were all back in place, except for the head of *Primavera* (Spring), which could not be found despite generous rewards and extensive excavations.

Then, in October 1961, by pure accident some workmen came across the marble head buried on a sandbar 100 yards downstream. For months it was exhibited in the town hall, and in the spring it was ceremoniously replaced on *Primavera's* shoulders, in rededication to the heroes of Florence's immortal past.

urple splash on the pavement near r car, and a pair of shoes—fami- r shoes—rested neatly in the mid- of the road as though Janet had st stepped out of them. A passer- shouted at me, "Anybody get led?" I looked at him blankly, en turned and ran with pounding rt back down the line of cars.

I have only nightmarish recollec- ns of that trip to the hospital ex- t that I know I prayed. The traf- was heavy, but I went in and out d round it. It probably took me minutes to make the trip, and those minutes I wavered many es between hope and despair.

My thoughts turned to the chil- n. I'd have to go to school first d get David. Then, together, 'd have to tell the girls. Tell them at? That we were going to have make a new kind of life, a life hout their mother? What kind life would that be?

I found myself, against my will, templating it. For the first time w myself as the completely per- ssive parent I was, and I realized t Janet was the iron in our fam- . This wisp of a girl who could r slacks or cocktail dresses with al *élan*, who frequently skipped n she walked down the street— was the one who made the h decisions in our family, then them through.

There was money in the bank for id's education, because she had to it that the money got there— stayed there. Debby could play the piano because Janet refused to let her stop taking lessons after I'd talked her into letting the two older children give up theirs.

Little things rippled through my mind. Moving days, when she had worked for hours helping the removal men, then somehow managed to put together a meal for a family that expected it as a matter of course.

There was the evening we were sitting quietly together in the dusk, when she had said to me, "Why don't you leave?" I was eating my heart out—without anyone knowing, I thought—at a job I didn't like while yearning to try to make a living at writing. She knew, and she made the decision easy for me—at a time when turning away from a steady income would have been unthinkable to most women.

Janet, with no degrees or certificates, but far better educated than most graduates by dint of her voracious reading and consummate curiosity. Janet, who could examine her own emotional excesses with the sort of rugged self-honesty that brought healing and reform. Janet, who would fight without quarter when she thought that a friend had been badly treated.

In the last few yards to the hospital, I said to myself that our life together *could not* end. There were too many good years ahead with our children. Too many trips we'd planned and hadn't yet made. Perhaps I would take that teaching job some day. All these things were part of life, not death. They had to be shared with one another to be meaningful.

At the hospital, a woman at the reception desk said, "You want Emergency. Go down that corridor to the far end and turn right."

Glass doors led into a broad corridor. The word "Emergency" was painted on the white walls in malevolent red letters. Half a dozen doors opened off. Beyond the second one I could see just the end of an examining table—and legs covered with black slacks. Janet had been wearing black slacks when she left the house. I shut my eyes for an instant, took a deep breath, then walked in.

Two nurses were bending over her. I walked round them and looked down. Janet's eyes were open, and she saw me. A large, crimson cloth lay across her forehead, and her face and clothing were splashed with blood. But she reached out her hand to me and said, "I'm all right, darling. Really, I'm all right. Just don't leave me."

They were the most wonderful words I'll ever hear.

SHE *was* all right. After the lacerations and bumps and bruises had healed, we became a family once again. We're one of the fortunate families, as we know. But the memory of those few awful, indelible moments can be called up instantly by a thought, a word, a gesture, the ring of a telephone. The *almost was*.

I can never forget the shattering clarity with which I saw my wife as I drove to the hospital that day. It took a near tragedy to make me realize that I had never let Janet understand how meaningless life would be without her. How grateful I am for a second chance!

* * *

What's the Joke?

A UNIVERSITY professor opened his speech to a group of club women with this remark: "I am told that I should begin with a joke, but I only know one that would be appropriate to tell you ladies and it has nothing to do with our subject, so let's get on with the job." —*P.J.*

"I HEARD A new story the other day. I wonder if I've told it to you."
"Is it funny?"
"Yes."
"You haven't told it to me." —*G. D.*

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The Dog That Bit the Circus Lion

And how he became a Public Character, fell from grace, then proved himself again to be Faithful and Fearless!

By Don Marquis

Ever since I bit a circus lion, believing him to be another dog like myself, only larger, have been what Doc Watson calls Public Character in our town.

Freckles, my boy, was a kind of Public Character, too. He went und bragging about my noble od and bravery, and all the other s and dogs in town sort of looked to him and thought how lucky was to belong to a dog like me. d he deserved whatever glory he

Condensed from "The Personality of the Dog," © 1917 by the Crowell Publishing Company, New York, from the book "The Book of the Dog." This [illegible] also appears in "The Personality of the Dog," edited by Brandt Aymar & Edward Sagarin got, Freckles did. There's not a dog in town got a boy better than my boy, Freckles. I'll back him against any dog's boy that is anywhere near his size for fighting, swimming, climbing, running or throwing stones farthest.

With me, becoming a Public Character happened all in a flash. One day I was just a private kind of dog, and the next day I had bit that lion and was a Public Character. People would come bustling up to Doc Watson's drugstore and look me over and say, "Well, Doc, what'll you take for him?"

Doc would wink, and say, "He's Harold's dog. You ask Harold."

Harold is Freckles' other name. But any boy that calls him Harold outside school has got a fight on his hands. And Freckles would always say, "Spot ain't for sale."

Before I happened to bite that lion, I had always tried to be a friendly kind of dog towards boys and humans and dogs, all three. But as soon as I got to be a Public Character, I saw right away I wasn't expected to be *too* friendly any more. So, every now and then, I'd growl a little. A dog that has bit a lion is expected to have fierce thoughts.

The worst of it was that people, after a week or so, began to expect me to do something else remarkable.

Freckles got up a circus and charged pins and marbles, and cents when he found anyone that had any, to get into it, and I was the principal part of that circus. I was in a cage and the sign over me read:

SPOT, THE DOG THAT BIT A LION
Ten Pins Admition

Seeing me in a cage like that, famous, with more meat poked through the slats than two dogs could eat, made Mutt Mulligan and some of my old friends jealous.

Mutt, he nosed up by the cage and sniffed. I nosed a piece of meat out of the cage to him. Mutt gobbled it down, but he didn't thank me any. Says Mutt, "There's a new dog downtown that says he blew in from Chicago. He says he used to be a Blind Man's Dog on a street corner there. He's a tough-looking dog. He's peeled considerably where he has been bit in fights."

"Well, Mutt," says I, "as far as that goes I'm peeled considerable myself."

Well, that night after supper, along comes that Blind Man's Dog. Never did I see a Blind Man's Dog that was as tight-skinned. I had been used to fighting loose-skinned dogs that you can get some sort of a reasonable hold on to while you are working around for position. And running into a tight-skinned dog that way, all of a sudden and all unprepared for it, would make anybody nervous.

Lots of dogs wouldn't have fought

DON MARQUIS, journalist and humorist, died in 1937. In his newspaper columns he introduced the now-famous characters mehitabel the cat and archy the cockroach.

im at all, but I was a Public Char-cter now, and I had to fight him. More than that, I ain't ready to say ut that that dog actually beat me. Freckles hit him in the ribs with a ump of soft coal, and he got off me d run away before I got my sec-d wind. There's no telling what would have done to that Blind Man's Dog, tight-skinned as he as, if he hadn't run away before I t my second wind.

Well, there's some mighty pecu-r dogs in this world, let alone boys d humans. The word got around wn, and every time Freckles and e went down the street someone uld say, "Well, the dog that bit e lion got bitten himself, did he?" And if it was a lady who said it, eckles would spit on the pave-nt and pass on politely as if he dn't heard. And if it was a man, eckles would thumb his nose at m. And if it was a girl, he would w a handful of sand into her hair. d if it was a boy, then there uld be a fight.

For a week or so it looked like eckles and I were fighting all the e. I got so chewed and he got so sted up that we didn't hardly en-y life. In fact, Freckles became downhearted and felt himself so ch an outcast that one Saturday ernoon he went and played with ls.

Right next door was the Wil-ses. Freckles was sitting on the of the fence looking into their ard when the three Wilkins girls came out to play. There was two boys in the Wilkins family, but they were only year-old twins. The two eldest Wilkins girls, the fair one and the squint-eyed one, each had one of the twins. And the other Wilkins girl had one of those big dolls. They were rolling the babies and the doll around the grass in a wheelbarrow, and the wheel came off.

After Freckles got it fixed, they all went up to the Wilkins attic to play charades and silly girl games like that. Pretty soon Mrs. Wilkins shouted that she was going to be gone for an hour, and to take good care of the twins, and then we were alone in the place.

Well, it wasn't much fun for me. I stuck to Freckles because a dog should stick to his boy no matter what the disgrace. But after a while I went to sleep.

I must have slept pretty sound and pretty long. All of a sudden I woke up with a start, almost choking. Everybody was gone. I ran out to the landing. The front stairway was full of smoke and I could see glints of flame winking through it. On the top step I stumbled over a grey-wool bunch of something, and I picked it up in my mouth. Thinks I, "That is Freckles' grey sweater that he is so stuck on. I might as well take it down to him."

It wasn't so hard for a lively dog to get out of a place like that, I thought. But I got kind of confused and excited, and it struck me all of a sudden that that sweater weighed an awful lot.

I dropped it on the first floor, and ran into one of the front bedrooms and looked out.

By jingo! The whole town was in the front garden and in the street. And in the midst of the crowd was Mrs. Wilkins, carrying on like mad.

"My baby!" she yelled. "Save my baby!"

I stood on my hind legs, with my head just out of that bedroom window, and barked.

"My doggie!" yells Freckles. "I must save my doggie!" And he made a run for the house, but someone grabbed him.

And Mrs. Wilkins made a run, but they held her, too. Old Pop Wilkins, Mrs. Wilkins' husband, was jumping up and down in front of Mrs. Wilkins yelling here was her baby. He had a real baby in one arm and that big doll in the other, and was so excited he thought he had both babies. Later I heard what had happened. The kids had thought that they were getting out with both twins, but one of them had saved the doll and left a twin behind.

Well, I thinks that I'd better get out of there myself while the going was good. I ran out of the bedroom and into that bunched-up grey bundle again. I ain't saying that I knew it was the missing twin and I ain't saying that I didn't. But the *record* is something you can't go behind, and the record is that I got out the back way and into the back garden with that bundle swinging from my mouth. I walked round to the front garden and laid that bundle down—*and it let out a squall.*

"My baby!" yells Mrs. Wilkins. And she kissed me! I rubbed it off with my paw. Then the fair-haired one kissed me. But when I saw the squint-eyed one coming I got behind Freckles.

"Three cheers for Spot!" yelled the whole town. And they gave them.

And then I saw what the lie of the land was, so I wagged my tail and barked.

An hour before, Freckles and me had been outcasts. And now we was Public Characters again. We walked down Main Street, and we owned it. And we hadn't any more than got to Doc Watson's drugstore than in rushed Heinie Hassenyager, the butcher, with a lump of hamburger steak, which is the kind someone has already chewed for you.

"It's got chicken livers mixed in it, too!" says Heinie.

I ate it. But while I ate it, I growled at him.

* * *

NOTHING is a greater impediment to being on good terms with others than being ill at ease with yourself.

—Balzac

DEMOCRACY TRIUMPHS IN THE PHILIPPINES

A man "too poor and too honest to win" was elected to the presidency. Now he's winning his fight against nepotism and corruption

By William J. Lederer

Author of "A Nation of Sheep"; co-author of "The Ugly American"

President Diosdado Macapagal

To most Filipinos the election of Diosdado Macapagal as their president on November 4, 1961, symbolized the "triumph of the common man." It was certainly a demonstration of democracy in action. For Macapagal, who was born in a humble peasant hut and had to struggle desperately for education, came to power against heavy handicaps, vested interests and government habits of corruption—in a free and fair election. And this in a part of the world where such elections are rare.

Filipino political commentators, including some who had laboured to defeat him, hailed the outcome as proof of the islands' "political maturity." To millions in new

PHOTOGRAPH: ASIAN MEDIA SERVICE/PIX

and developing nations, the inauguration of Macapagal demonstrated that, although democracy at times moves clumsily, it will survive as long as free men have the courage and energy to fight for it.

The victory followed an uphill fight. In the final days of the campaign the betting still favoured incumbent President Carlos Garcia, the Nationalist Party candidate, 7-5. And why not? The regime had control of the election machinery and police, and had few scruples about exploiting its monopoly of patronage. Moreover, willingly or otherwise, big business was contributing heavily to the Garcia war-chest.

Garcia had the support of most leftist intellectuals, too. They didn't like Macapagal's emphasis on restoring a free economy, and his warnings about the communist danger at home and abroad. The isolationist and neutralist elements were also on the president's side. And, in case of a close vote, everyone thought the real decision might be reached via the old devices of violence and fraud.

Yet the election turned out to be one of the most orderly and bloodless in Philippine history. For this, much of the credit goes to President Garcia. He had said that he did not want a "dishonest victory," and proved it with a show of constabulary force to discourage cheating.

So positive was the belief that Macapagal, vice-president since 1957 and head of the Liberal Party, could not win the presidency that one big-time professional gambler assured me: "D. M. [the nickname generally used to refer to him] hasn't a chance. He's too honest to win."

Though he has been in public service since the Philippines became an independent republic on July 4, 1946, Macapagal is still a poor man—an almost incredible situation among successful Filipino politicians. His insistence throughout the campaign that public officials should live within their means and make a public accounting of income beyond salaries was novel, but few doubted that he meant it.

Soon after he took office, the country was convinced that D. M. would make heroic efforts to carry out his pledges to stamp out graft and corruption. That conviction has been justified, and there is general agreement that he is succeeding.

His sweeping purges of officialdom and his vigorous crackdown on some prominent businessmen—among them Americans and other foreigners—have drawn charges of "dictatorial" conduct. But, as Robert Trumbull of the New York *Times* reported from Manila, "Official corruption has been halted, at least in the upper levels of the government" and "a healthy resurgence of patriotism and pride in country can be discerned among the people."

During the campaign I visited

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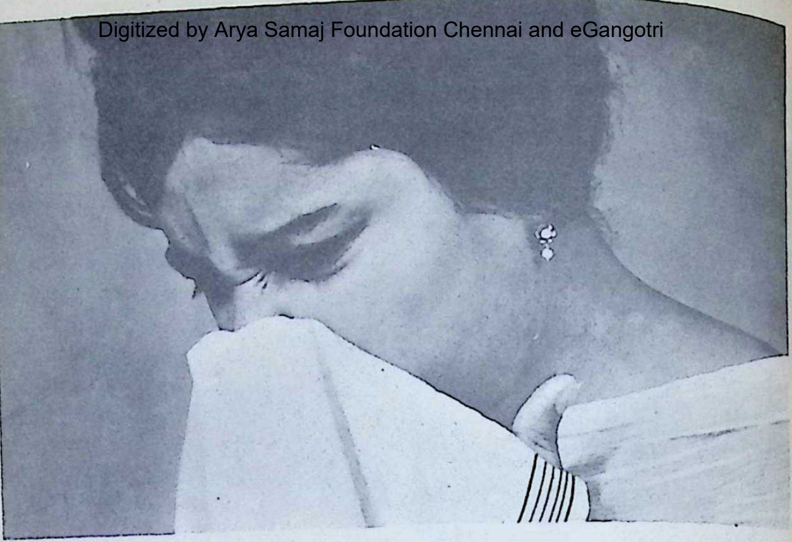

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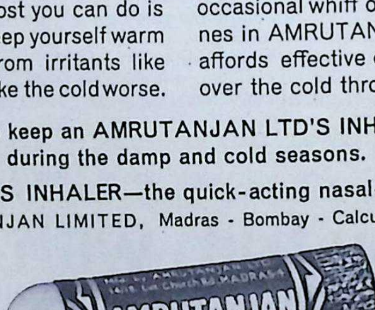

AM/1/213

Macapagal in Manila. I had known im ten years before, when he was young congressman from Pam- nga Province. Now he was vice- esident, but his mode of life d not altered. His home was a ddle-class wooden house on an fashionable street, his car of an- nt vintage. Obviously, he was ing within his means, and proud f it.

The corrupt interests have for- tten that the Philippines, despite ny failings, still is a living de- ocracy," he told me. "Millions of are penniless, uneducated, ill d abused. But freedom, thank d, is in our blood."

For three years before election y, Macapagal was engaged in the atest "sweat, walk and talk" mpaign in any country's history. nth after month, this soft-spoken professor of law and economics nstormed through jungles, untain ranges, swamps, villages d cities. He ate the simple food the poor folk, slept in their tched huts. "Freedom is available you," he told them, "yet you live slaves." He showed them that lions of *pesos* that should have e to improve their lives were g into the pockets of thieving cials.

Why should the vice-president of country have to operate on a string, and why did he have so h spare time? A mixed presi- ial ticket had come into office 57, and Macapagal, the Liberal Party candidate for vice-president, had won with a plurality bigger than that of Garcia, the victorious National Party candidate for president. Thus, from the outset, Garcia looked upon Macapagal as the man to beat in the elections of 1961. So he gave the vice-president no duties. The day before being elected president, D. M. smiled and said, "Garcia must be sorry he didn't give me any work to do. It left me plenty of time to go to the people."

Diosdado Macapagal was born in 1910 in Lubao, Pampanga. The midwife was his own maternal grandmother, Escolástica Romero. "By the calendar," she told her daughter, "your son's name is Wenceslao. But I sense destinies for him for some design of God. Let us call him Diosdado [God-given]."

The Macapagals were among the most destitute peasants in their wretched village of farmers. But the boy's father was a sort of provincial intellectual, and his grandfather composed church music.

The future president's boyhood was grim. During the day he pastured buffalo; at night he would go out to catch frogs for food. His mother bred pigs to pay for his schooling.

Determined to go to university and study law, he walked from his lodging to his school in all weathers —the 30 *pesos* a month he earned as a part-time clerk could not cover bus fares. He completed his law course and graduated from the

University of Santo Tomas. Then he came first in the nationwide bar examinations. For four years he worked in a law firm, then started his own practice.

All this time his mind was set on a career in public service. "When I grow up," he had told his mother, "I will be a politician, but I will remain so poor that the poor will have a genuine friend and protector."

During the Second World War Macapagal raised money in Central Luzon to support the guerrillas. He had to solicit openly in communities occupied by the enemy. Thousands were supported by his activities, and every *peso* went to the fighting men, even though no books were kept. It was during these days that he began to be known as "the incorruptible one" and "the most honest man in public service."

Macapagal's first wife was the beautiful sister of a popular Philippine film star, Rogelio de la Rosa, who later became a senator. They had two children, a girl and a boy. The boy was born in 1942, during the oppressions of the Japanese occupation. D. M. named him Arturo, in honour of General Douglas MacArthur—a privately cherished gesture of defiance. His first wife died in 1943. In 1946 D. M. married Evangelina Macaraeg, a doctor. She bore him a daughter in 1947 and a son two years later.

Soon after the Philippines gained independence, D. M. entered the Department of Foreign Affairs. He travelled to many countries. In 1949 he lived in Washington briefly as second secretary of the Philippine Embassy. On returning home, he was twice elected to congress by big majorities.

In 1950 he was sent as a delegate to a session of the United Nations Assembly. He caused a furore in Central Bank and government circles by returning 1,600 dollars given to him by the U.S. House of Representatives for out-of-pocket expenses on the trip. It was an all but unprecedented act. Questioned by a reporter on the episode, Macapagal said, "There are no shades of honesty. One is either honest or dishonest."

Audiences sitting on mud floors clenched their fists in anger during the 1961 campaign when they learned from Macapagal how the free political and economic system inherited from the United States was deteriorating. He told them that the conditions of their lives didn't *have* to be so pitiful. Ten per cent of the population suffered from tuberculosis, he said, yet medical help was neglected, especially in rural areas. A handful of landlords lived high while the farmers, 70 per cent of the population, remained in medieval serfdom. Meanwhile, two-thirds of the taxes and customs receipts never reached the treasury. He declared that corruption was the basic cause of many evils. He gave names, dates, places.

The economic doctrine he

passengers ...

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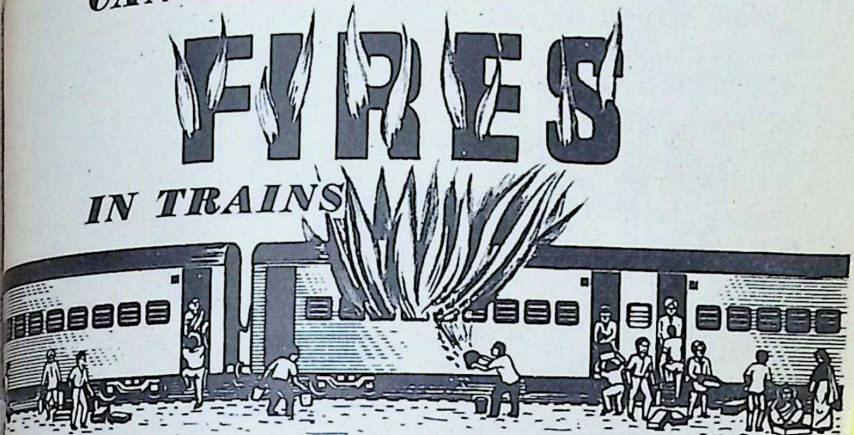

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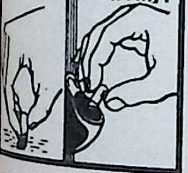

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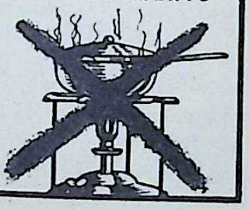

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eached was that of private enter- rise. He explained that big gov- nment—through onerous controls, ences, foreign-exchange alloca- ns, a complicated customs system had made graft a way of economic rvival. "Government must get out f business," Macapagal said re- tedly. "Private enterprise can do more efficiently and with great nefits to the nation."

Many listeners asked what they ld do about such things. His swers were the very heart of his ssage: that an informed and used citizenry must elect honest n pledged to clean house. As long they were apathetic and connived th vote-buying, corruption would t worse. He appealed to their pa- tism and self-respect, reminding m of Philippine traditions of in- dualism. The precious spark of edom had remained in Filipino rts through long centuries of anish colonialism and nearly ee years of Japanese occupation. d not the Philippines, though all and weak, vigorously opposed mmunism on issues where many werful nations wavered?

The common man listened intent- nd, come election day, confound- most of the political prophets.

Though the Liberal Party won six the eight senate seats at stake in 1961 election, that still left the ionalists with a majority of two. the house the opposition party re- ed a substantial majority. Maca- al was thus far from having effective control of the machinery of government. Party allegiances, however, are not too deep. Having persuaded enough Nationalists to switch sides, Macapagal now has a Liberal majority in the lower house and an even split in the Senate.

D. M.'s influence is making itself felt. A new austerity has come to official life in Manila. There was no inaugural ball; there will be no more gala dances at the taxpayers' expense. "Our acts must be not only legal but moral as well," Macapagal declared in his inaugural address.

"The primary function of the government is not to dispense favours but to dispense justice. I shall endeavour to set the tone not only for integrity but also for simple living, hard work and dedication to the national well-being."

His first official order forbade financial transactions between members of the government and their immediate families—a blow at widespread nepotism. On the day the Macapagals moved into the Philippine presidential residence, he ordered the sale by auction of a Rs. 1·2 crores luxury yacht, ostensibly the flagship of the Navy but in fact used personally by the preceding president and his associates.

Three weeks after he assumed office, Macapagal took drastic steps to restore a free economy. He cancelled restrictions on foreign exchange and freed the *peso* from unrealistic controls. Private business is no longer obliged to bribe

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officials to obtain exchange and import licences.

D. M. has acted to transfer many powers from the central government to provinces and localities. Among those prosecuted for alleged corruption have been at least one of his own friends and many men prominent in his own party. The "moral regeneration" to which he is dedicated is, of course, in its early stages; but the public complacency which had made corruption almost a way of life has already been profoundly shaken.

On the economic side, little significant progress has as yet been made. Unemployment and an outmoded system of land tenure in agriculture remain as key problems, but D. M.'s five-year programme for social and economic development offers hope in both respects.

In foreign policy, few major changes have been made or can be expected. Friendly relations with the United States, as well as support for anti-communist alliances and for the United Nations, are at the core of Philippine foreign policy.

New nations have reason to draw encouragement from the maturing Filipino democracy. They note that the changes now under way in the 18-year-old Philippine Republic are being brought about by peaceful and democratic methods. There has been no seizure of power by an angry clique, no matter how valid its anger. The citizens elected a president who had declared his intentions through three years of unique person-to-person campaigning. In the triumph of the man "too poor and too honest to win," democracy made a signal gain.

* * *

From Bard to Worse

A HOTEL with an eye on Shakespeare devotees named its rooms after the Bard of Avon's plays. A bride who refused to spend her honeymoon night in a suite called *Taming of the Shrew* was offered alternative accommodation.

The next day, upon waking, she found that she had spent the night in a suite called *Much Ado About Nothing*.
—L. P.

AMONG those celebrating the Bard's anniversary were the proprietors of a pub near London who hung this notice in the window: "In Honour of Shakespeare's 400th Birthday, Bacon Will Not Be Served Here Today."
—*N.Y.T.*

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throughout the world.
Hush! There's an apple dropping somewhere.

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HUMOUR IN UNIFORM

OUR CLASS at one of the air force's hnical schools had to get up at a.m. to prepare for school, which rted at six. As a result, we had fficulty keeping awake during the ctures and films.

On a morning that we had a film heduled, our instructor, who was nstantly reprimanding us about eping in class, warned us that any- e caught napping during the film uld be severely punished.

At last the long, dull film was over. e lights were turned on, and we glanced round the room to see if yone was guilty of the unpardon- le sin.

To our delight, only one person was eep—our instructor. —D. C. D.

A RETIRED naval captain and his fe, building their first permanent me, were at odds because the wife isted that the house have two bath- ms, while the captain, a staunch ocate of economy, felt that one uld suffice.

ut shortly after moving in, the ain was forced to capitulate. Pre- ing to wash for an important en- ment, he found that his wife had already taken up quarters in the solitary bathroom after having tacked this sign on the door: "TWO HEADS ARE BETTER THAN ONE!" —JOHN MURRAY

AT AN AIRSTRIP in a remote section of South-East Asia, a flight of two small military aircraft recently landed to refuel. While fuel was being pumped by hand from drums into his plane, the flight commander was confronted by the distraught and shaken youngster piloting the second aircraft.

"I'm flying a bomb," he announced. "There's something amiss with my petrol line, and the whole ruddy cockpit is full of fumes. What shall I do?"

The flight commander, knowing that the little strip offered no repair facilities, replied calmly, "I suggest, laddie, that you don't smoke!" —CAPTAIN BEN JOHNSON

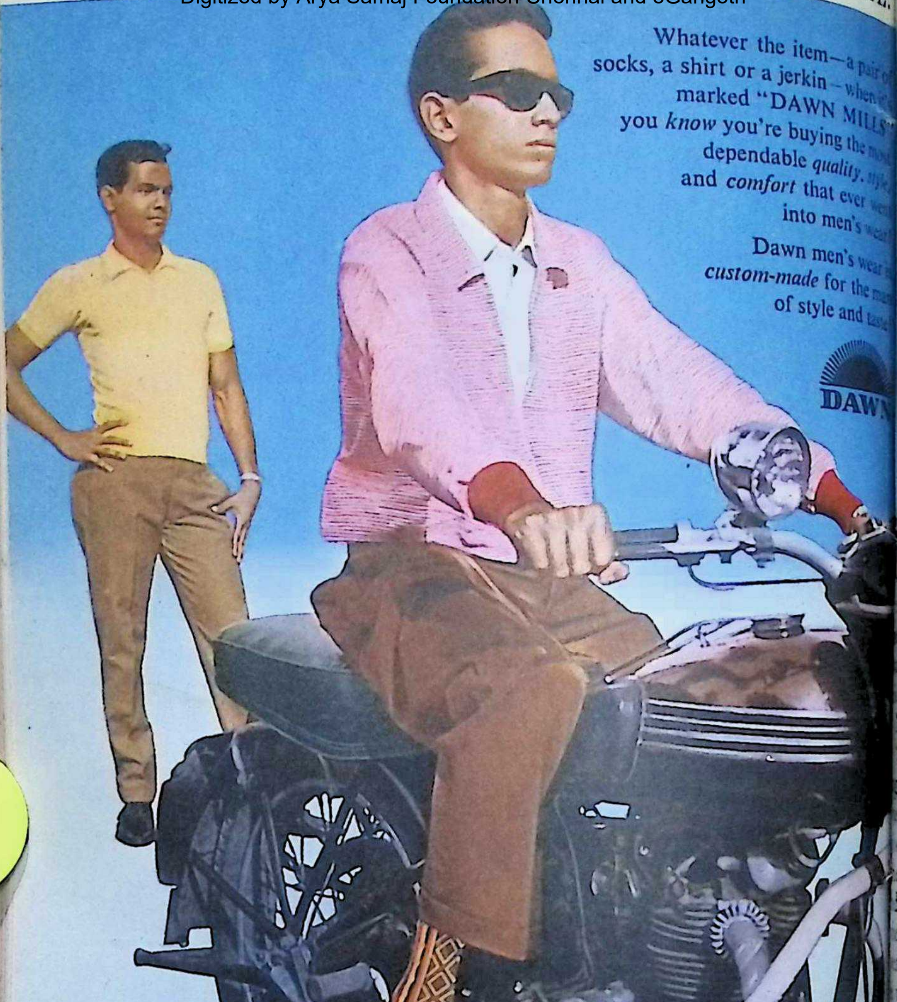
WHEN I entered the camp hospital to give birth to my seventh child, the nurse was recording the vital statistics for my admission. After the lengthy account of previous births, she asked, "Rank of your husband?"

"Lieutenant - Colonel, Retired," I replied.

She looked up over her glasses and said firmly, "Don't you think it's about time you retired, too?" —MRS. JOHN CORBETT

PROMOTION is always gratifying to a regular officer. So a brand-new colonel was understandably pleased when his teenage son asked him to remain in uniform to drive the youth and his girl to a dance. He was quickly deflated when the boy added, "She'll think I've got a chauffeur." —B. H.

THE WELL-DRESSED MAN LIKES CLOTHES TO HIS TASTE!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Manners Are from the Heart

By Suzanne Hart Strait

ONE OF the pleasantest surprises I've ever had as a parent came one day several s ago when a woman stopped in the street and said with a m smile, "Your child has the t manners."

ice manners? My child?

It was John," she said, answering my unspoken question. "He s at our house the other day after ol. When I went into the room re the boys were, he stood up— he spoke to me. I'm so pleased n the children recognize me, n in my own house. And when was leaving, he came to me to good-bye. It cheered me up for rest of the day."

could hardly believe it. Then I mbered a similar testimonial t Ellen, our eldest child. At a she had noticed that the er of the girl giving the party standing alone. Ellen had crossed the room and said, "This is the most wonderful party I've ever been to, Mrs. Evans. Thank you for inviting me." The mother told me later that she had never been more pleased by a statement from a child.

These cheering little episodes stood out so clearly because at home our children had always seemed so indifferent to mannerly behaviour. Tom and I had tried to teach them manners, of course. We felt as Marshal Foch of France did when an unmannerly American once said to him that French politeness was nothing but wind. The marshal replied, "Neither is there anything but wind in a pneumatic tyre, yet it eases wonderfully the jolts along life's highway."

But how to teach this to the children? What manners do we teach?

In George Bernard Shaw's play *Pygmalion* (from which the musical *My Fair Lady* was adapted),

Condensed from Parents' Magazine

Professor Higgins takes a cockney-talking little flower girl and, by teaching her manners, makes a lady of her. "The great secret, Eliza," Professor Higgins tells her, "is not having bad manners or good manners, or any particular sort of manners, but having the same manner for all human souls."

This *is* the great secret, and even those people who discover it find that it slips away from them sometimes. Possessing the same manner for all people is a rare quality; it is rooted in the ability to see every person as an individual human soul. This is why my son's politeness was so pleasing: not because he had "nice manners," but because he spoke to a friend's mother, saw her as another human being. And when Ellen crossed the room to speak to her hostess, she was seeing not a stick figure called HOSTESS but a woman who was harassed, concerned, busy, who had worked hard all day on a party and should be thanked.

It is not often that we encounter another person who actually sees us; it is not often that *we* actually look at others. It is hard work to look at someone else and think about him; most of us are generally too busy, too preoccupied with ourselves to spend the time. Yet isn't this what we are trying to teach our children when we teach them "manners"?

We cannot, of course, tell a six-year-old child to try to project himself into the skin of another person and understand how that person feels.

But we *can* teach him to say "thank you," and it may be that one day when he is saying it, when he is truly grateful, he will suddenly understand what he is saying and why.

When a child shouts, "Gimme that!" and we ask him to start again by saying "please," we are trying to teach him that shouting orders is not a good way to communicate with other people. When we badger a nine-year-old girl to sit down after Christmas and write a letter to Grandmother to thank her for the blouse, the very act of composing the sentences may bring some realization to the self-centred child that her grandmother actually did spend time and thought on choosing a present. Before true courtesy can be expressed, its techniques must be practised.

When I see the intense pleasure that courtesy can give, I realize that the pleasure is out of proportion to the effort that produces it. It is more than pleasure in a smoothed path. Courtesy is a reassurance; it is a warm and friendly voice coming to greet us in the dark; it is a hand reaching across the empty space that surrounds every one of us.

THE WORLD really isn't any worse. It's just that the news coverage is so much better.
—*Changing Times, The Kiplinger Magazine*

भुतहा मकान में चार महीने

A writer who does not believe in ghosts gives an authentic account of his experiences with the supernatural during . . .

Four Months in a Haunted House

By Harlan Jacobs

For four months I have been living in a haunted house, or at least in one that offered every evidence of being such. The house in question is a lonely little cottage. Though it was built some years ago, it had never been occupied until we took it for the summer; so Helen and I were the first people who ever spent a day or night in it.

On our first night there Helen had gone to bed early while I was sitting up at work over a manuscript. The upper floor of the house consisted of two fairly large bedrooms, with a sizeable landing between them. Helen was asleep in the front bedroom, and I was writing at a table in the rear one. The night was warmish, and all the inner doors were, therefore, open. I was naturally trying to be as quiet as I could, but in a little while I knew that Helen had awakened.

"Was it you," she called, "who made that tapping noise?"

"Maybe it was," I replied. "Is this the noise you mean?" And I gave a few little jogs to my writing table.

"No, no!" called Helen. "That's not the sound at all. What I heard was a tapping that seemed to come from the brick path in front of the door downstairs. It was like somebody tapping on the bricks with a cane. Didn't you hear it?"

I wandered into her room and said a few words about dreaming, but very unsuccessfully. Still neither of us took the matter seriously, and after a few moments we let it rest.

The next night we were in the living-room downstairs. About ten o'clock the taps came, on the brick path just outside the door—or about ten feet from where I sat. There were about a dozen taps, possibly

Condensed from Harper's Magazine

a second apart, which sounded just like the impact of a cane upon the brick. "That's what I heard last night," cried Helen, while I snatched up a torch from the mantelpiece and made for the door. Just before I flung it open the tapping ceased. An instant later I was outside, with my torch playing all round the place. There was no one to be seen—not a sign of man or animal, or of anything to break the silence of the night.

Now the same thing happened, in exactly the same way, many a time in the course of the summer. I should say we heard it at least 50 times. It always came in the night, and three times out of four at about ten o'clock. I may omit any details of its further occurrence, since the details were always just the same.

Of course we did everything in our power to find the cause. Over and over again we scrutinized the path in the daylight, brick by brick. A dozen nights I took my station by the door as the hour of ten drew near; but if the tapping came it ceased the moment I sprang out, and left no vestige of a cause behind it. At last we gave it up, for greater mysteries had come upon us.

Before I come to those, I must mention several minor marvels, for I am giving all events in the order of their occurrence. The next three happened to me alone. They came on three successive nights of our second week in the house, and each of them within a minute or two after I had gone to bed.

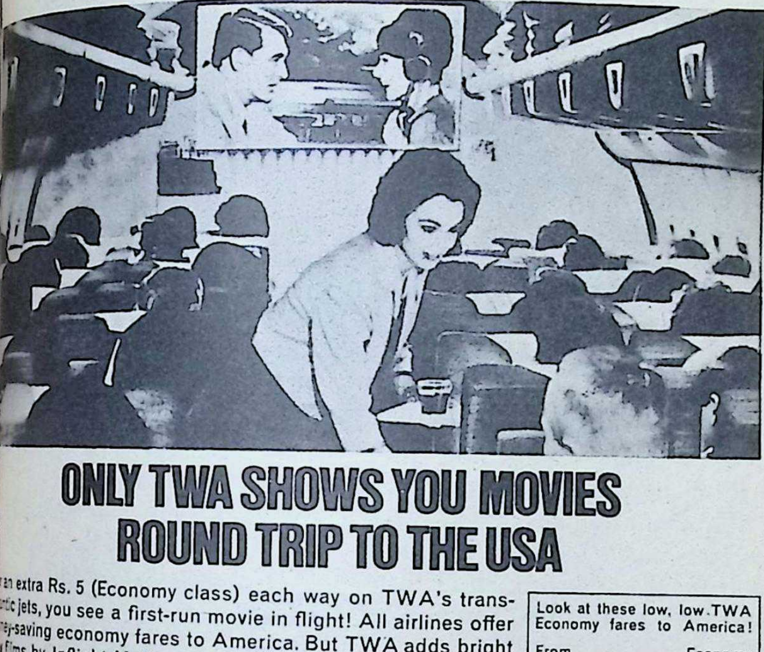
Barely had I put my head upon the pillow when I heard a sound as of a box of matches falling from the chest of drawers and striking flat on the floor. I could almost have sworn it was a box of matches. But at any rate I had heard *something* fall, and, since there was no reason for it, I rose and turned on the light, wondering.

There was not an object on the floor. I looked all over the room, under the chairs and chest of drawers, in the cupboard. There was nothing to see. Not a thing had fallen.

The next night it was a sheet of newspaper that swished across the floor through the whole length of the room. Again the sound would be a hard one to mistake. But there was no such paper in the room, nor was there any breath of breeze to set one in motion. By this time, however, I was hardly surprised to find no sort of paper in my room, or anywhere on the whole upper floor, which I searched at once.

The third night brought a louder noise and a more peculiar one. Once more I had hardly got to bed when something like a rolling-pin seemed to fall flat on the floor and then roll across the room, *ker-lump, ker-lump, ker-lump,* until it clattered against the wall and came to rest. Of course, I bounded out of bed and pulled the light cord, but there was not a thing to see upon the floor.

Rs.10 MAKE THE DIFFERENCE



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Nor was there any object in the room, or any other room, which showed the slightest sign of disturbance:

At this point you may possibly be muttering "Rats!" Every one of the few people who have so far heard my story has sooner or later put in a word about rats or mice. But let me aver that I have had plenty of experience with rats, and their sisters and their cousins and their aunts; I shall merely ask you to wait for the bigger things to come.

Even the next phenomenon was not a big one, though it was a very frequent one. Together or apart, Helen and I both heard it several hundred times during the summer. We heard it at any hour of the day or night, in every room of the house, and literally in every wall and partition. It was so omnipresent that we gave it the playful name of the "Universal Click."

I now come to something more startling. If you have been waiting to hear about footfalls in our cottage you are not going to be disappointed. There were footfalls to be heard all over the little house. They began in our third week in the place and they continued at irregular intervals all through our stay. Sometimes we would hear them three or four times in a given day or night, though sometimes a whole week would pass without our hearing them at all. First and last, I think we must have heard them at least 40 times during the season.

They were very audible indeed. Do not imagine I am speaking of any muffled sound in some far corner of the cottage. I am speaking of a steady *tramp, tramp, tramp* as of a person with good leather heels walking on the floor of the room right over our heads, or almost as often on the floor downstairs when we happened to be on the upper storey. It sounded like the natural gait of a grown man. There were *never* any muffled steps; no rational man who heard it could have had the slightest doubt at first that there was someone walking about the house.

In evidence of this I may recount a single incident out of a good many I could supply. In our locality there was a young woman (let us call her Mary Smith) who was so familiar with us that she would often stroll into our open door without troubling to knock. Now one day when Helen was alone at work upstairs she heard someone come through the door below and walk round for a while. Thinking it might Mary, she called down, but received no answer. Then she started down the stairway. The footsteps below ceased as she descended, and when she reached the lower floor sh found it empty.

By the time of this incident, f which I have gone ahead in m story, we had long been familiar with all the ways of the Thi which we had now come to call o "ghost." So it was no surprise f

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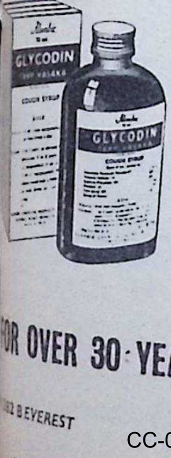

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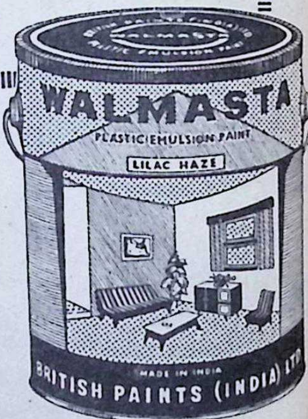
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Helen to find an empty room where she had just heard somebody walking—she had known the same thing to happen too many times before. She merely muttered something about the old ghost at his usual tricks and went back up to her work. Instantly the Thing walked in and round the lower room again, just as before. This time Helen stole noiselessly down the steps. Again the footsteps ceased, again the room was bare; and once more, after a good look about the garden, Helen went back upstairs.

Hardly was she back at work above when it all began again. Still again the feet came over the threshold and walked about the lower floor. But this time Helen stayed where she was. There was no point in creeping downstairs any more—we had both tried it so many times before. So she simply paid no attention to the Thing. And then in a moment came a voice:

"Very busy up there?"

It was the cheery voice of Mary Smith. And now Helen knew that there was no difference in her ear between the footsteps of the Thing and the footsteps of Mary Smith.

The grandest of our various demonstrations, and the most terrific, was a noise that could easily have been heard for a mile. We call it our Grand Piano Smash, for we have no better way to tell what it was like. The thing came on us first about the middle of the summer. In the living-room one night we heard a crash from the garage which was enough to deafen our ears and to set the whole house quivering. It was just as if a grand piano had suddenly lost its legs and crashed to the floor. There was no piece of furniture in the entire house that could have made any such uproar in toppling. But we took no time to wonder about the cause of the din. We plunged towards the garage to look at the catastrophe; and probably we were there within three seconds after the crash had resounded.

There was not a hint of anything wrong. We were using this garage as a storage space for books, but not even a book on the shelf had fallen. All was in perfect order. Of course we went all over the house and all round the grounds, but only to find everything exactly as it should be. There was not a trace of a reason for the terrific crash that we had heard.

The same thing happened at least twice again, and probably three times. The reason for possible doubt about the last time will be apparent in a moment.

Except for Mary Smith, we had hardly had a visitor all summer, for our work was absorbing. But in the autumn three of our friends came for a week-end. They were my lawyer, who was drawing up an intricate contract for me, and his wife and daughter. My lawyer is about the toughest-minded sceptic in all my acquaintance, and his wife and daughter are anything but giddy or nervous. All the same I

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thought it best to give the man a word of warning. Into his unbelieving ears I therefore poured a good part of the story I am telling now. It was a total waste of breath. My whole story was scotched.

"And for my part," concluded my rationalist, "I wish to heaven I could hear a little from your precious ghost!"

That night the ladies went out to an amateur dramatic performance while the lawyer and I stayed at home to grapple with our contract. We were soon deep in the complicated figures when all of a sudden came a crisp little click in the wall right behind my friend's head.

"Your friend the Universal Click?" he enquired.

"Yes."

"Some little snap in the drying wood, no doubt," he answered as he eyed the panel.

I went on with my list. "Whatever happens," I resolved to myself, "I shall simply ignore it. I shall read right on—and leave it to him!"

In about 20 minutes the familiar footfalls sounded, directly over our heads. With all the composure in my command I went on reading; and I did not raise my eyes till my companion had shot up out of his chair.

"What on earth is that?" he cried.

"Only the ghost," I answered.

"Ghost your grandmother! There's a man upstairs. Come on!"

In a moment we were upstairs, but of course there was nothing to be seen; and I exulted as I watched my hardboiled friend search in amazement for what I knew he would never find. I will say for him that he made a thorough hunt. He ransacked rooms and attic, he peered and prodded into cupboards. He tiptoed on the railing of an upper balcony and scanned the roof with a torch. But he had to give up.

We did not do any more work that night. We talked about the Thing until the ladies came in, and then we changed the topic. "Sarah and Dorothy had better not know," he had cautioned. And soon we all went to bed.

Our house was so small that all three of our visitors insisted on sleeping in one room—the front bedroom upstairs. The husband and wife took the big bed and the daughter a camp-bed by the wall. Helen fell heir to my own bedroom, and I camped out on a sofa downstairs. Shortly after I went to bed I heard our visitors above get up and walk round a little, and I heard also their muffled voices. Thereafter all was silent for the night.

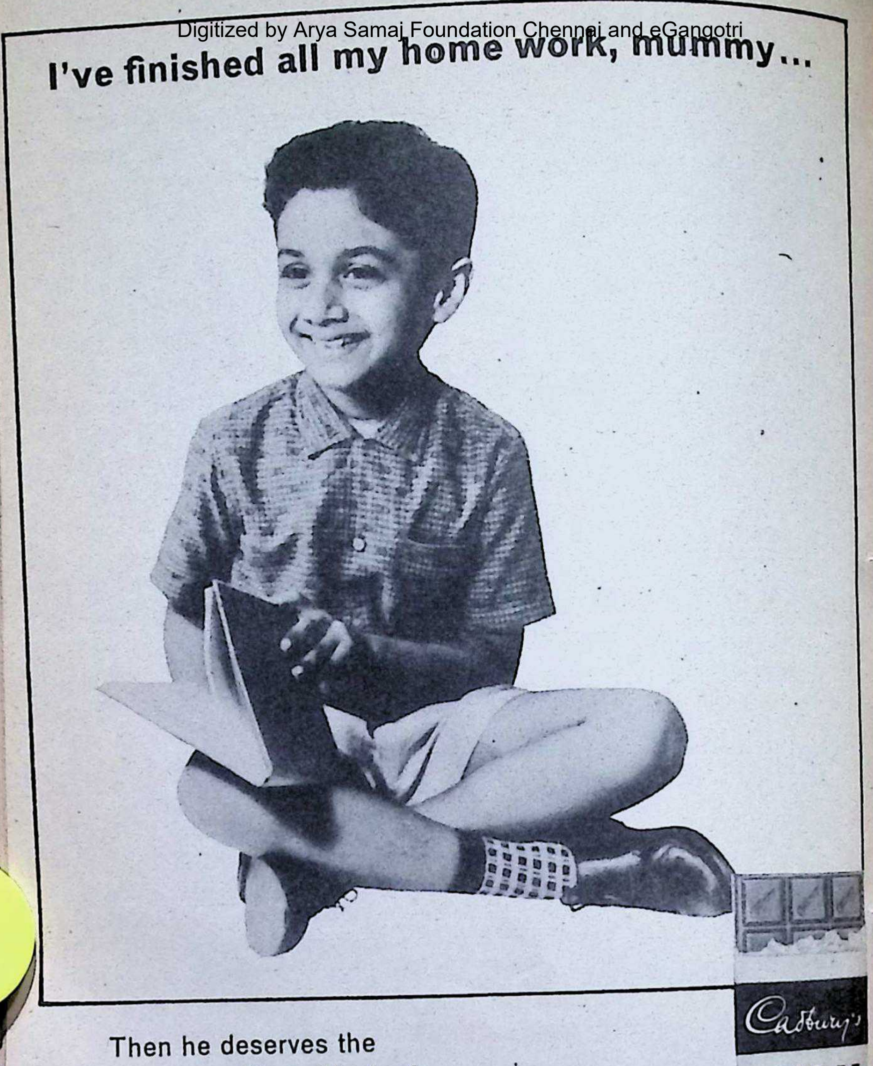
My first glance at our visitors next morning told me they had met with excitement.

"What was that awful crash last night?"

"Crash? What crash?"

"That fearful crash just after we went to bed—it sounded like the ceiling falling in the garage!"

I sought Helen's eyes with a glance full of meaning. "Did you hear a crash?" I asked.



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"Not a sound," she replied.

"Neither did I," I continued. "Tell us what you heard."

And they told us. They gave us n accurate description of the Grand Piano Smash just as we had ard it three times before—and as e did not hear it, for some un- thomable reason, the fourth time. I could not have described the noise re truthfully. And they acknow- dged that they had been terrified —so terrified that they had got up d taken their daughter into the d between them!

And here my story comes to an d. Without an exception the few ople who have heard of our ex- riences hitherto have said a good l about the creaking of the nks in wooden houses and a d deal about mice. But we have d in many a wooden house, old r new, and we know all the noises t boards are wont to make. We rd many a creak in this house, t we were never tempted to con- e one of them with any noise h as I have here described. We e also lived on close terms with mice and are familiar with their ways. There were plenty of them in the cottage when we first moved in, but we set four traps and caught them all within a week; and even before then they had never twirled a rolling-pin or upset a grand piano. When we hear about creaking boards and scampering mice we merely have to do our best at managing a weary smile.

I ought to say too that we are not the kind of couple who would naturally keep open house for ghosts. We are very plain citizens, of later middle age, and we have never had a shadow of belief in spectral visitants.

To this day I have no better notion of what our "ghost" was than of what lies on the other side of Jupiter. I should certainly like to know, but I gravely doubt whether I ever shall. I do not believe in ghosts, though I am of course aware that we have no final evidence against them. But *something* strange was loose in that house, and I wish I could discover what it was.

* * *

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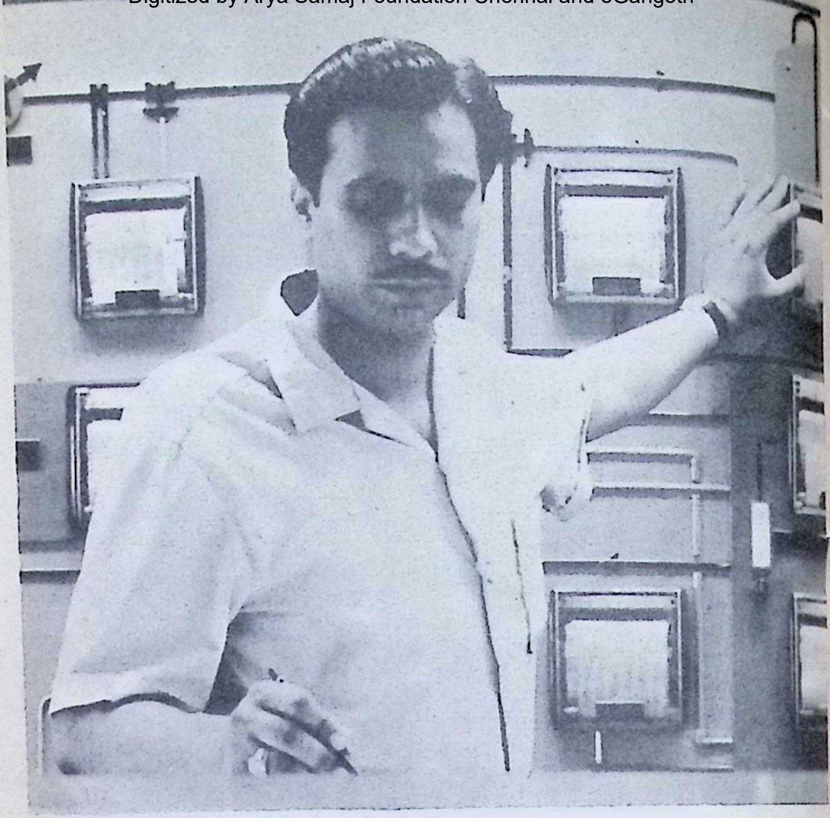

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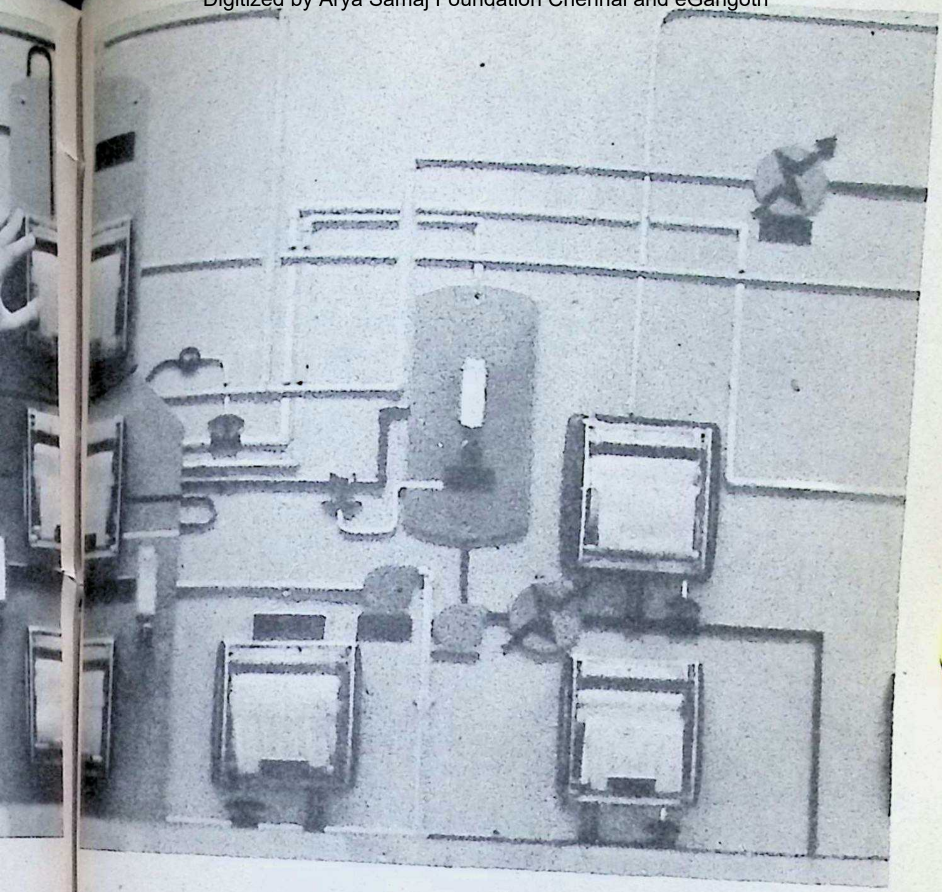

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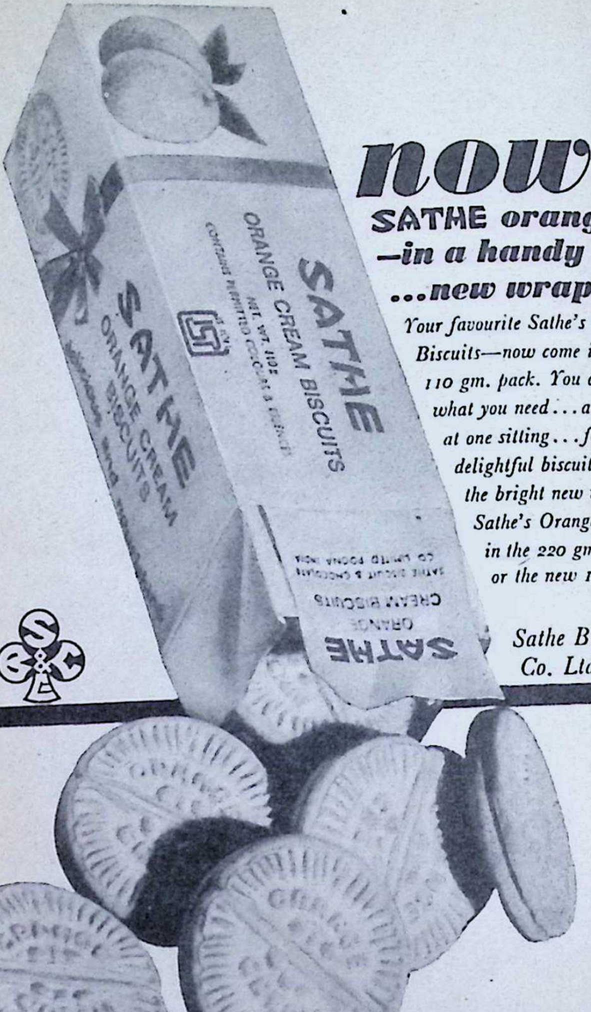
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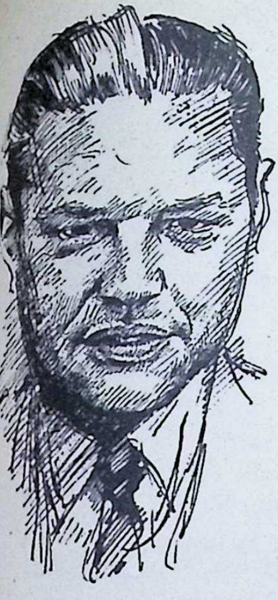


"That Crazy Latvian Carpenter!"

Apart from working hard, "you have to advertise," he says, "and be a little cuckoo"

BOUNCING OUT from behind his king-size desk, the building tycoon popped a torch into mouth, cigar-style, stooped be- the office door-frame and began unding away with a make-believe mmer—to demonstrate how he d to work half the night as a penter.

It's not such a damn big deal," Risbergs noted in richly nted English at the end of his show. "Only thing is, you to take the torch out every 15 utes to spit."

A flamboyant and bluntly good-oured man, this former refugee from Latvia is president of General Builders Corporation, a company that is now putting up some 38 million dollars' (Rs. 18 crores) worth of U.S. housing. (The company was rushing into bankruptcy four years ago when Risbergs took over.)

The laughing Lett arrived in the United States in 1947 as a displaced person. He refused to return from a wartime stint of forced labour in Germany to a homeland overrun by Russians. Risbergs, who is 45 and looks even bigger than the 6 feet 2 inches, 15 stone he admits to, studied chemical engineering at the

Condensed from Newsweek

University of Riga and economics at Heidelberg. But in America he went to work as a carpenter, a trade he learned on the Bay of Riga farm where he grew up.

Risberg explains: "Everybody thinks Norwegian, Finn and Lett make good carpenter because homeland has lots of woods. So, I work as carpenter."

Eventually he went to Long Island, where William Levitt had begun to build the first of his Levittowns—those mass-produced housing developments that have helped to change the face of America. Employed on a piecework basis, Risbergs was soon the best-known and highest-paid carpenter on the project. There was good reason. With his trusty torch, Risbergs often worked 20-hour shifts, sleeping on the job so that he could get an early-morning start. A job that two men normally complete in a day and a half, Risbergs alone often finished in a single day. He was banking more than 200 dollars (Rs. 950) a week.

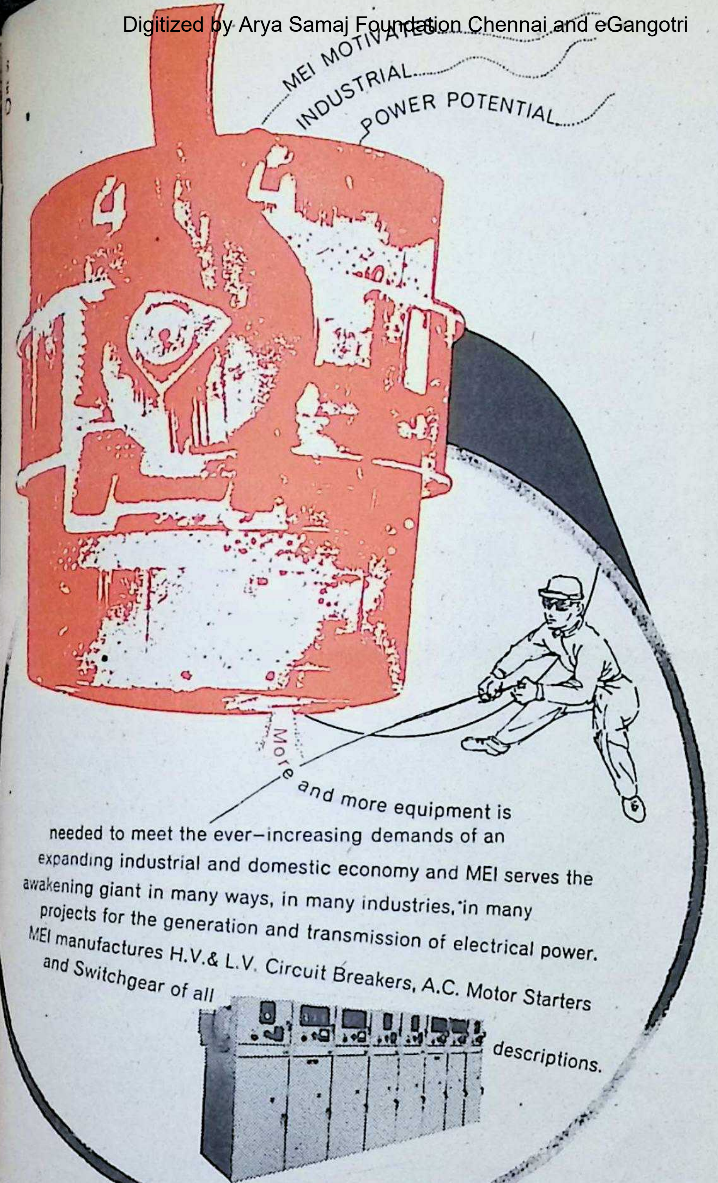
But it takes more than hard work to ensure the kind of success he wanted. "You have to advertise," he recalls. "You have to be a little cuckoo. So I carry tools round in a little wagon like you see in supermarkets. I wear shorts and long shirt. Sometimes I go barefoot. All the time, I sing. Soon everybody calls me 'that crazy Russian.'"

Levitt himself noticed Risbergs, and Risbergs was ready for him with a proposition. There were lots of Latvian refugees in New York, eager to work—with torches in their mouths, if necessary. A good number of them had been professional people in the old country and were now offering, as Risbergs explains it, "a dollar's worth of talent for a dime."

In 1949 Risbergs became a subcontractor to Levitt, sometimes hiring up to 500 of his fellow countrymen and training them in the ways of mass-production builders. Within two years he and his Latvians were in the house-building business for themselves. Soon he was one of the biggest builders on Long Island.

Risbergs's operations have more than doubled since he bought the controlling interest in General Builders in 1959, thus diluting the all-Latvian flavour of his work crews. But of the 100 top men in the company, all except a handful of specialists are Letts. They run the middle-income building jobs General Builders has going in the New York area and in Georgia and Florida.

Success, however, has done little to shorten Risbergs's hours. He lives with his wife, Gaida, and their five boys, ages five to 11, on the expansive first floor of the sprawling building that serves as General Builders' headquarters in Babylon, New York. That way, Risbergs explains, he doesn't waste time going to and from work.



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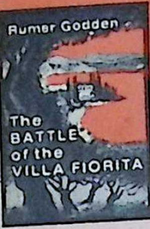
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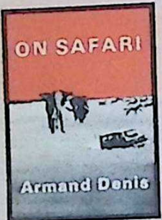
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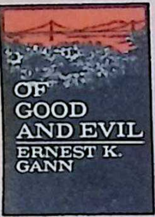
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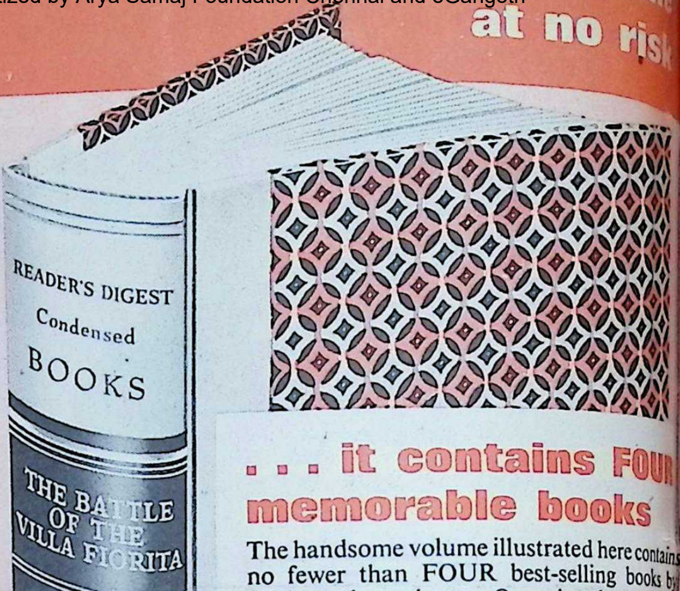
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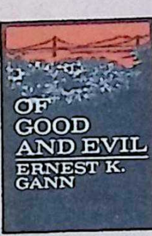

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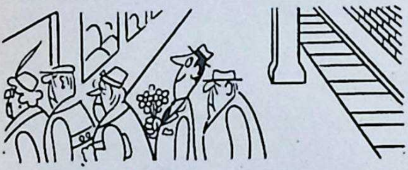
QUESTIONS OF LOGIC

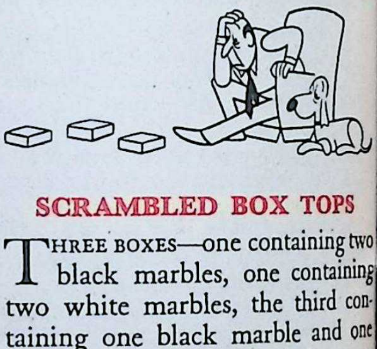
By Martin Gardner



A WELL-TRAINED SUITOR

A young man lives in the city near a railway station. He has two girl friends, Jane in a northern suburb and Caroline in the south. To visit Jane he takes a northbound train; to visit Caroline he travels by southbound train from the opposite side of the same platform. Since he likes both girls equally well—and the fare is the same to either destination—he simply takes the first train that comes along. In this way he lets chance determine whether he travels north or south. The young man reaches the platform at a random moment each Saturday afternoon. Northbound and southbound trains arrive at the station equally often—every ten minutes. Yet, for some obscure reason, he finds himself spending most of his time with Caroline in the south: in fact, on average, he goes there nine times out of ten.

Can you think of a good reason why the odds favour Caroline so heavily?



SCRAMBLED BOX TOPS

Three boxes—one containing two black marbles, one containing two white marbles, the third containing one black marble and one white marble—are put before you. The boxes are labelled to indicate their contents—BB, WW and BW—but you are told that the tops have been switched so that every box is now incorrectly labelled. You are asked to take one marble at a time out of any box, without looking inside, and, using this sampling

Condensed from "The Scientific American Book of Mathematical Puzzles & Diversions,"

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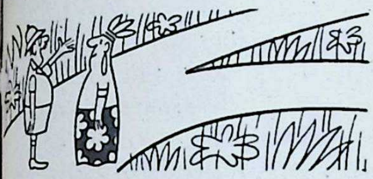
process, to determine the contents of all three boxes.

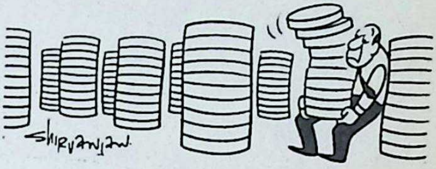
What is the smallest number of drawings you will need to determine the contents of each box?

THE FORK IN THE ROAD

A LOGICIAN spending a holiday in the South Seas finds himself on an island inhabited by the two proverbial tribes of liars and truth-tellers. Members of one tribe always tell the truth; members of the other always lie. He comes to a fork in a road and has to ask a native bystander which branch he should take to reach a village. He has no way of telling whether the native is a truth-teller or a liar.



The logician thinks a moment, then asks *one* question only. From the reply he knows which road to take. What question does he ask?



THE COUNTERFEIT COINS

YOU HAVE ten piles of coins, each consisting of ten coins of the same denomination. One entire pile is counterfeit, but you do not know which it is. You do know the weight of a genuine coin, and you are also told that each counterfeit coin weighs one gramme more than the genuine model. You may weigh the coins on scales.

What is the smallest number of weighings necessary to determine which pile is counterfeit?

(See page 124 for Solutions)

Bloodless Struggle

THE nervous young fellow ahead of me in the queue at the blood-donation centre was obviously offering blood for the first time. The nurse pricked his finger and drew out a few drops of blood for grouping. In a few minutes she came back and repeated the process. "I say," the young man said uneasily, "I don't want to hurry you, but isn't there *some* way to speed up this operation?"

—Vera Snider

Solutions to QUESTIONS OF LOGIC (*page* 122)

A WELL-TRAINED SUITOR

While the northbound and southbound trains arrive equally often—at ten-minute intervals—it happens that the northbound train always comes to this platform one minute after the southbound train. Thus the northbound train taking him to Jane will be the first to arrive only if the young man happens to come to the platform during this one-minute interval. If he enters the station at any other time, the southbound train taking him to Caroline will come first. Since the young man's arrival is random, the odds are nine to one for Caroline.

SCRAMBLED BOX TOPS

You can learn the contents of all three boxes by drawing just one marble. The key to the solution is your knowledge that the labels on all three boxes are incorrect. You must draw a marble from the box labelled "BW"—black-white. If the marble drawn is, say, black, you know then that the other marble in the box must be black also—otherwise the label would be correct. You can now tell the contents of the box marked "WW"—white-white. You know it cannot contain two white marbles, because its label has to be wrong; it cannot contain two black marbles, for you have identified that box; therefore it must contain one black marble and one white marble. The third box must then hold two white marbles.

THE FORK IN THE ROAD

The logician points to one of the roads and says to the native, "If I were to ask if this road leads to the village, would you say, 'Yes'?" The native is forced to give the right answer, even if he is a liar! If the road does lead to the village, the liar would say "no" to the *direct* question; but, as the question is put, he lies and says he would reply, "Yes." Thus the logician can be certain that the road does lead to the village, whether the respondent is a truth-teller or a liar. On the other hand, if the road actually does not go to the village, the liar is forced in the same way to answer, "No."

THE COUNTERFEIT COINS

The counterfeit pile can be identified by a single weighing of coins. Take one coin from the first pile, two from the second, three from the third, and so on to the entire ten coins of the tenth pile. Then weigh the whole sample collection on the scales. The excess weight, in number of grammes, corresponds to the number of the counterfeit pile. For example, if the group of coins weighs seven grammes more than it should, then the counterfeit pile must be No. 7, from which you took seven coins, each weighing one gramme more than a genuine coin.

FROM HERE TO UNCERTAINTY?

SCRAP OF PAPER! But it has served its purpose. A new word was learnt. Or, ase. Or, problem. Or, visual idea. Also the future is bright for this child—but t for that scrap of paper! From here it goes to uncertainty. But till here, there s no uncertainty, because it was born at Dandeli.

e West Coast Paper Mills Ltd. are at Dandeli. Here, paper is made from bamboo d other fine forest materials. For writing. For printing. For packaging. But the cess isn't all that simple. It involves a certain amount of chemistry. Certain y-skilled personnel trained abroad. And, above all, quality control. To make s certain, a special Research and Development Department works round the ck at Dandeli.

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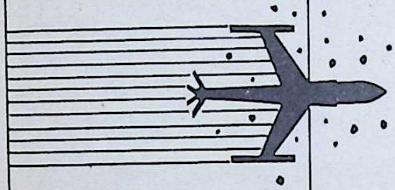
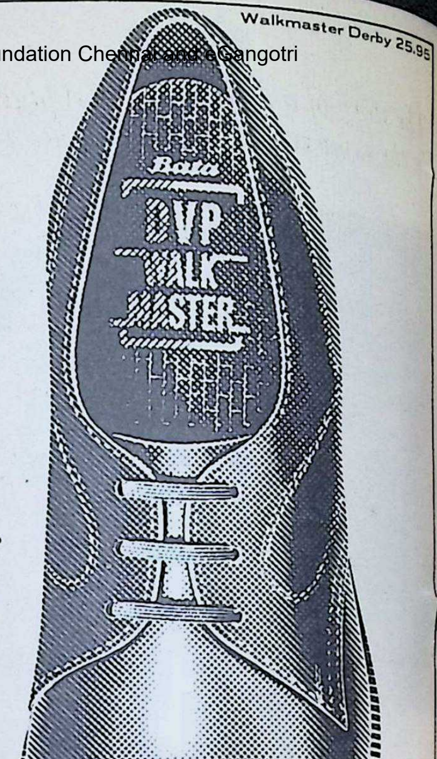


Bata shoe engineering keeps pace with other technologies. Walkmaster embodies new DVP construction which locks the upper to the sole for the life of the shoe. You get more shoe with less bulk than ever possible. Supple leathers give exceptional comfort. Insoles are air-cushioned. Every step in Walkmaster feels like you're walking on air—because you are.



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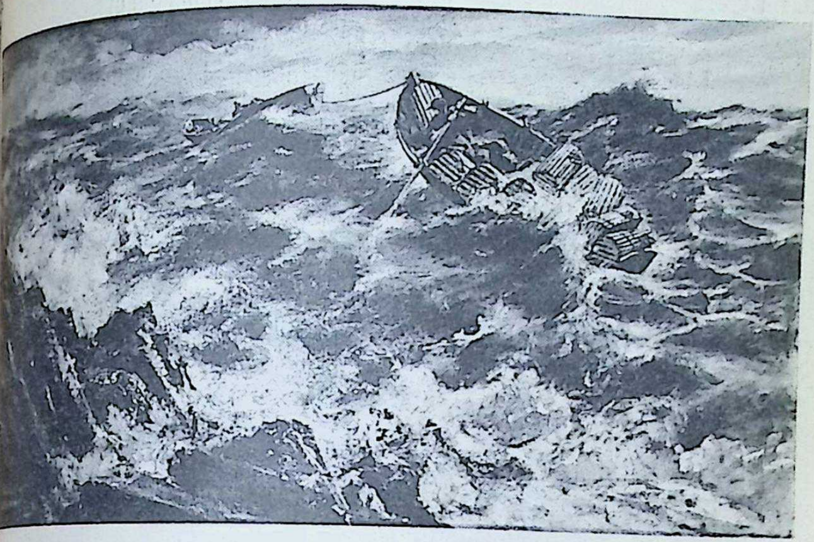
The story of a man who met danger
the same way he met life—head-on



Granpa and the Atlantic Ocean

DAVID WOODBURY

MY MOTHER used to say that the summer we spent in Maine when I was seven was the most terrible she ever lived through. That was the time Granpa taught me to handle a boat and insisted I "make friends with the Atlantic Ocean." As a girl, Mother had nearly been drowned in this same ocean, and she wouldn't have allowed us to live anywhere near it if Father hadn't made her. He was a marine painter, and the sea was his life. To her, it was malevolent and murderous.

Condensed from Down East

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But through Granpa's eyes the ocean was a vast new land of adventure and excitement. "The sea is your friend, Davy, if you don't abuse her confidence," he said.

This philosophy appalled my mother. But then she and Granpa were in perpetual battle over my education. A retired cabinet-maker, gentle and considerate, he could mend anything around the house, and I was his devoted helper. Mother, on the other hand, wanted me to play music, paint pictures and read. Granpa said you must learn to be practical first. You wouldn't live to grow up if you didn't.

Granpa had been a drummer boy in the American Civil War and grown mature in courage and wisdom while still a youth. To him, danger was an essential part of growing up. It brought you alive, kept you keen, taught you to take risks and win. What really threw Mother into a panic was that he not only took chances but *enjoyed* them —and made me enjoy them, too. He called this habit his "capacity for surprise."

When the wind piled the sea into monstrous waves and the cliffs in front of the house were buried in foam, Granpa and I would put on oilskins and clamber down over the rocks, bracing ourselves against the gale. Sometimes we went too close, and a wave would slam us down and soak us to the skin. When Mother protested, Granpa would cry, "Marcia, he has to learn to look after himself on those rocks. We're in luck to have so many storms!"

There were plenty of times when the sea was calm and I could get on with learning to manage a boat. Granpa turned for help to the little band of fishermen who inhabited the inlet we called the Cove, though the small indentation in the rugged cliffs was wide-open to the waves, except at the upper end. Here there was a huddle of shabby old fishermen's houses and a few square feet of pebbles on which to drag out the boats. Granpa, with his tall, gaunt frame and his bristling beard, intrigued the stolid old-timers, and his delight in personal danger fascinated them. "Them waves knows him," they would say. His courage quickly made him one of them, a distinction that few summer folk attained.

One old lobsterman was called "Deaf Al." No one could make him hear, but everybody liked him and he liked them. The only way they could communicate with him was by pointing and miming things. At first Granpa tried to shout into Al's dead ears, but a fisherman put him straight. "You can't make him hear, Mr. Woodbury," he said. "He won't even hear Gabriel's trumpet when his time comes. They'll have to set it in writin' or Al won't go. Them ears is just ornaments."

In sign language we made a deal with Al to borrow his dory whenever he didn't need it himself. She was as old as he was, but rugged—a

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fine, deep-bellied 18-footer. She was just the boat for me, safe and unruffled in any sea.

Al was dirt-poor. His traps were homemade from bits of wood he found, and in a storm he would lose every one he had. He never tried to beat the weather and get them in, as some of the other men did. He would just stand on the beach, gazing off into the turmoil, then go back to his hut and start lashing up more scraps of wood to replace them.

Granpa quickly improved on that. Buying some good hardwood withes, he skilfully fashioned a set of traps that were the envy of the Cove. I helped by weaving the little nets that closed their ends, imprisoning the lobsters once they were in. Al hadn't wanted any money for lending us the dory, but he was grateful when we offered him the new traps.

So summer went by, one of the happiest in all my childhood. Then one morning in September we woke to a blow that was the grandest of all. The sea was white to the horizon, and the Cove itself was in turmoil. "We'll have to make Al some new traps, Davy," Granpa said. "He's going to lose all he's got this time for sure."

We went down to the beach. The fishermen were standing in a silent little knot, staring out into the misty savagery beyond the point. Al wasn't among them. "Didn't he come down today?" Granpa asked. One of them jerked his head seawards. "He's out there now, tryin' to get his traps in. We couldn't stop him. He sets more store by them traps you made than anything he ever had."

"He can't stay out there in this sea!" Granpa cried. "We must signal to him to come in."

They were silent for a moment. "Can't *get* in," one grunted finally. "He's snapped off one of his oars."

Granpa went into action like a lighted rocket. "We'll go out and get him," he said grimly. "Who'll go with me?"

Not a man moved. Granpa looked from one to another. One man shrugged. "Go if you want to. You won't come back."

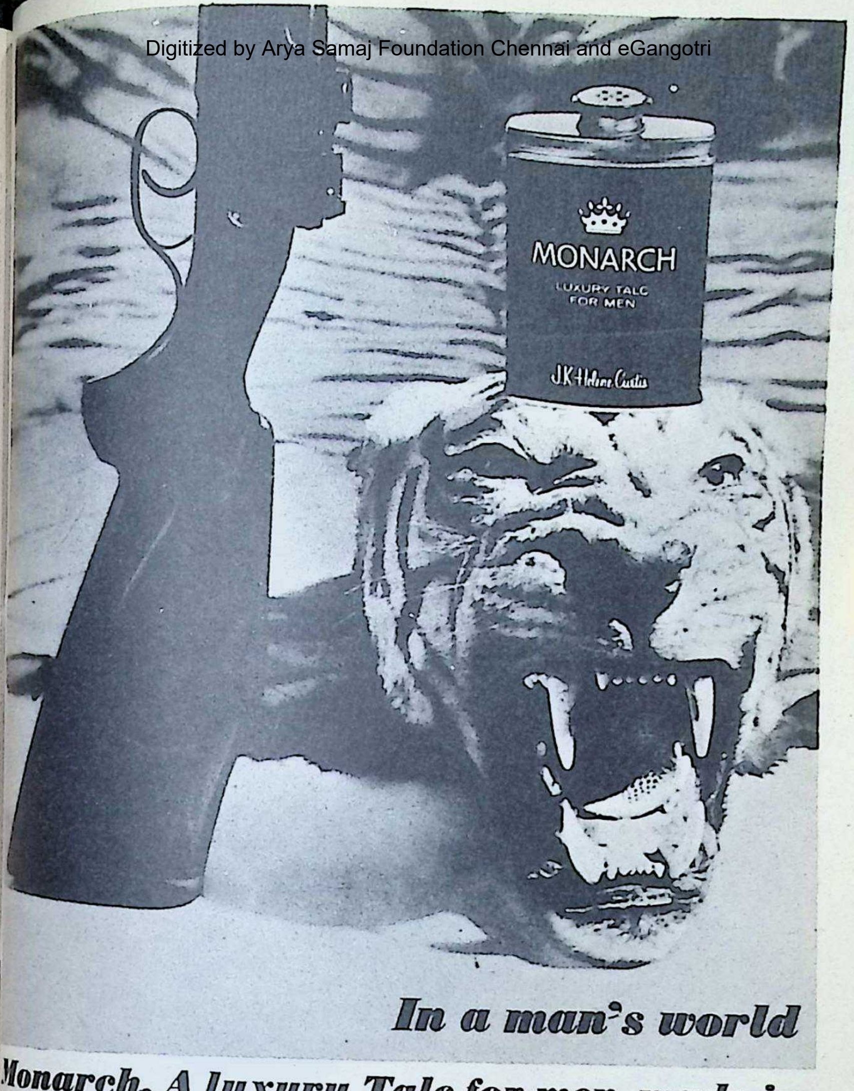
Granpa hesitated only a moment, then strode down the beach to the boats. The next minute I was running after him, screaming, "No, Granpa! Don't go! Don't go!"

He had lost his hat in the wind, and, as he turned, his thin, silvery hair made a halo around his head. His white beard stood straight out, and he looked like God, the way I had imagined Him in Sunday school. "I'll be all right, Davy," he called. "I'll just tow him in." Then he leaped into one of the dories. I was right behind him.

"No, Davy! Get out!" He took me roughly by the shoulder. "Do as I say."

"I won't. I'm going with you."

He looked at me a moment. Then he picked up the heavy oars and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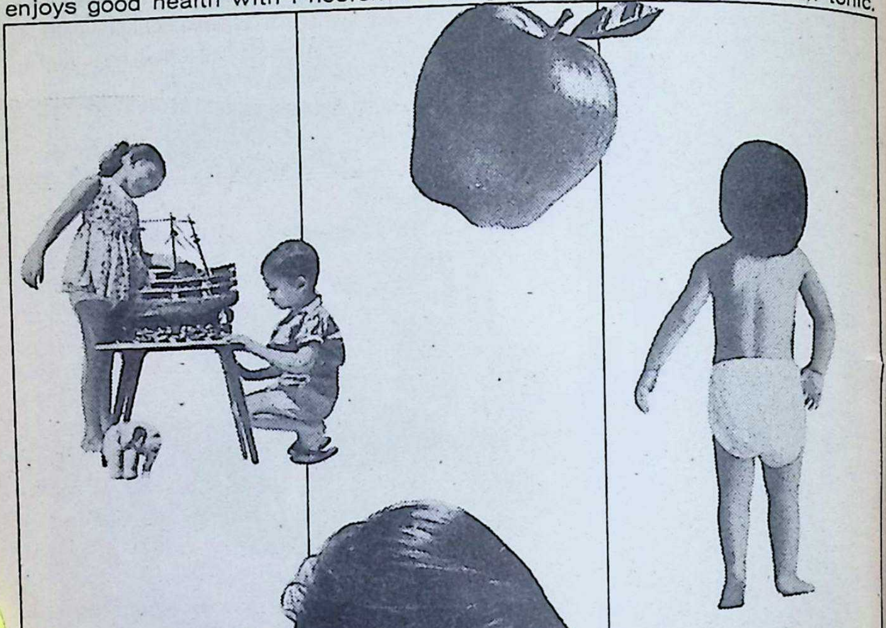
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pped them through the thole-pins. as in the bow of the dory and anpa stood above me, pushing on oars instead of pulling, as he had ght me to do when the ocean was gh.

He did not look like God any re, but like one of those great ghts that Mother had read to me ut in King Arthur. I loved him taking me with him. I wasn't n scared.

As we got out of the protection of Cove, there was too much noise n to think. The bow of the boat ld soar into the air and then nge down until it seemed as if we e going to the bottom. Granpa t pushing: slow, long strokes, ing time like a pendulum. He ed the strongest man in the ld.

eyond the point, the waves were g we went down out of sight veen them. When we were on of a roller and Al was, too, we d see him for a second. He was ng hard with his one oar, first ne side, then on the other, but asn't getting anywhere. He had ed up all his traps, and they e piled around him in his dory, ng it so deep that some of the s washed in. The seas were g him in towards the cliffs, e green water was smashing bursting 50 feet in the air. We t much time.

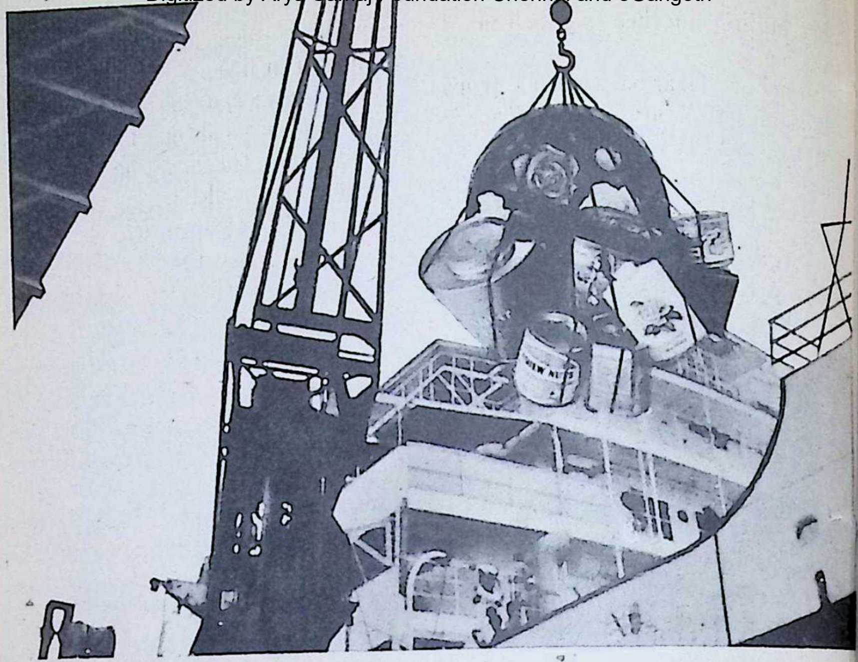
anpa made straight for him. n we were alongside, Granpa d over and shook him by the shoulder. I will never forget the look on Deaf Al's face. It was like the sun coming out suddenly, when the clouds break up. Granpa pointed at the killick in Al's bow. Al understood and threw it into our dory. It took us a while to manoeuvre the anchor over the thwarts into the stern. It was heavy.

When we looked up, the boats were within 100 yards of the rocks. We could feel the suck of the waves as they drew back and then killed themselves on the point. Granpa put his whole strength into rowing again, heading straight out to sea. At first we didn't move. Finally, we began to, till we had taken the slack out of Al's bowline—then it was even harder.

I ached to help, but there wasn't a thing I could do. All I could think of was to shout, "You'll do it, Granpa! You'll do it!"

Al was helping with his one oar. But it was heartbreaking, because every time Granpa finished a stroke, we would slip back towards the rocks. It seemed hours before the waves got longer and rounder and we knew we were in deep water again.

Then Granpa swung slowly round and headed us back towards the Cove. Anybody who knows about boats knows that it is dangerous with the waves behind you. They come slamming up at high speed and seem to pick you up and throw you ahead. If you can steer, it is all right. But you can't steer a



In quest of gold

More and more Indian manufacturers are today earning valuable foreign exchange by selling their products abroad. Exports of cashew nuts, fish, vanaspati, toiletries and other consumer goods in Metal Box packages alone earned over Rs 8 crores last year. That's a lot of foreign exchange, and for the nation it's as good as gold.

To sell in highly competitive overseas markets the product must be of the finest quality. *And so must the package.* It must be of the *right size* and must have the *right finish.* And an *attractive surface design* that will score over competition in sales appeal.

All this requires research, experience, resources. Metal Box have them. They also have access to the fund of marketing and technical know-how of their world-wide associates. This is why Metal Box can provide a comprehensive packaging service as no one else can. This is why, too, so many packers come to Metal Box for advice, send their goods abroad in packages designed and manufactured by Metal Box.

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ry pulling another one behind it a big sea.

Somehow Granpa kept us from roaching to," but then a big wave t us, and Al's boat came slam-g down on us from behind. other wave got us, and I thought were gone. I could see the water r into Al's boat. He was bailing all he was worth.

minute later, there was a sud- calm. That happens in any m. Right after the biggest waves e will be none at all. Granpa ed out to sea, and then he did ing I couldn't understand. Put- both hands on one oar, he ed our dory round with all his ht till it was pointing out to sea n. I was too young then to what Granpa's manoeuvre for, but I marvel at it now, 50 years. It was the only thing to save our lives. Granpa had r been caught in a storm before, ome instinct told him what to If we were to go in at all, we go backwards, with Al's heavy boat ahead and our light one holding it in line.

"I guess we can do it after all, eh, Davy?" Granpa shouted, smiling. I realized that for once he had not been sure he could win.

In another 15 minutes we were paddling up to the beach. The fishermen helped us to climb out. One of them had an old quilt that he threw round Granpa. The rest stared at him and shook their heads. It was the biggest tribute they knew how to give. Al threw out his killick and waded ashore. He stood a little to one side, and reached into his pocket for a plug of tobacco. When he had stuffed it into his mouth, he stuck out his arm and shook Granpa's hand. That was all. But he and everybody understood what Granpa had done.

Father came running across the beach and threw his arms round Granpa and hugged him. "Papa, that was well done! But we won't tell Marcia a word."

He was shaking all over.

Scientific Approach

HE DEADLINE for his essay was fast approaching and the nervous student eded some quick information. His treatise could be polished off nicely th a little titbit about Enrico Fermi, the physicist who produced the t nuclear chain reaction. Phone calls to two newspapers were un-ductive.

The *Christian Science Monitor,*" he thought. "Surely they'll know."

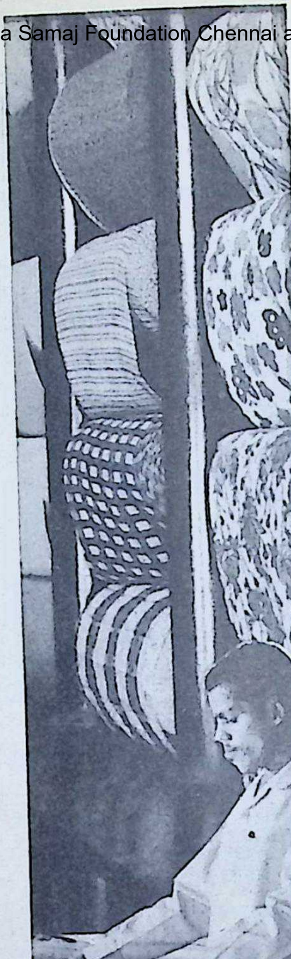
The *Monitor's* switchboard operator wanted to help. "Who," she asked. rmi? What department is he in?"

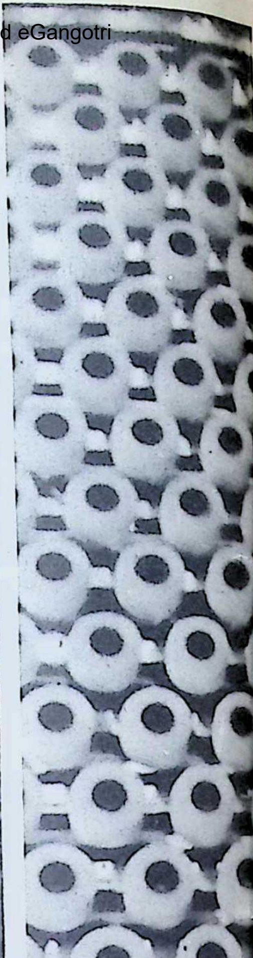
No," the student replied. "No, you don't understand. He's a scientist."

Young man, I'm afraid *you* don't understand," the woman countered. e're *all* Scientists here."

—AP

THE MAGNIFICENT ADVENTURE OF SEVENTY FIVE YEARS





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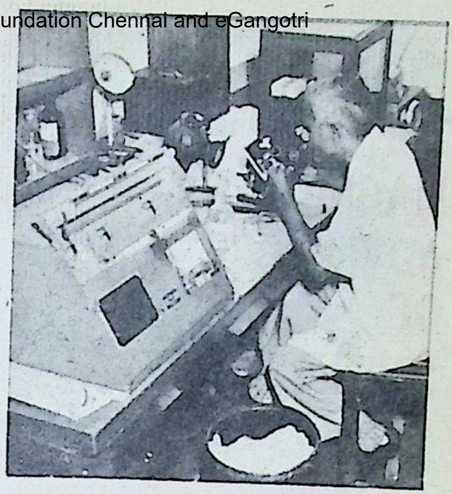

1889 - 1964

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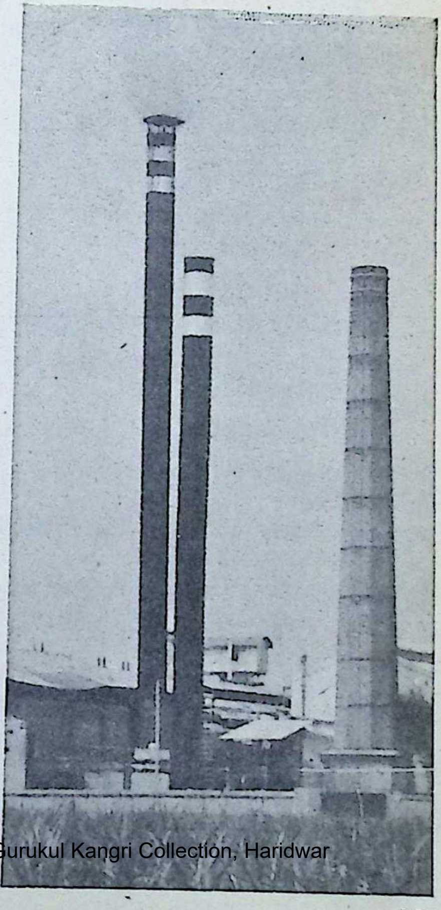

By Ronald Steel

An American View of NATO

A noted U.S. political writer urges his countrymen to face the possibility that it is time for America to abandon the Atlantic alliance

Although we find it hard to admit, the North Atlantic Treaty Organization (NATO) has become obsolete. The alliance we forged with Europe 15 years ago is now a nuisance to our allies and a danger to ourselves. Its advantages for the United States evaporated when the Soviet Union developed nuclear missiles that could wipe out our cities. And for our allies its usefulness has faded with every stride that Europe has taken towards strength and self-reliance.

To understand why, let us take a hard look at this creation of Western diplomacy.

In forging the Atlantic alliance the United States sought to protect the war-weakened nations of Western Europe from the danger of communist *coups* or of a Russian invasion. The imposition of puppet regimes in the satellites and the outbreak of the Korean War gave urgency to the building of the alliance. This urgency impelled Europeans once again to assume the burden of rearmament, and it persuaded them, in the name of their own preservation, to accept the leadership of the United States over their defence and diplomacy.

All this was possible because the Soviet threat seemed imminent, and

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Ronald Steel is a former U.S. Foreign Service official, now a Congressional Fellow of the American Political Science Association. This article is taken from his new book, *The End of Alliance*, © 1964 by Ronald Steel and published by Deutsch, London.

Condensed from The Saturday Evening Post rope was weak. Since then, how- r, two events of far-reaching nificance have undermined the ndations of NATO. The first is t, through a revolution in weap- y, the United States, for the first e in its history, is vulnerable to astation at the hands of its mies. The second is the construc- n of an economically powerful l politically aggressive Europe.

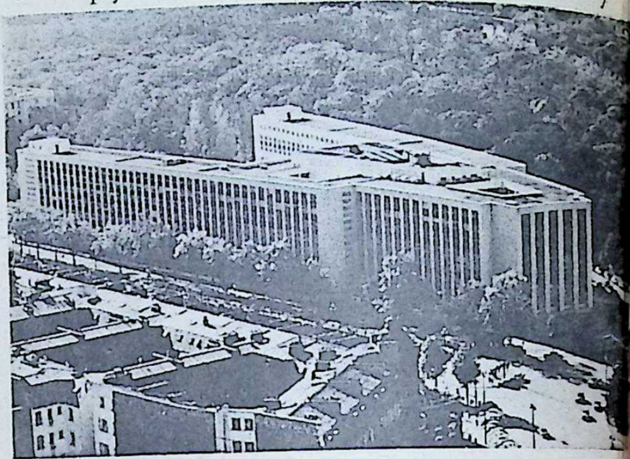
The basis of the alliance has al- s been the pledge that the Amer- n nuclear arsenal was irrevocably icated to the defence of Europe. s in turn assumed that the ited States could defeat the iet Union through superior mili- y power. But now that the United es and Russia are capable of terating each other, superiority ke victory itself—has been tied of meaning.

tomic equilibrium has also shat- d the old concept of alliances. the past, nations could pledge nselves to one another's aid in e of attack. If they were unlucky, y could lose an army or a chunk rritory; at the very worst they d lose the war and face eco- ic hardship and even military pation. But since the risks were able, alliances were rational in- ments of foreign policy. Today may no longer be true.

ropeans feel they have good n to doubt whether the United s would use its missiles in their nce. Why else, they ask, does United States refuse to share with its allies the control of its nuclear forces? Thus, Britain keeps up its costly nuclear arsenal, and France is building one, because neither is willing to take a chance that, when the chips are down, the United States will automatically come to its defence. With separate deterrents, both nations hope to create a nuclear stalemate between Europe and Russia that would make a Russian nuclear attack upon Europe as unthinkable and irrational as an attack on the United States.

The question of military equality within the alliance is only part of the larger problem of the radically changed relationship between the United States and Europe. For the past half century we have taken for granted that a feuding, divided Europe must be dependent upon the United States to resolve its wars and bolster its economy. But today the United States no longer speaks for all nations of the West. Instead of one firm voice dominating the Atlantic alliance, there is now a cacophony of powers all demanding to be heard. In the East, a similar process has occurred as the Soviet Union finds its authority disputed by Red China and a host of restive satellites.

It is comforting to imagine that Europe's new assertiveness is the last dying gasp of an outmoded nationalism, that it will evaporate with the departure of its most vocal advocate: General de Gaulle. But this would be a grave error. De Gaulle's departure will not mean the end of European resistance to the United States but only its dispersion to less articulate but no less passionate advocates of an independent Europe. General de Gaulle is simply the spokesman for the nationalism that is the hallmark of the new Europe, a nationalism whose object is to make Europe a powerful force in the world, capable of protecting itself and of being master of its own diplomacy.



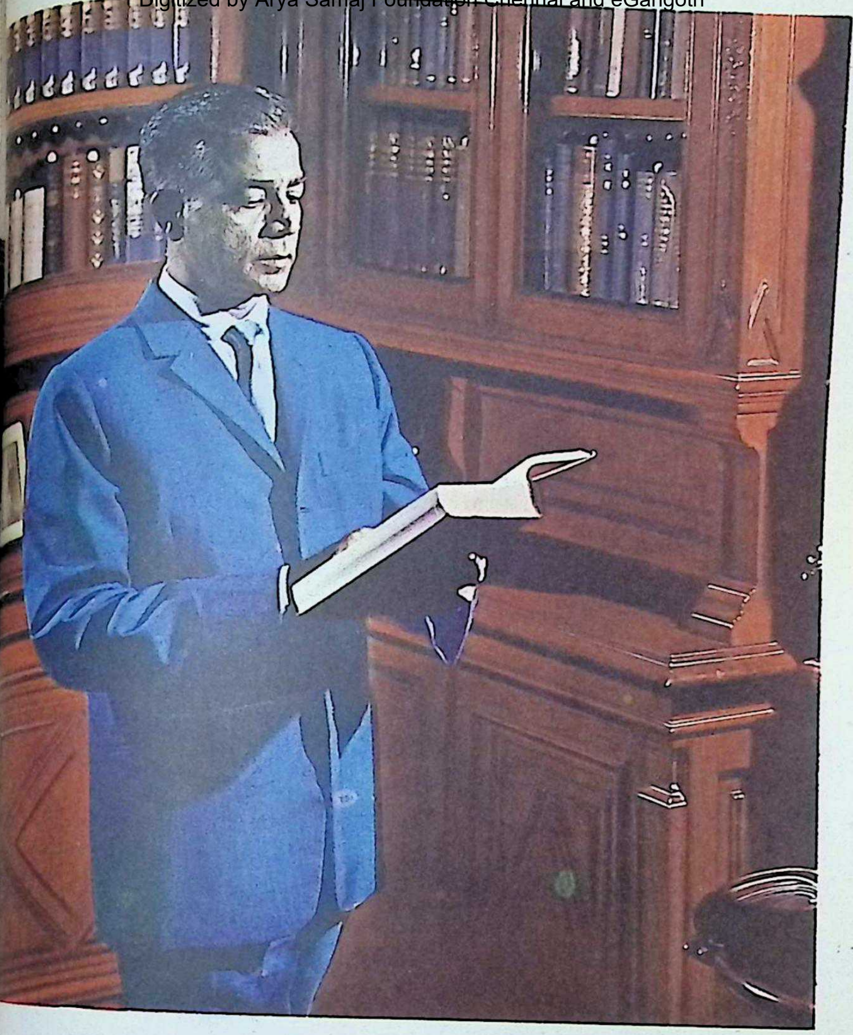
NATO headquarters in Paris

There is nothing startling or disloyal in such an ambition. It is the vindication of the Marshall Plan and the result of the United States' entire post-war policy towards Europe. We hoped that the Europeans would rebuild their economies so that they might once again be able to defend themselves and relieve us of that terrible burden.

But now that the wisdom of our policy towards Europe is beginning to bear fruit, and Europeans are moving to provide for their own defence, we shrink from the application of that policy. We would like Europe to be united, but still under U.S. direction; we would like it to be militarily strong, but to permit us a monopoly of the West's nuclear power. We speak of interdependence, but by it we mean that the United States should be independent of Europe and that our allies should be dependent on us.

Surely it was never imagined by the founders of the alliance that it was to be the instrument for a permanent U.S. tutelage over the Continent. It was not our intention that U.S. soldiers should be for ever compelled to face the Soviet Army head-on in central Europe; that every altercation over the status of Berlin should involve the physical survival of the United States itself.

Our task today is not to revive collapsing alliances but to find a way of preserving the values of our civilization at a time when the alliances themselves have grown outdated. Reciting NATO's tired old litanies will not help us lift the spectre of atomic war, nor open a



Exacting, isn't he? But it's a pleasure making suits for minating customers like him. He really *knows* about cut ft. Must be just so. And, he'd rather have a wool suit. *new wool*. I must say there's nothing like wool for g a really good-looking suit. Pity we can't get enough these days. I'm looking forward to the time when will be easier, and the wool textile people can s top quality material for all my customers... 99

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path by which the two parts of a divided Europe may one day be united in freedom.

We should welcome the efforts of Europeans to create a strong and truly independent nuclear force. They have the wealth and resources to do it. And there is little we can do to prevent them. When they have their force, then they may take on the task of defending themselves, relieving us of a perilous responsibility.

Europeans today reject NATO's lingering obsession with imminent Soviet invasion, and they question the United States' right to speak for them in their dealings with Russia. They are now less concerned with the polemics of the cold war than with the problems of confederation; less committed to the fetishes of NATO loyalty than to the search for a means of reuniting a sundered Europe.

The chronic disputes within NATO simply dramatize the fact that the alliance has outlived its usefulness. It was a wise and farsighted policy in 1949; today it is an anachronism. If Europe can protect itself without our help, so much the better. Our soldiers can come home, and we can all celebrate the demise of NATO. The mark of its success will be its own irrelevance.

* * *

The Changing Face of Beauty

Reigning belles of the Victorian age were called beauties when they came nearest to the Greek conception of alabaster perfection—perfectly formed features combining into a flawless whole. Women today whose faces approach this classic ideal are not the women who make heads turn in a restaurant, who are worshipped by film fans, and whose features decorate magazines.

This is encouraging. It shows that we are no longer concerned with the surface of things. A woman of personality, of inner fire, stirs us far more than a flawless mask. Who cares whether a mouth is too large, or a cheek too hollow, as long as they are animated by a potent spirit?

As a matter of fact, regularity of face usually betokens a cold, dull, unresponsive spirit behind it. Women with perfect faces are apt to feel no need to make emotional effort to atone for physical flaws.

The beauty of today earns her title half by personality, a quarter by Nature, and a quarter by the modern miracle of make-up. —*Vogue*

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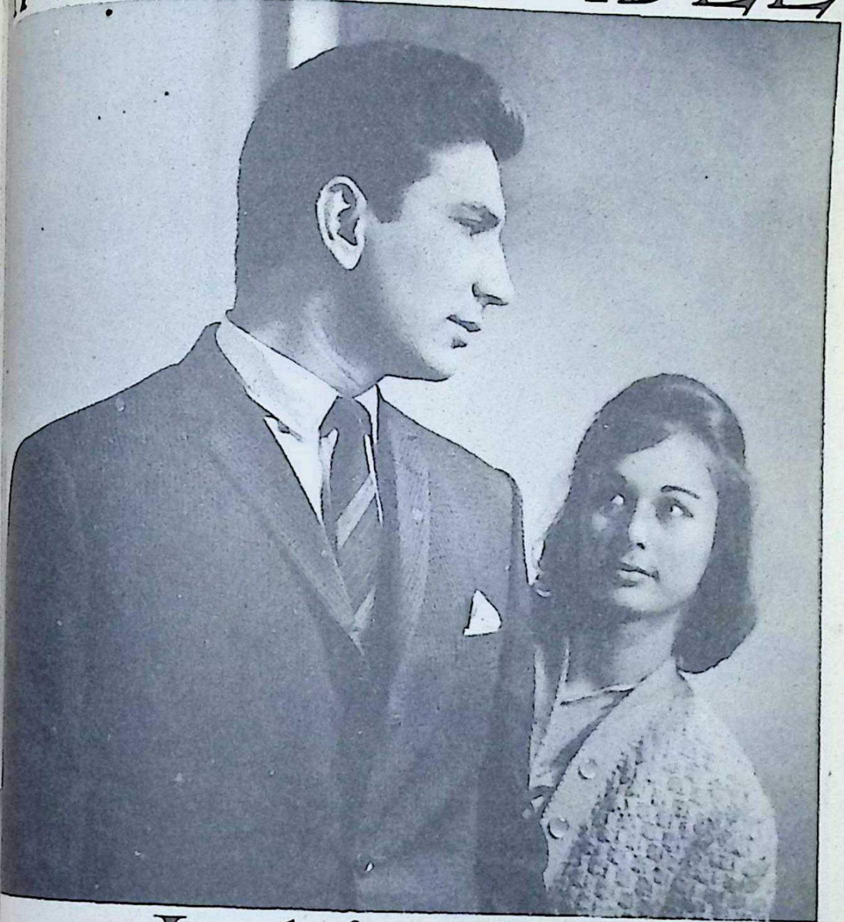

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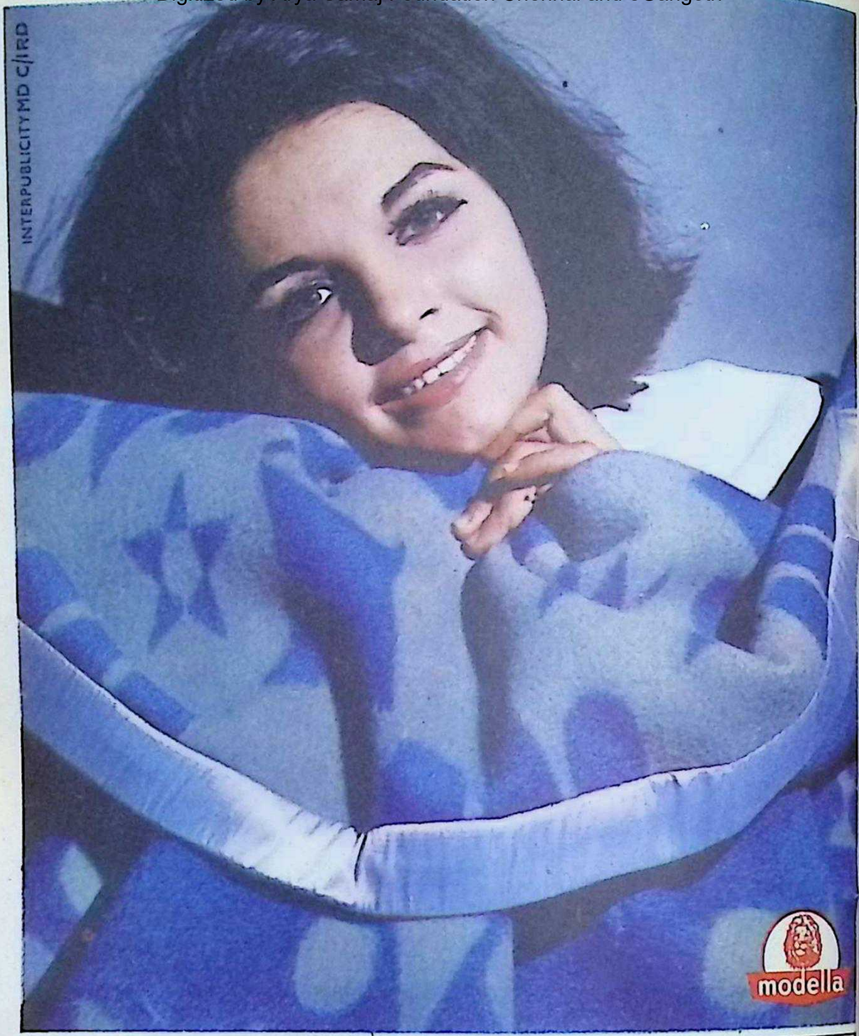
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sinformation and false modesty prevent millions from ing a doctor's help for relief from haemorrhoids. Yet s annoying affliction may mask a more serious condition

The Ailment Nobody Mentions

By J. D. Ratcliff

IS A universal plague. It strikes e brawny stevedore and the ntary office worker, the hell-for- er fighter pilot and the old-age ioner. It afflicts 50 to 75 per of the human race at some time ng life. Yet open discussion of orrhoids is confined almost y to patent-medicine advertise- ts.

ommon sense indicates that be- e this ailment is so prevalent, time has come to put prudery e. Whatever our feelings of esty, one part of the body is e as respectable as another.

aemorrhoids are believed to from a defect in body architec- ; one of the penalties man pays for two-footed posture. Virtually all veins have check valves at regular intervals to prevent backflow of blood and to keep it moving towards the heart. From time to time these valves fail. In the legs, for example, valve failure causes varicose (swollen) veins. Haemorrhoids are simply varicose veins of the anal region; due to an oversight of nature, there are no check valves in the column of venous blood which extends down through the abdomen and terminates in the thin-walled haemorrhoidal veins.

Gravity imposes a constant load on these veins, and any rise in abdominal pressure increases it. They become dilated just as neck veins

Condensed from Family Doctor, published by the British Medical Association dilate when a heavy load is lifted. If abdominal strain is repeated often enough, or persists long enough, they become permanently swollen, often to four or five times normal size.

A dismaying range of conditions builds up pressure in these fragile veins—pregnancy is one. As the enlarging uterus pushes aside abdominal organs, it is likely to pinch veins and increase pressure. Various benign tumours do the same.

Doctors once thought that haemorrhoids chiefly afflicted people in sedentary occupations. They now know that the condition is just as prevalent among labourers, particularly among those who do heavy lifting. Men in mechanized military units are also frequent sufferers, possibly because they tense abdominal muscles in rough-riding vehicles. Fighter pilots are similarly afflicted; when pulling out of dives or making sharp turns they are subject to enormous pressures on abdominal organs, and blood is driven downward into haemorrhoidal veins.

One of the major causes of haemorrhoids is digestive malfunction resulting in constipation. Straining at the toilet increases abdominal pressure, which in turn raises venous blood pressure. If such conditions persist, haemorrhoidal veins inevitably enlarge.

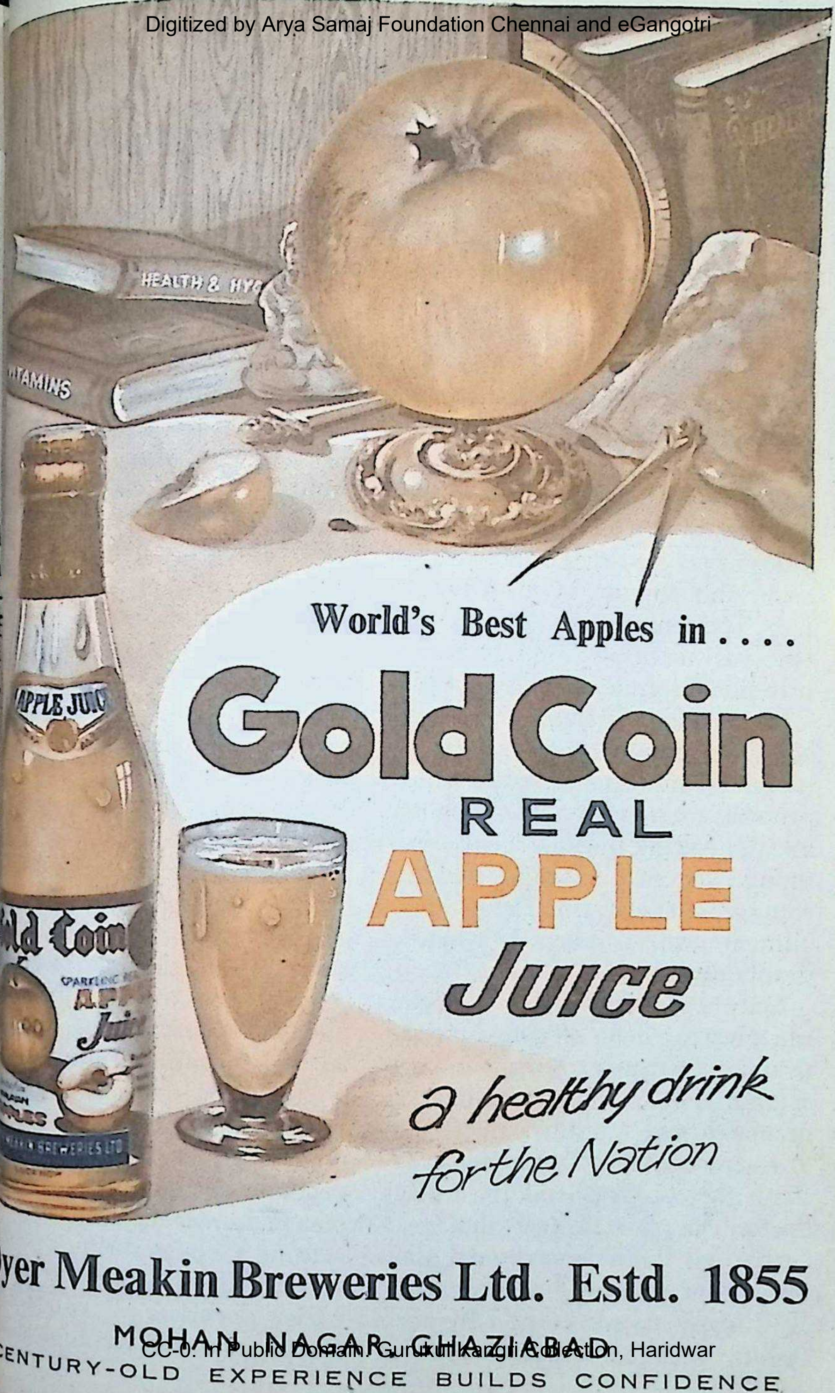
Haemorrhoids can occur either internally or externally. Internal veins are buried in the mucous membrane of the pouchy, six-inch terminus of the large intestine. They may enlarge so that they nearly block the exit; or they may prolapse—spill over to the outside. In many people both external and internal haemorrhoids are present.

Difficulties with the enlarged veins arise from a number of sources. They may become painfully thrombosed — filled with clotted blood. Or they may become inflamed, infected, ulcerated.

Fortunately, these things happen only rarely. In the majority of cases, veins are only slightly distended and cause no difficulties. Although most people over 40 have haemorrhoids, many are not even aware of it. Another point: veins may enlarge temporarily, then subside to near normal size. This frequently happens with pregnancy: enlargement while the baby is being carried, shrinkage after delivery. The same effect is often noted when persistent constipation is corrected.

Usually there is ample warning before haemorrhoids become large enough or extensive enough to cause serious discomfort and trouble. Three cardinal symptoms may herald impending difficulty: protrusion, pain, bleeding. The latter is usually the first symptom noted. Initial loss from ruptured veins is slight; if it persists, such seepage can cause serious anaemia.

"One of medicine's greatest mysteries," says Dr. Robert Turell, of New York's Mt. Sinai Hospital, "is why people will give instant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attention to a cut finger, or stop all activity until a nosebleed is controlled, yet will ignore rectal bleeding for months, even years."

Dr. Turell makes the point that many diseases far more serious than haemorrhoids also cause rectal bleeding—ulcerative colitis, other inflammations, cancer, for example. Though haemorrhoids are not thought to be potentially cancerous, to assume, without consulting a doctor, that your symptoms are caused by haemorrhoids alone can be a deadly error. Each year thousands of people die of cancer of the colon and rectum. A distressingly large percentage of them waste precious months thinking haemorrhoids the source of their trouble.

Herein lies the danger of widely advertised patent medicines—mainly salves and suppositories which promise to stop pain and itching, and to shrink haemorrhoids. Although generally harmless, they encourage self-treatment for a minor ailment which may be hiding deadly disease.

Only examination by a doctor can give a reliable diagnosis of the trouble. The main element in such examinations is direct visualization of the lower intestinal tract with a rectoscope or a sigmoidoscope. With these instruments the skilled doctor can spot danger that may lie beyond the haemorrhoidal area. Because of squeamishness, or modesty, many people—especially men—shun such examinations. A far wiser course is to *demand* them of your doctor.

If haemorrhoids alone are your trouble, the doctor has several courses open to him. In most cases, conservative treatment suffices. "Only one in ten of my patients requires surgery," says Dr. Milton Porter, of Columbia-Presbyterian Medical Centre in New York. Soothing ointments may be prescribed, and sitz baths, since warm water reduces pain and stimulates circulation. The main effort will be directed towards finding what caused the haemorrhoids in the first place. If constipation is the basic cause, this will be corrected.

The severe pain caused by clotted blood within distended veins, which makes walking or sitting a torment, can also be relieved quickly. The doctor gives a local anaesthetic to deaden pain, slits the vein and removes the clot.

If internal veins are bleeding, but not protruding, the doctor may decide on injection treatments. Like clot removal, this is a painless procedure performed in the surgery. Swollen internal veins are injected with an irritating solution—such as quinine-urea hydrochloride—every three to seven days for a total of six to 12 treatments. The objective: to promote formation of hard, fibrous scar tissue within the swollen veins, causing them to shrink.

Injection treatments are helpful under a variety of circumstances: for people who would make poor

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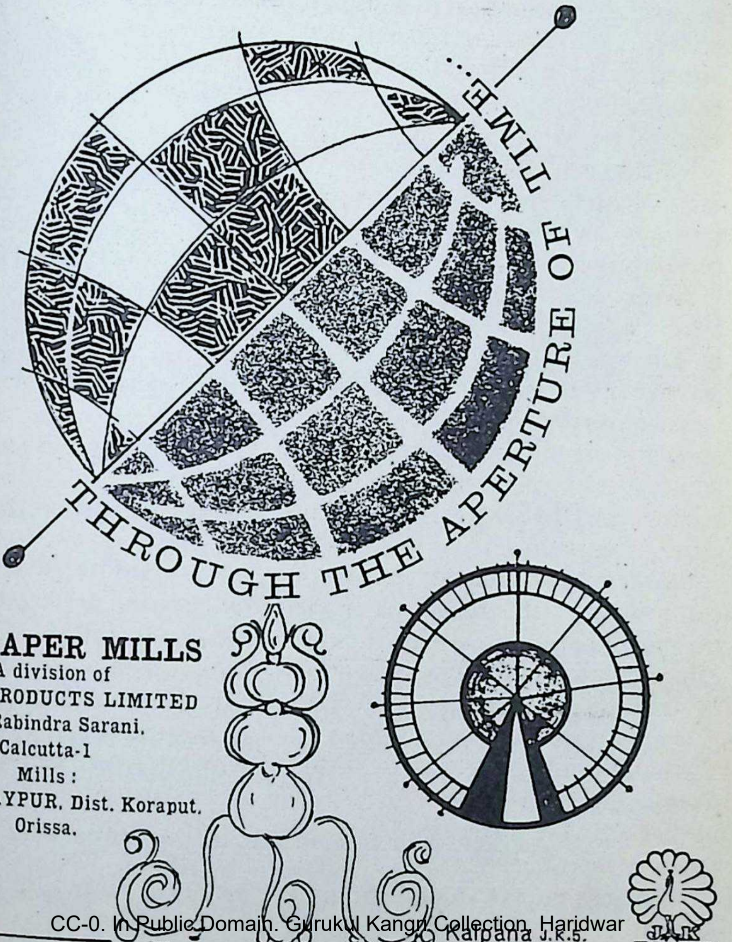
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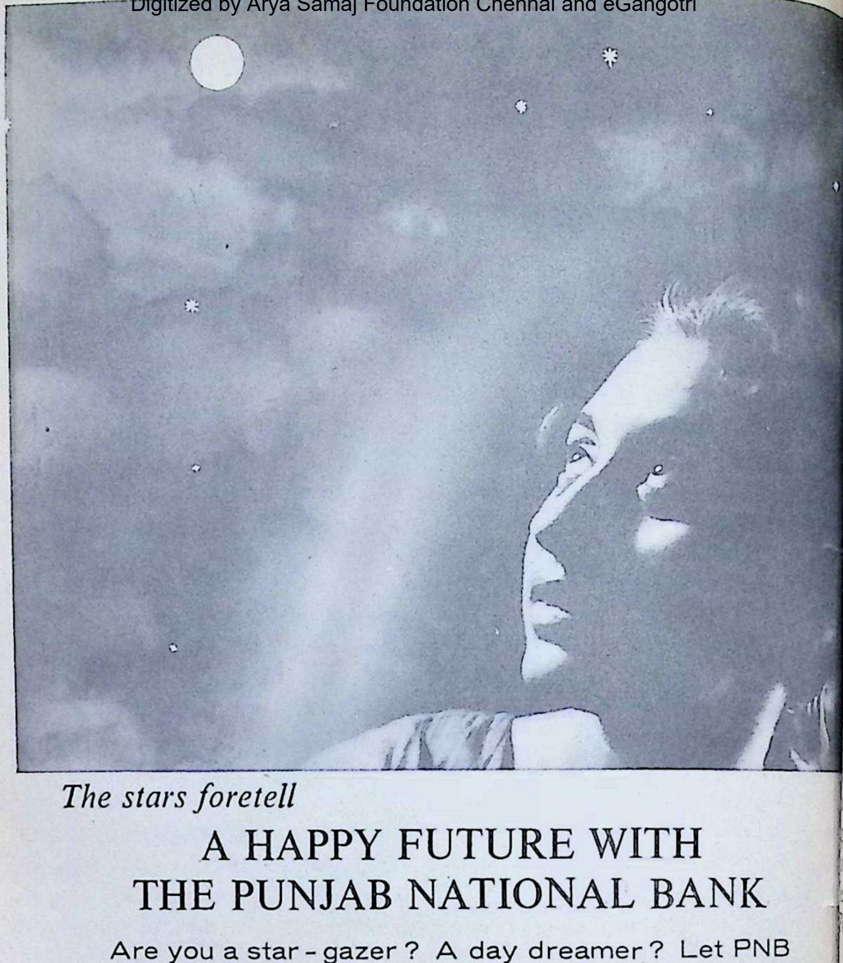

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...ys Dr. Turell: "We may as ...l face the fact that this operation ...o picnic. But greater knowledge ...wiser use of pain-killing drugs ...e completely changed the picture ...cent years. A few days of some ...mfort is the usual story today. ...d isn't this better than years of ...ging misery, or one series after ...ther of injection treatments that ...r only passing relief?"

...erformed by a skilled surgeon, the operation is relatively simple. To combat muscular spasm and give the greatest relaxation, one of two types of anaesthetic is preferred: "saddle block," where a pain-killing drug is injected into the lower spine (blocking pain in the body area that would touch a saddle); or "caudal" anaesthetic. At the *cauda equina*, nerves spray out of the spinal cord like hairs of a horse's tail; these are bathed with pain-killer (procaine, metycaine), shutting off all sensation in the lower abdominal area. Offending veins are then tied off and dissected from their bed of mucous membrane or skin. The operation takes approximately 30 minutes, and operative mortality is virtually nil.

To sum up, a barrier of shame and fear keeps millions of people from consulting doctors for relief from haemorrhoids. These feelings can produce tragic results. If you suffer anal pain or bleeding, see a doctor *immediately*. If the diagnosis is haemorrhoids, thank your lucky stars you have nothing more serious.

◆

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—"Atticus" in *The Sunday Times*, London

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—H. D.

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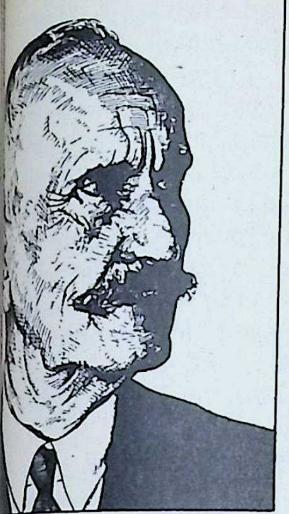
Fremont Older

My Most Unforgettable Character

By Bruce Bliven

Every profession has its special wisdom about life, and I suppose that my profession of rnalism teaches, above all, an rtness to that priceless ingredient every situation: the human elent. I learned this as a cub rerter more than 50 years ago, from ournalist called Fremont Older. was for many years the crusad- managing editor of the San ncisco *Bulletin* and, almost gle-handed, led the fight to clean that city's government at a time en it was sunk deep in corrupn. But he was not only a brilliant tor; he was also the kindliest of n.

One morning Older called me his office. He was a giant of a man with a high forehead and a big Western-sheriff moustache. I was then about 20 years old, earning my way through Stanford University as the *Bulletin's* campus correspondent; during the summers I worked in the city as a cub reporter.

"Sonny," Older said, waving the fat, unlit cigar he constantly chewed, "this man Jones who has just been appointed to high federal office has a brother, Sam, who was once a distinguished citizen here, too. But drink has been Sam's downfall. I want you to interview him about his brother. Treat him with respect. I hear he has been trying to lay off the booze. If our paper treats him like a solid citizen, it may help straighten him out."

With some difficulty I found the man, sitting in a little wooden shack with a bottle in his hand. After I had taken notes deferentially on what he said about his brother, he stood up straight to say good-bye and the ready tears of the alcoholic filled his eyes. The article the *Bulletin* printed had more personal detail on his brother than any other newspaper in San Francisco had obtained, and later we heard that Sam had indeed straightened out.

It was like Older to know about Sam and how he might react. It was like him, too, to take a chance on a cub reporter for a difficult assignment. One *Bulletin* reporter remarked, "Older's personality was so vigorous that you could feel his presence through a brick wall." Many of those he trained went on to brilliant careers—novelists Sinclair Lewis and Kathleen Norris, playwright Maxwell Anderson, cartoonists Robert Ripley and Rube Goldberg.

Because his teaching methods were unpredictable, our admiration for Older was mixed with terror. His criticism could be devastating. There was, for example, his famous question: *Where Did They Hang the Bass Drum?* One of his reporters was completely incapable of vivid writing because he never *saw* anything. Hoping to make him more observant, Older sent him to live with Salvation Army workers, but when he came back he turned in his usual dull article.

"You lived with them for three weeks. Didn't you observe *anything?*" Older bellowed. "At night, for instance, *where did they hang the bass drum?*" The reporter didn't know, and he was fired. Older used that story for 40 years to teach young reporters their trade. We trained ourselves to notice everything from eye colour to personal eccentricities, to be prepared for his penetrating questions. It was a useful habit for a young writer to develop, and even today, after I meet someone, I ask myself questions about his personal appearance, to make sure I really *saw* him. Try it!

When dramatic events were happening in the city, all of us got excited, Older most of all. His enthusiasm spurred the most laggard of us to excel. Once he assigned a reporter to a difficult job of detective work. At three o'clock in the morning this man called Older on the phone from the office, waking him up. "I've got it!" he shouted. "Great!" Older shouted back. "I'll be right over." He promptly went to the office, all aglow to hear the details.

Older had had only three years' schooling. Like many men who lack formal education, he spent the rest of his life teaching himself, especially adventuring among the masterpieces of the world's greatest authors. Once he rang up a writer in the middle of the night and demanded that he come and see him

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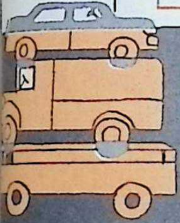

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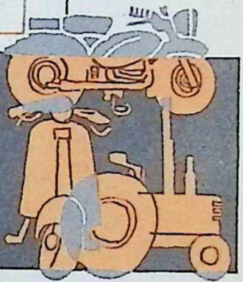

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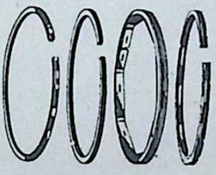

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immediately. When the man arrived, Older was striding up and down the room, quivering with excitement, a book in his hand. "Listen to this wonderful stuff!" was his greeting. Then he proceeded to read aloud from Montaigne's *Essays,* which he had just discovered.

The man said afterwards, "The odd part of it was that Older got me all worked up over Montaigne, too." From watching Older, and hearing stories like this, I came to realize how contagious enthusiasm can be. A leader in any field who can instil his enthusiasm in others becomes a *great* leader.

Older practised one important credo: Make a strong personal contact with everyone you meet. He insisted on having a tiny, shabby office, so that humble people would not be too overawed to come and see him. All day long visitors, many in need of a loan, streamed in to tell him their troubles. Once his overcoat was stolen from the office. An ex-convict he had befriended dropped into a certain saloon and said to the bartender: "The Big Fellow's overcoat is gone; I want it back." Next morning it mysteriously reappeared on its accustomed hook.

Older was only seven years old when his father died. The poverty of the fatherless family became so great that he had to leave school when he was 13. But, while struggling along in what jobs he could find, he always carried with him his favourite book—a biography of his hero, Horace Greeley, a great American journalist. He had made a vow that "some day I'll be an editor like him," and the hardships he endured to attain this goal only toughened his respect for that calling.

He was a cabin boy on river steamers, then drifted from town to town working as a printer, reporter and editor for a quarter of a century. Once he and another tramp printer were down and out in San Francisco, and the friend suggested that they sleep on benches in Portsmouth Square. Older indignantly refused. "Men who lie down on a bench are just hopeless tramps," he observed. So they spent the night in the park—sitting up.

His chance came when he was 39. The San Francisco *Bulletin* was a broken-down paper with only a 9,000 circulation, losing Rs. 14,250 a month. The owner gave Older the job of managing editor and to everyone's surprise, circulation promptly climbed. Older had a genius for bright, readable journalism.

San Francisco needed someone with his moral fibre. In 1901 the Union Labour Party had elected as mayor Eugene Schmitz, a former musician completely under the thumb of a crooked lawyer named Abraham Ruef. For years this incredible pair ruled the city for grafters and gangsters so greedy

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A SYNTHESIS OF WORLD CULTURES

Swami Vivekananda was the first Indian to draw world attention to Indian religion and thought. A harbinger of the new era, an apostle of the Indian Renaissance, and founder of the world-wide Ramakrishna Math and Mission, Swamiji helped to evolve a 'Complete Civilization' on the basis of mutual exchange—a complete synthesis of all that is best in the East and the West. Tagore summed it up in a sentence: "The message of Vivekananda is a call of awakening to the totality of our Manhood".

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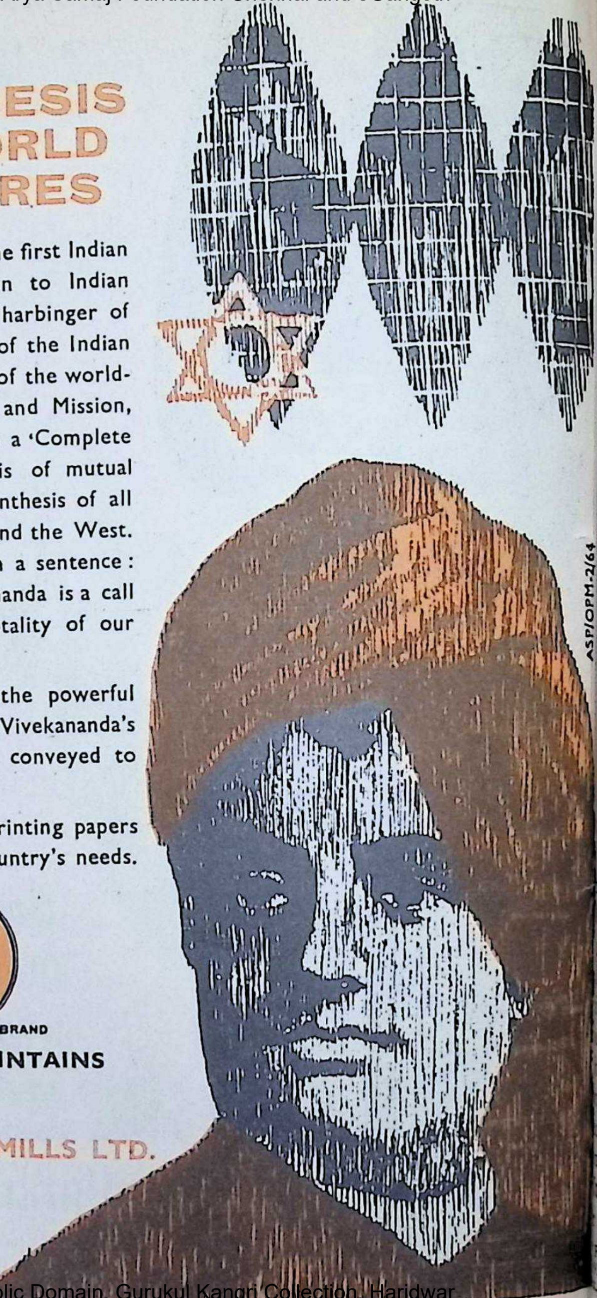

t, in Ruef's own words, "they
uld eat the paint off city hall."
Older fought the "paint-eaters"
h blistering editorials. One day
got a phone call at home at
m. "Abe Ruef had the district
rney dismissed and himself ap-
nted in his place today." Older
l his wife, who were then living
th of San Francisco, started off
next morning for the city. The
broke down several miles from
ferry across the bay, so Older
his wife and walked the rest of
way to the ferry. Hurrying to
office, he rushed out an "extra"
l distributed 20,000 free copies
ing all honest citizens to be at
office of the judge who would
e to recognize Ruef's appoint-
nt at 2 p.m. When the time
e, the streets outside the court-
m were jammed with thousands
nfuriated, grim-faced men. The
ge looked out at the crowds—
l decided against Ruef.

Back in his office, Older suddenly
out a groan. He had left Mrs.
er stranded all day in the broil-
sun in the open touring car!

n 1908, Abe Ruef was sent to
on. A short time later, one of the
ng reform prosecutors, Hiram
nson, ran for governor of Cali-
ia with Older's support and was
ted. The crusade to end graft in
Francisco was over.

t was Fremont Older who saved
life of Tom Mooney, sentenced to death because he, together with Warren Billings, was accused of a bomb outrage that killed ten people during San Francisco's Preparedness Parade in 1916. Older printed letters indicating the chief witness had lied in court, and Mooney's death sentence was commuted.

Courageous devotion to such unpopular causes provoked deep bitterness against him. When one of America's first transcontinental telephone circuits was opened, all the leading San Franciscans were invited to a celebration—except Older. At the other end of the circuit, in Washington, was Lord Northcliffe, famous newspaper magnate. His first booming words shamed the San Franciscans, "Is my friend Fremont Older there?"*

After I graduated from college, I left my job at the *Bulletin* and moved to the eastern part of the United States. When word reached me in 1935 that Older had died, I sat quietly for a long time. I thought of his lifelong passion for justice—and his unfailing kindness and generosity.

Once when he saw an office boy looking pale and peaky, he took him to the Older ranch for a month of good food and outdoor life. He waited patiently at the railway station each morning for one elderly taxi-driver who considered Older his personal property. He was equally patient with an old waiter who served his daily lunch at the Palace Hotel and would have been

---

rom *Fremont Older*, by Evelyn Wells,
36 by D. Appleton-Century Co., Inc., New

ASP/OPM-2/64

discarded by the management long before had it not been for Older's insistence that he be retained.

At the time that his fight to save Mooney was at its height, he happened to meet in the Palace Hotel bar one of his opponents: an ex-football hero from Stanford University, Charles Fickert, who as district attorney had framed Mooney. Fickert walked up to Older, then in his late 60's, insulted him and knocked him down. Yet, years later, when Fickert had been exposed, dismissed from office and was completely down and out, deserted by all his former friends, he came to Older, who helped him get back on his feet.

Fremont Older represented the profession of journalism at its highest. As one of his sub-editors said of him, "He was a giant in body and in will. He gave courage and confidence to others, and, for him, nothing was impossible."

Getting On In Years

A RECENT SERIES of "Is" books—*Happiness Is a Warm Puppy, Security Is a Thumb and a Blanket,* etc.—evoke nostalgia for the joys and trials of childhood. What is needed is a book that addresses itself brutally to the ageing. For example:

Happiness is when somebody you know has broken the cigarette habit and has been tormenting you for still smoking and you go into the cloakroom and catch him lighting up.

Misery is when you are in a crowded room and a strange, beautiful woman has been smiling at you and you move towards her and murmur something enchanting and she says, "Why, Uncle Harry, I do believe you don't recognize me!"

Happiness is when a wire has become disconnected under the dashboard and the engine is hissing and you go to a garage and the man says you have a "vacuum leak" and you ask how much and he says 1·75 dollars.

Misery is taking your wife to the restaurant where you used to go before you were married and discovering that the place is packed and that you are 20 years older than any other couple in the room.

Security is taking the children swimming with your bathing suit on under your clothes so that you can get out of the bathing hut and into the pool before they have a chance to see your diving form.

Happiness is when you go to a big reception and it is so crowded that you can sneak in without having to go through the receiving line.

Misery is discovering what it takes to bring happiness and security to yourself nowadays. —Russell Baker in *New York Times*

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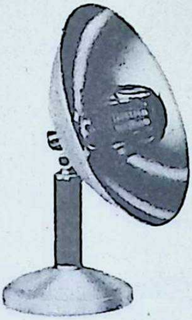

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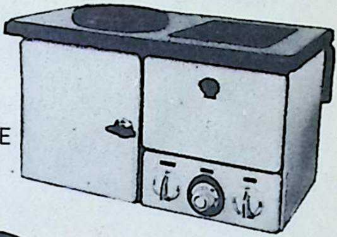
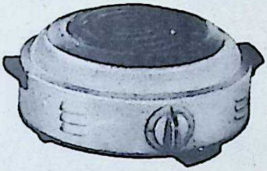
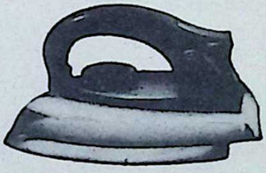


SENIOR COOKING RANGE



REGULATOR HOT PLATE

KETTLE



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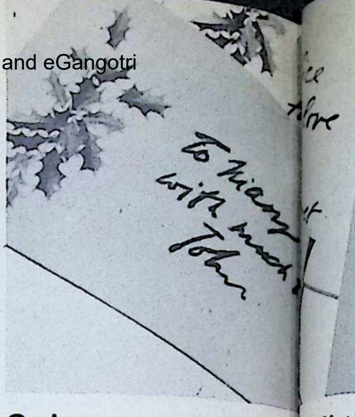

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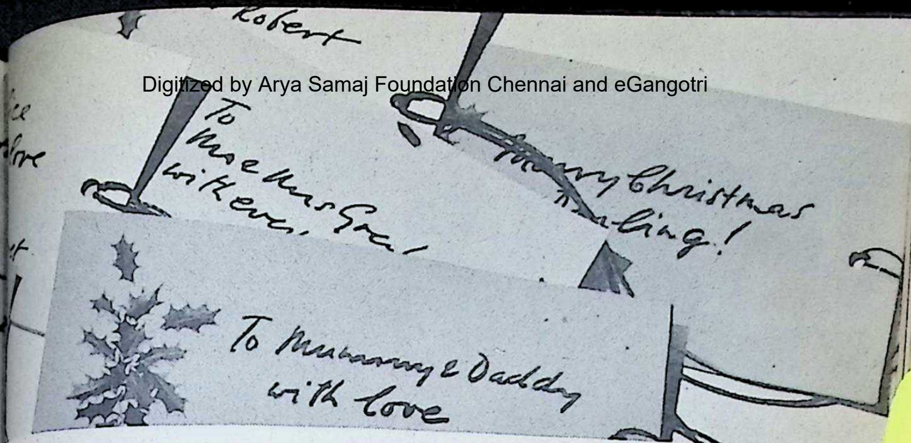

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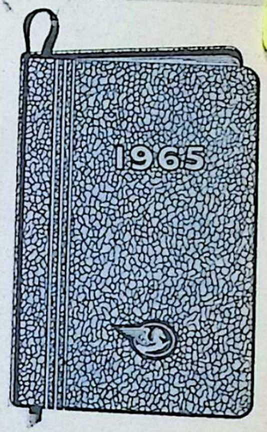

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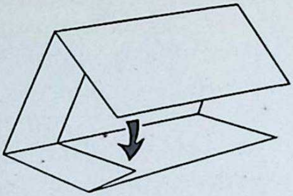

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They're Thinking BIG own Under

discovery of unsuspected ral resources in incredible ndance is giving Australians new vision of the future

BY FRANCIS AND KATHARINE DRAKE

THE CURTAIN is just rising on the Cinderella story of the century, the sudden emergence of agricultural Australia into a position of dramatic wealth and a shining future. Long associated in the public mind with kangaroos, wombats, rabbits, Test cricketers and high-speed swimmers, the island continent has recently unearthed what seem to be limitless storehouses of some of the most valuable resources on earth. To exploit them, Australia—population 11 million, labour force 4·4 million—will need millions of new workers.

Liquid Gold. The first job the Australians are tackling in pursuit of the future is the conquest of their most ancient enemy—drought. Every man, every creature, every plant, every new mining and manufacturing project depends on "liquid gold." They are the most water-conscious people in the world, for although a large part of Australia has abundant rainfall, over 92 per cent of it runs uselessly out to sea or evaporates into the sky. To remedy this waste, Australians have grappled with immense undertakings.

Between Australia's two biggest cities, Sydney and Melbourne, lie the Snowy Mountains, the high divide of Eastern Australia. On the coastal side of the range, the prevailing winds dump an enormous supply of

Adaminaby Dam, a link of the Snowy Mountain Scheme, holding back the waters of Lake Eucumbene rain and snow, most of which pours back into the sea. On the inland side, the land dries out and merges into the parched Outback, where millions of potentially productive acres lie waiting to feed the world. To turn part of this wasteland into green fields, the Australian Government plunged into the first of the country's modern wonders, the building of the Eucumbene Dam.*

The arena is more than 2,000 square miles. Through mountain grades of dense eucalyptus forest, 600 miles of roads have been built, 12 airstrips constructed, and a complex of towns put up. There will be nine dams in the area of mighty Lake Eucumbene. Tunnels have been driven through the mountains to carry the water towards the Outback, and space has been blasted out for ten power stations to supply Sydney and Melbourne. Sale of this power will pay for the project and leave the irrigation uses as a bonus.

The millions of gallons of water now produced by the Snowy project are redressing the balance between flood and desert. Not content with irrigating the parched land just west of the Snowy Mountains, the engineers intend to use the power of the water several times over. At night, the extra power not needed by Sydney and Melbourne is switched to pump used water *back* to the high lakes, so that it can pour through the generators again during the day.

The Eucumbene Dam will impound 5·3 million acre-feet of water—or nine times the amount of water in Sydney Harbour. But the Australian Commonwealth is taking even further strides. The projected Chowilla Dam will impound 4·75 million, the Ord River Dam three million and the harnessing of the Burdekin River in Northern Queensland, where only half of one per cent of the enormous tropical downpour is captured and used, will store nearly 6·5 million acre-feet and create a new empire of agricultural and grazing lands.

Even more ambitious is an irrigation venture in the furnace-like Outback region. The Outback covers an artesian basin over 1,000 miles in diameter. By boring deep wells, water could be found there on a vast scale. However, deep pumps are needed and power is scarce.

To overcome this shortage, the Australians have turned to nuclear power. Test reactors are running today on atomic fuel sent from England, but plans for expansion moved Australia to seek a national source.

Fuel for the Future. The first major discovery of uranium was made in 1949 in the Northern Territory at a remote place called Rum Jungle. A man named J. M. White, prospecting for copper, came upon a strange ore. Matching the rocks with pictures from a government pamphlet, he decided they must contain uranium. His letter to the government in Canberra, Australia's pital, brought experts and bulldors. Soon a mining town was creat. Already thousands of tons of anium oxide have been produced.

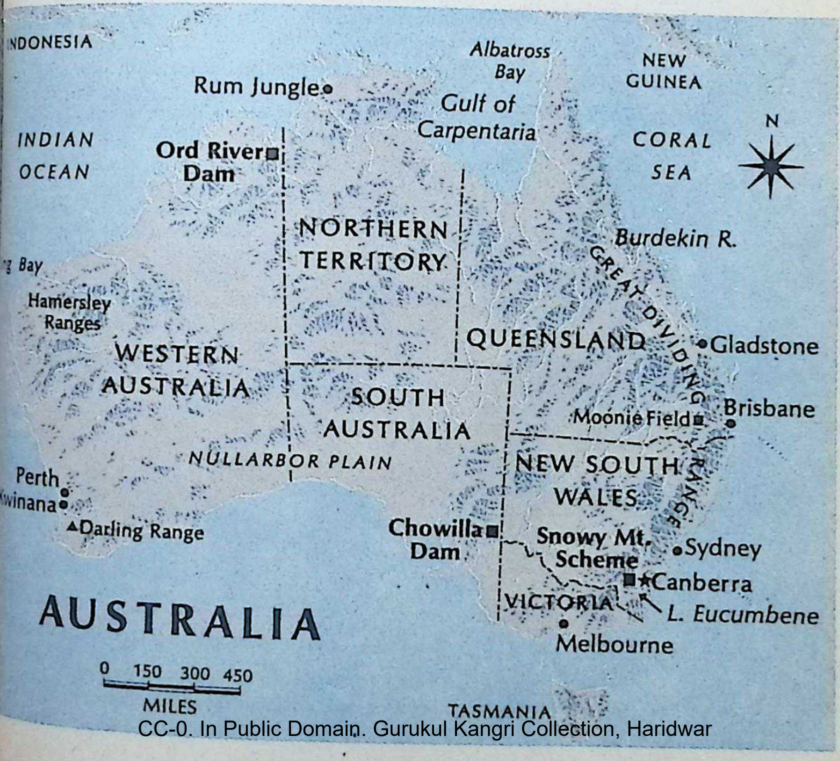
---

* See "Wonders of Tomorrow's World," The Reader's Digest, April 1963.

An even larger ore body was disered in Queensland by two sparee prospectors: taxi-driver Clem ilton and lumberman Norman Conachy. As they struggled ough a dry creek bed after a itless week-end search, a tyre rst. While it was being changed, Conachy climbed a near-by hill ook at the surrounding country. his amazement, his Geiger unter clicked violently and the meter went "off scale." He had discovered Australia's greatest uranium mine.

Control of this mine was bought by Conzinc Riotinto (CRA), a British-Australian mining colossus. The mine has already produced 4,000 tons of refined uranium oxide, and it is calculated that the uranium ores so far discovered could meet all Australia's power needs for the next 40 years.

High Red Cliffs. In 1955 Harry Evans, a geologist sent out by CRA to hunt for oil, found, near Albatross Bay in North Australia,


INDONESIA
Albatross Bay
NEW GUINEA
Rum Jungle
Gulf of Carpentaria
N
INDIAN OCEAN
Ord River Dam
CORAL SEA
NORTHERN TERRITORY
Burdekin R.
Bay
GREAT DIVIDING RANGE
Hamersley Ranges
QUEENSLAND
Gladstone
WESTERN AUSTRALIA
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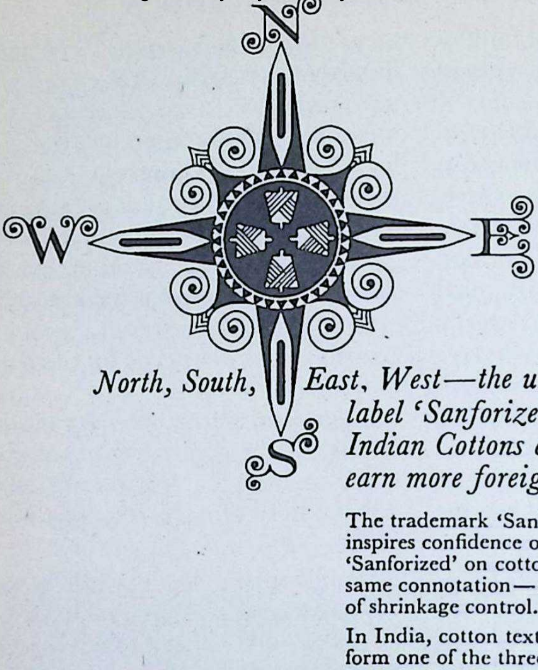
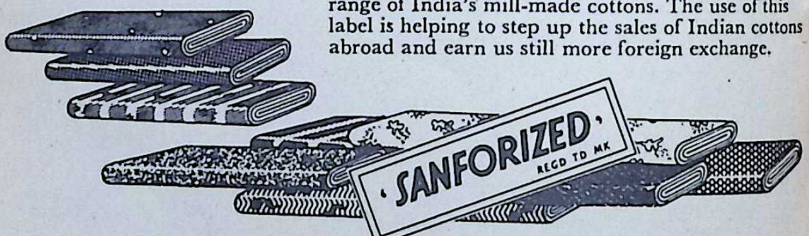


North, South, East, West—the universally recognised label 'Sanforized' can help Indian Cottons enter new markets, earn more foreign exchange

The trademark 'Sanforized' is recognised and inspires confidence on every continent. The name 'Sanforized' on cotton cloth always has the same connotation—a trusted, uniform standard of shrinkage control.

In India, cotton textiles, along with jute and tea, form one of the three most lucrative export items. In 1962-'63, the export of cotton textiles netted the country Rs. 41.2 crores in foreign exchange.

India faces tough competition in world markets; she needs greater diversification of her markets—needs to capture new ones. The label 'Sanforized' can greatly aid the export of cotton textiles, for it is known and relied upon by millions of consumers in 49 countries. 'Sanforized' has been of inestimable benefit in improving the quality and increasing the range of India's mill-made cottons. The use of this label is helping to step up the sales of Indian cottons abroad and earn us still more foreign exchange.



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maa. SAN-370IA

rampart of bright red cliffs. They
d been noted before, as early as
800.

But what Evans recognized
s that the rampart was solid
uxite, an ore from which alumi-
um is extracted. There was no
ed to dig expensive shafts; the
uxite simply lay on the surface,
ile upon mile. A survey revealed
rthern deposits of some 3,000 mil-
n tons—the largest single deposit
bauxite in the world.

But as Evans looked at the high
d cliffs, he knew that, to get the
uxite out to the world, his em-
oyers faced a daunting task. There
ould have to be dams, water, elec-
city, roads, towns, a hospital, air-
ips, a deep channel through the
fs, and piers strong enough to
thstand the great seas of the Gulf
Carpentaria.

CRA ultimately formed a partner-
p with America's Kaiser Alumi-
m and Chemical Corporation of
lifornia; the partners then com-
ssioned the Royal Netherlands
rbour Works to design a har-
ur. First an eight-mile channel
s dredged. Then ships brought
terial to build the docks. At the
e time, a town, roads and
ms were built, and giant con-
er belts, able to load a 20,000-ton
p in 48 hours, were installed.

n Gladstone, Queensland, 1,000
es away, CRA and Kaiser
minium negotiated with other
rnational aluminium companies
onstruct an alumina refinery—the largest in the world, with a capacity of 600,000 tons a year. To finance this new operation, a separate company was formed, owned 52 per cent by Kaiser of the United States, 20 per cent by the Aluminium Company of Canada, and 20 per cent by Pechiney of France, with eight per cent reserved by CRA. Finally, Tasmania, the island lying to the south, was selected to produce finished aluminium, since it has ample hydroelectric power. Markets were already waiting for great quantities of low-cost aluminium products to service New Australia.

Shimmering Mountains. Locked in solitude behind the Great Desert of Western Australia, in a place few white men dare to explore, is a long chain of mountains, the Hamersley Ranges. In this far-off place have been unearthed massive deposits of high-grade iron ore.

Once again this extraordinary find was made almost by accident. Lang Hancock, a local rancher interested in minerals, noted the occurrence of iron ore in many scattered areas throughout the ranges. Through aeons of time the soft rocks had been washed away by the fierce monsoons, and now the iron ore was left, waiting to be scooped up. Surveyors' estimates showed over 8,000 million tons. Steel mills, railways, ships, and unlimited exports loomed ahead.

Between the dream and the fulfilment, however, were serious obstacles. Hamersley is 650 miles north-east of Perth. Shade temperatures frequently reach over 120 degrees F (49 degrees C). There are no roads, railways, towns or water reserves. Once again, a partnership was formed, financed 60 per cent by CRA and 40 per cent by Kaiser Steel. These partners must now build a port on the Indian Ocean, 175 miles from the mine, so that ships can bring in supplies and take out ore for export to Japan. Next, a railway will be built through the region and dams set up to convert the monsoon rains into lakes.

Spectre Banished. For oil, Australia currently depends largely on the Middle East and Indonesia. If this flow were interrupted, a large part of Australia would grind to a halt. To ward off this spectre, Australia is actively searching for oil. Australian interests, with Union-Kern Company of California, discovered the Moonie Field, inland from Brisbane. The field is now bringing in over 5,000 barrels a day in what promises to be the country's first major oil field. A 186-mile pipeline has been constructed to Brisbane, where two big refineries are being built, one by the American-owned Amoco Australia Ltd., the other by Australia's Ampol Company. Now oil will take its place with hydroelectric power as a mainstay of the country's economy.

Opening Up the West. Some 2,200 miles from Sydney and Melbourne, across the bleak Nullarbor Plain, is the wealthy state of Western Australia. Half the size of Europe, this paradise supports only seven per cent of the population but supplies 17 per cent of the country's production. It has everything: coal, iron, gold, titanium, wool, cattle, wheat and fish.

To take full advantage of this fabulous empire, Australia is converting its chaotic railway network, currently throttled by trackage of various gauges, to a single-gauge system. Eventually, a standard line will run all the way to the west coast, ending in Perth, whose magnificent anchorages front the Indian Ocean. Across this lie some of Australia's biggest customers—India, Africa, Singapore, Thailand, Europe, Japan.

Around Perth, some of the biggest factories ever constructed in Western Australia are now going up: BHP Steel's Rs. 47 crore plant at Kwinana, backed by the unlimited reserves of the Hamersley Ranges; British Petroleum's Rs. 47 crore oil refinery, which treats crude oil incoming from the Middle East and ultimately is expected to take Australian crude oil; Alcoa's new alumina plant, which is using the vast bauxite deposits from the near-by Darling Range. South of Perth, British interests are building a plant for converting rutile into pigments for the paint industry. Still farther away, at Esperance, Americans are financing a 1·4-million-acre farming development with

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deep bores, dams, controlled irrigation and the use of trace elements to enrich the soil.

Land of Tomorrow. To exploit fully its incredible resources, Australia has three outstanding needs:

- *Technicians.* A research report states that "the most important limiting factor in Australian development is the relative scarcity of highly trained technicians." To handle the fabulous assets of New Australia, a great rise in technical training and higher education is needed.
- *Capital of its own.* Although Australia's banks bulge with Rs. 2,375 crores in savings accounts, and life-assurance companies have hundreds of millions, little of this wealth is venture money. Australians have known booms, busts, depressions, droughts, and have become extremely cautious, demanding high interest rates on new enterprises. Because of this timidity, much of the wealth from the country's resources is passing into foreign hands.

That Australians *can* finance their own concerns has been amply proved. The Snowy Mountain project is 100-per-cent Australian-owned. BHP Steel is 92-per-cent locally-owned. Ampol, with 2,100 filling stations, its partly-built Queensland refinery, a fleet of tankers and Rs. 42-crores-a-year turnover, is 94-per-cent Australian-owned.

- *People.* Australia is one of the most underpopulated countries in the world, with an average of 3·7 people per square mile as against 560 in Britain and 768 in Belgium. To fill its vast empty stretches and cope with expanding economy, the Australian Government is spending more than Rs. 12 crores a year to seek and transport immigrants, and eventually hopes to attract as many as 150,000 a year. Australia pays passage costs over Rs. 133 for every adult from Britain and is taking children under 19 free.

Assisted passages are also offered for emigrants from Austria, Belgium, Denmark, Eire, Finland, France, Germany, Greece, Holland, Italy, Norway, Sweden, Switzerland, Malta, Spain, and the United States. Immigration officials meet the new Aussies off ships or planes, send them—at government expense—wherever they want to go. At their final destination, Good Neighbour Groups smooth their paths.

Australia's tomorrow is bright with promise, and perhaps the brightest promise of all was shown in a great parade of tens of thousands of schoolchildren, held earlier this year in Melbourne.

Blooming with youthful health and strength, the procession symbolized the very spirit of Australia, marching sturdily forward between rows of cheering spectators into a tremendous future.

Ignorance is a voluntary misfortune. —Nicholas Ling

TWO-BOOK SUPPLEMENT

Decision for DISASTER

By Mario Lazo

Cuba 1961: a factual account of the controversial invasion failure

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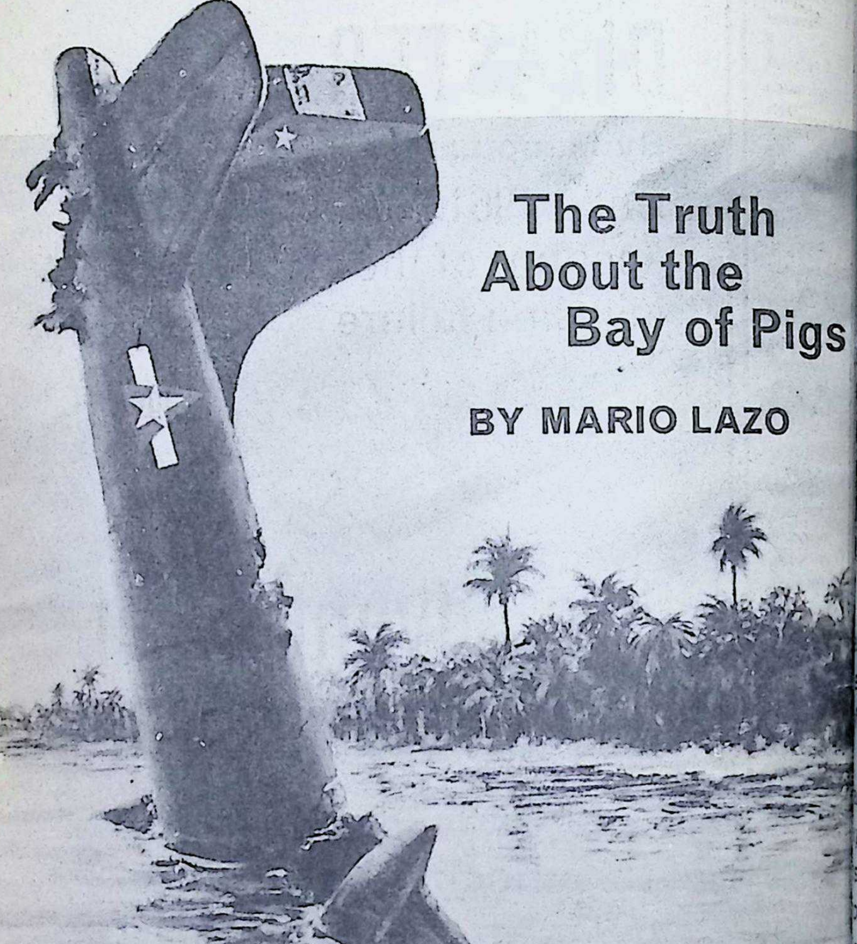
The Adventure of the Speckled Band

By A. Conan Doyle

A Sherlock Holmes classic: the master mind solves his most spine-chilling case

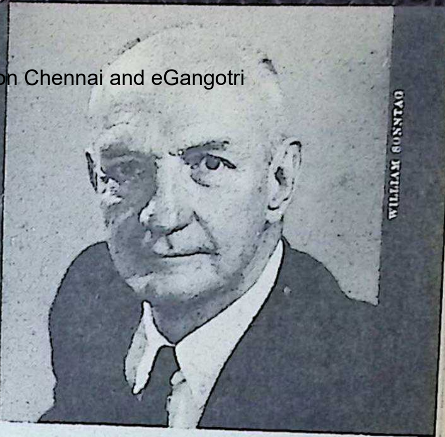
Page 211



The Truth About the Bay of Pigs

BY MARIO LAZO

Why did the Cuban invasion fail? Here—after more than three years of investigation—are the facts behind one of the most controversial episodes in American history



About the Author:

On the morning of April 17, 1961, Dr. Mario Lazo, one of Cuba's most distinguished international lawyers, waited at his beach use in Varadero, 80 miles east of Havana. He was aware that the vasion of Castro's Cuba had begun. He was aware, too, that he d not much time left as a free man. Cuban-born but educated America, he had been for 35 years a partner in one of the outnding law firms in Latin America, representing many foreign rporations as well as the U.S. Government and an impressive ban clientele. Like many other patriotic Cubans, he had collarated with the anti-Castro underground. He was arrested and prisoned.

Several weeks later, his wife, Carmen, contrived to secure his ease and together they fled Cuba. Arriving in the United States, made a vow: "Even if it takes the rest of my life, I will find out y the invasion of Cuba failed."

The account that follows is the result of three years of investition by Dr. Lazo. To talk to Cuban survivors of the abortive pedition, he went first to Spain, then round the Caribbean, and at t back to the United States. When he had learnt the key facts m these men, he tackled the more difficult job of reaching into h places in Washington. Here Dr. Lazo's international connexions a lawyer served him well. He was able to speak in confidence those who knew, at first-hand, what happened in Washington ing those critical April days in 1961.

eader's Digest, November 1964

DECISION for DISASTER

THREE and a half years have passed since the tragedy of the Bay of Pigs in April 1961 shocked the American people and damaged U.S. prestige and leadership throughout the Free World. Yet the circumstances behind the fiasco are still cloaked in official secrecy. Recent attempts to get the facts have resulted in stories which have only added to the confusion. People everywhere are still puzzled and unsatisfied, because these basic questions remain unanswered:

- Why were 1,500 men sent to "invade" an island defended by more than 200,000 troops and militia bearing modern Soviet-*bloc* arms and equipment?
- Why was the landing left vulnerable to Castro's small but none the less jet-equipped air force, which decimated the attacking planes and sank ships loaded with arms, munitions, fuel, food, electronic equipment and other essentials?
- What role was assigned to the Free Cuban Air Squadron of obsolete U.S. planes flown by Cuban pilots, which all together were no match for Castro's T-33 jets?
- What happened to the air strikes that were supposed to have been made by the Free Cuban Air Squadron to destroy Castro's air force before the landings?
- Why were the isolated beaches of the Bay of Pigs, which allowed no means of escape if the invasion failed, chosen as the landing site?
- Was the seemingly risky invasion plan reviewed—and *approved*—by America's highest military experts, the Joint Chiefs of Staff?

THE GENERAL opinion (which, I confess, I once shared) is that the Bay of Pigs invasion failed either because the operation was bungled by the U.S. Central Intelligence Agency, or because the plan of invasion was inadequate.

Both these suppositions are wrong.

The operation was directed brilliantly and executed heroically. The plan was a masterful one, as Castro himself later admitted; if it had been carried out as designed, it should have succeeded.

The military plan *was* approved the U.S. Joint Chiefs of Staff. changes were made in it later, the insistence of President Ken- dy's political advisers—without sulting the Joint Chiefs or the A, and, when they heard of the nges, against their wishes.

These changes doomed the inva- to disaster before it even got ler way.

E DECISION to help anti-Castro bans liberate their homeland was de by President Eisenhower early 1960. The task was assigned to Central Intelligence Agency, h Deputy Director Richard sell in charge of the operation. Pentagon was to provide mili- supplies and assistance. The ns were to be reviewed by the nt Chiefs of Staff. And the whole ration would have to be ap- ved by the President.

y the time of the November Presidential elections, a num- of tentative plans were under sideration by the CIA, but none reached the stage where it was dy for consideration by the Joint efs.

Air drops to the anti-Castro dom fighters in Cuba's Escam- mountains were being attempt- In isolated camps in Louisiana, rida and Central America, ban volunteers were receiving und-fighting instruction. Cuban ts were being trained in planes vided by the U.S. Government.

The morale of the freedom fighters was high. Their American instructors exuded confidence, based largely on the conviction that any operation approved by President Eisenhower would not be allowed to fail, even if final victory required the unconcealed support of U.S. troops, ships and planes. "We knew damn well," one American officer said, "that Ike would never undertake a military operation except with the determination to *win.*"

This was the situation that confronted President Kennedy when he entered the White House in January 1961. Shortly before the inauguration, President Eisenhower, in reviewing international affairs with his successor, had warned that the situation in Cuba was grim and growing ever more dangerous, especially in view of mounting Soviet military aid. "There is no time to lose," he is reported to have told Kennedy. "You may have to send troops in."

THE INVASION site in the first plan submitted to President Kennedy in February 1961 was not the Bay of Pigs but Trinidad, a city of 20,000 about 100 miles farther east on the south coast of Cuba, at the foot of the Escambray mountains. Trinidad was chosen because it offered a number of advantages. It was a substantial distance from Havana, where Castro troops and armour were concentrated. The population was strongly anti-Castro. It had a

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ble airfield. But, most impor- the site provided an alternative things went wrong: invaders d escape into the near-by ntains and conduct guerrilla rations.

hen this first plan came up for ideration, President Kennedy reminded by his State Depart- t and White House advisers U.S. participation in the in- n was supposed to be secret and rcover. An amphibious land- hat had all the recognizable evi- e of a U.S.-mounted operation coastal town as large as Trini- would give the whole thing . As a result, the President, ling to his advisers, ordered the to find a less conspicuous land- site.

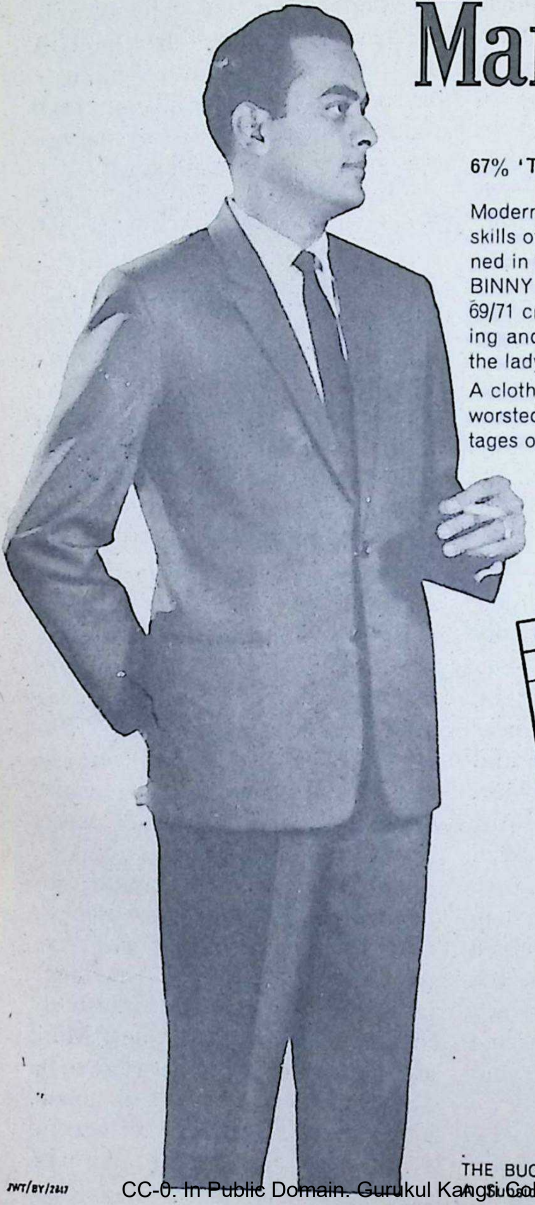
he CIA and the Joint Chiefs doned the Trinidad site only vigorous protest. After con- ing a number of alternatives, finally chose Playa Girón, near Bay of Pigs. This beach did several points in its favour. latest American U-2 and F-101 nnaissance photographs showed was no concentration of Castro ps in the vicinity. The airstrip irón was more suitable for B-26 ations. The area between the h and the mainland was a vast, ator-infested swamp connected our highways that could be cut ntrolled from the air.

he military men, however, saw Girón had one big disadvan- The area was not suited to prolonged guerrilla operations; if things went wrong, there would be no alternative to fall back on. Still, the fact that, at this stage, the CIA and the Joint Chiefs were willing to accept Girón is evidence in itself that the operation *as then planned* was almost certain to succeed.

THE ESSENTIAL element of the plan—called Operation Pluto—was the use of air power. Castro's small air force was to be destroyed on the ground via *three* air strikes by the Free Cuban Air Squadron based at Puerto Cabezas, Nicaragua. There were to be two strikes prior to the invasion, and one to coincide with the landings at the Bay of Pigs. *Only after every Castro plane had been destroyed was the invasion force to hit the beaches*. Then the invaders' main objective was to seize the airfield near the beach-head and hold it until the Free Cuban Air Squadron could move over from Nicaragua. Thenceforth, with complete control of the air over the entire island, the liberators could expect Castro's collapse in a matter of days.

The Free Cuban squadron consisted of 16 B-26 medium bombers, four four-engine C-54's and five twin-engine C-46's (the two latter groups being unarmed transports for paratroopers and supplies). More aircraft of the same types were to be available as replacements for losses. True, these planes were of Second World War and Korean War vintage; and the B-26's had been

A sign of the times



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OPERATION PLUTO

As Planned Originally

AIR STRIKE 1
Scheduled for Saturday a.m., April 15. Objective: Free Cuban Air Squadron (16 B-26's) to attack airfields and destroy all or most of Castro's aircraft on the ground.

AIR STRIKE 2
Scheduled for Sunday a.m., April 16. Objective: Destroy any remaining aircraft; bomb anti-aircraft and other military installations.

AIR STRIKE 3
Scheduled for Monday a.m., April 17. Objective: Provide final assurance that every Castro plane has been destroyed. Attack tank, mobile-gun and truck concentrations and sink warship anchored near Cienfuegos. Return to base, refuel and fly support missions over beach-head.

First landing party to make the Girón airstrip operative as base for Free Cuban planes. Their missions: to block roads leading from Havana to beach-head; knock out Havana power plant, oil refineries; strike at Castro's troops, tanks, trucks, tractor-drawn artillery concentrated around Havana.

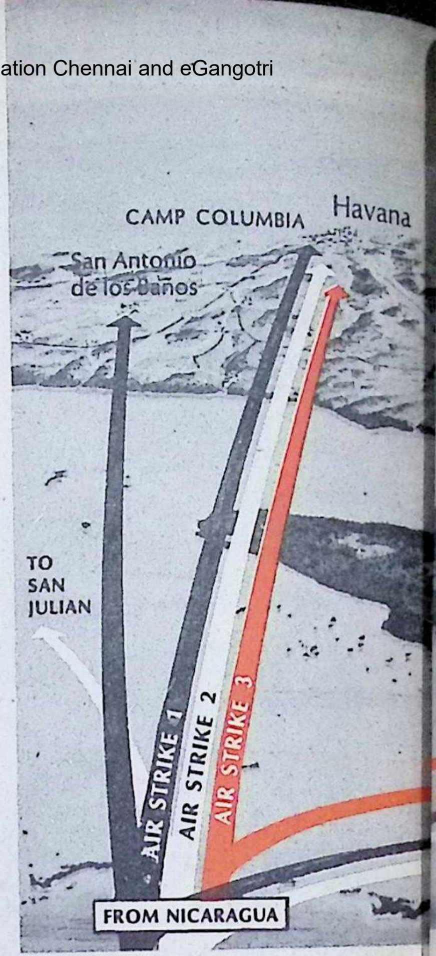
WHY OPERATION PLUTO FAILED

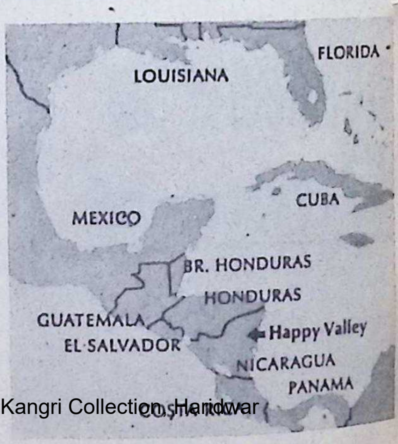
Strike 1 was scaled down to eight planes—by White House order.

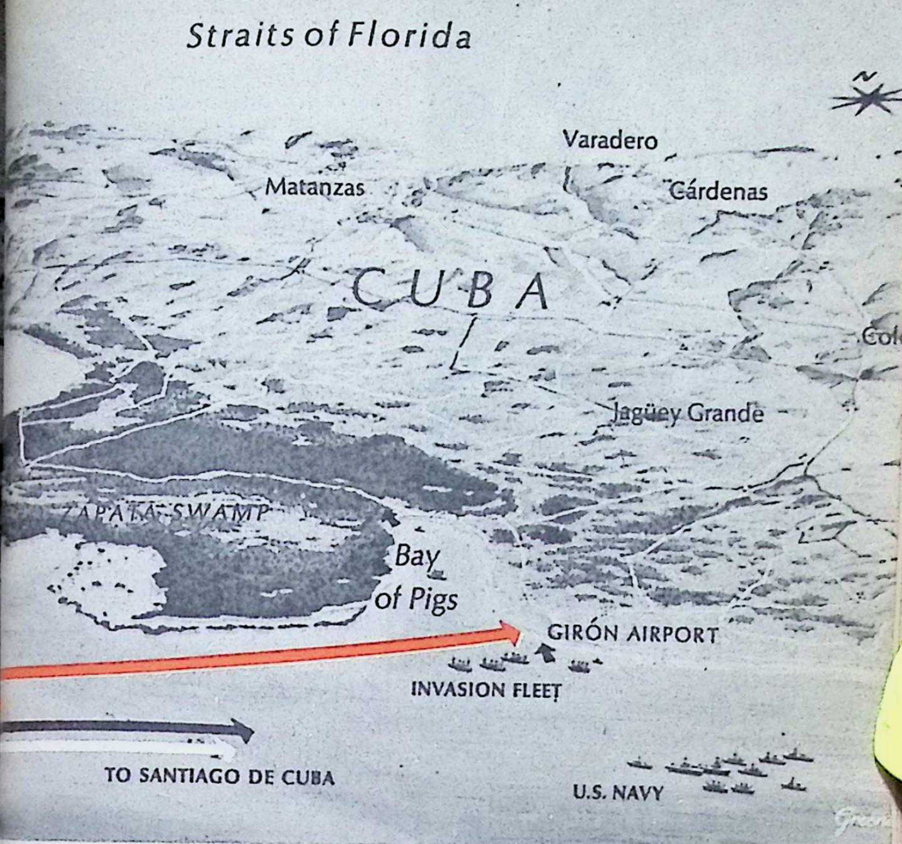
Strike 2 was cancelled entirely—by White House order.

Strike 3 was cancelled—by White House order—only a few hours before Bay of Pigs landing.

The Girón airstrip was captured but never occupied as an operating base. The Free Cuban planes that reached the invasion area, like the men ashore, were at the mercy of Castro's remaining jets, which, according to the plan, should have been destroyed by the three air strikes.


CAMP COLUMBIA
Havana
San Antonio de los Baños
TO SAN JULIAN
AIR STRIKE 1
AIR STRIKE 2
AIR STRIKE 3
FROM NICARAGUA


FLORIDA
LOUISIANA
CUBA
MEXICO
BR. HONDURAS
HONDURAS
GUATEMALA
EL SALVADOR
Happy Valley
NICARAGUA
PANAMA
COSTA RICA

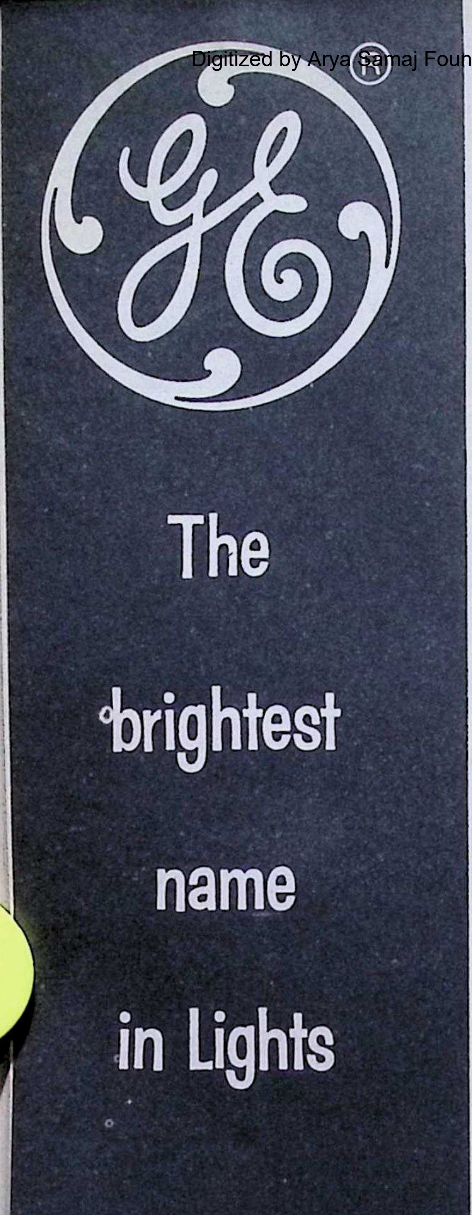

Straits of Florida
Varadero
Matanzas
Cárdenas
CUBA
Colo
Jagüey Grande
ZAPATA SWAMP
Bay of Pigs
GIRÓN AIRPORT
INVASION FLEET
TO SANTIAGO DE CUBA
U.S. NAVY

ipped of tail guns to enable them
carry needed fuel for the seven-
ur (1,300-mile) flight from Nica-
gua to Cuba and back, with
proximately 45 minutes over the
get. Nevertheless, U.S. military
isers considered them entirely
equate for the air requirements of
eration Pluto.

Castro's air force was made up of
operable aircraft: six T-33 jets,
fast British Sea Fury propeller-
ven fighters, and four B-26's.

Also, a handpicked group of Cuban civilians was to be flown in to set up a provisional government at the town of Girón, and to call for recognition and military assistance. It was known that most of the nations of the Caribbean area were ready to respond to such a plea. Under such circumstances, the temper of the Cuban people would inevitably have ended the Castro regime with a minimum of bloodshed.

Everything, however, hinged on



the *three* planned air strikes. Strike 1, on the morning of Saturday, April 15, was to be a surprise attack which would knock out the major portion of Castro's planes on the ground, chiefly at Camp Columbia in Havana and at San Antonio de los Baños, about 20 miles away. Strike 2, on Sunday, was to mop up what was left, if any, of Castro's planes, and to destroy anti-aircraft and other installations.

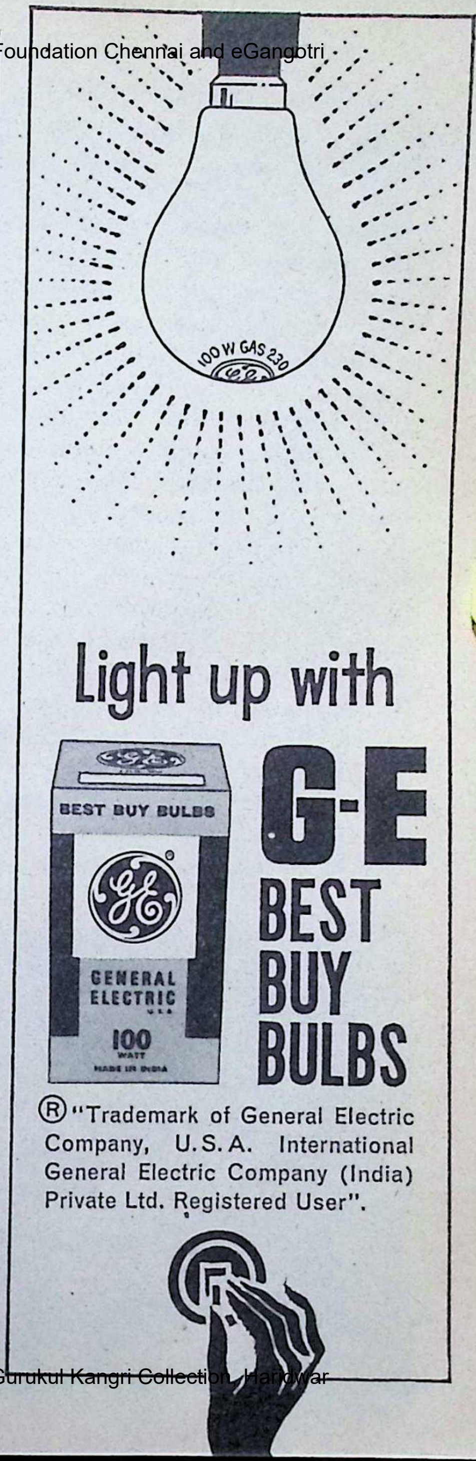
Strike 3, on Monday morning, April 17 (D-Day), guided by reconnaissance photographs, would give final assurance that every Castro plane had been destroyed on the ground. It would also attack tank, mobile-gun and truck concentrations and sink a warship at anchor near Cienfuegos. Other bombers would protect the beach-head.

The first landing party would clear the Girón runways while a freighter in the invasion fleet unloaded petrol, bombs, ammunition, supplies and a group of aircraft mechanics. Girón henceforth would be the operating base of the Free Cuban Air Squadron.

With control of the air, the squadron's B-26's could then block the main highways leading towards the beach-head, and blast Castro's tanks, trucks and tractor-drawn artillery. Another primary target was the Havana power plant (and possibly a few subsidiary stations), which generated 90 per cent of Cuba's electricity. Bombing the plant would black out much of the d, silence communications phone, telegraph, radio, tele- n), and bring all major indus- to a standstill. Cuba's water ly, dependent on electrical ping, would be reduced to a le.

here was never any intention of king Fidel Castro's well-armed s with a brigade of 1,500 men. was the small brigade intended invade and occupy" the whole Cuba. Operation Pluto was nt to be *essentially an air ation.*

T, BRIEFLY, was the plan evolved he CIA and approved by the Chiefs. On April 4, the plan up for final review at a natic meeting in the State rtment over which President nedy presided. Among those nt were: Secretary of State n Rusk; Secretary of the Trea- Douglas Dillon; Senator Villiam Fulbright, Chairman of Senate Foreign Relations Com- ee; General Lyman Lemnitzer, irman of the Joint Chiefs; niral Arleigh Burke, Chief of al Operations; Allen Dulles, ctor of the CIA; General rles Cabell, Deputy Director of CIA; Paul Nitze, Assistant etary of Defence; Thomas n, Assistant Secretary of State Latin-American Affairs; Presi- ial assistants McGeorge Bundy, ur Schlesinger and Richard dwin; Presidential consultant



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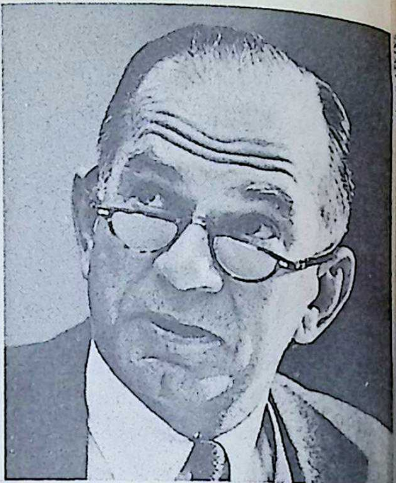
Adolf Berle; and Richard Bissell, of the CIA, charged with supervising Operation Pluto on a day-to-day basis.

Bissell spoke forcefully and lucidly, explaining that the essential element of the proposed operation was the destruction of Castro's small air force on the ground by pre-invasion air strikes. This, he said, could be accomplished easily by the Cuban-manned bombers guided by U.S. reconnaissance photographs. The crowded conference room gave Bissell respectful attention; he was the man mainly responsible for the CIA's share in the extraordinarily successful U.S. reconnaissance programme, which, in mid-1960, finally opened the closed society of the Soviet Union to U.S. intelligence inspection. As a result of the U-2 air squadron's activities, supplemented by certain remarkable U.S. scientific techniques, for both of which Bissell was largely responsible, the United States knew for a fact that at the time of the Bay of Pigs invasion any Soviet threat to support Castro with intercontinental ballistic missiles would be an empty threat. Only one launching complex was nearing completion.

Richard Bissell

JACQUES LOWE

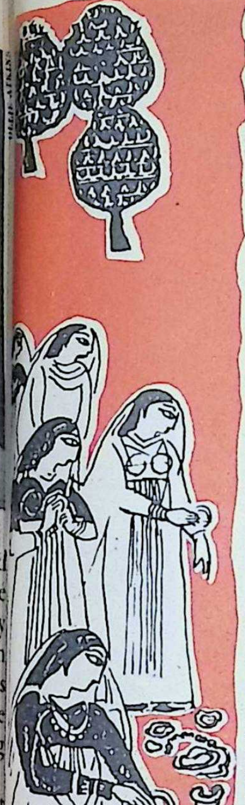


Senator Fulbright

The sole voice raised against Operation Pluto at the meeting was that of Senator Fulbright, who denounced the plan as immoral. In view of what developed in the next few days, it is significant that Secretary of State Dean Rusk, *at that time,* did not oppose the plan.

The following day, April 5, President Kennedy made his decision to proceed with Operation Pluto. D-Day was to be Monday April 17.

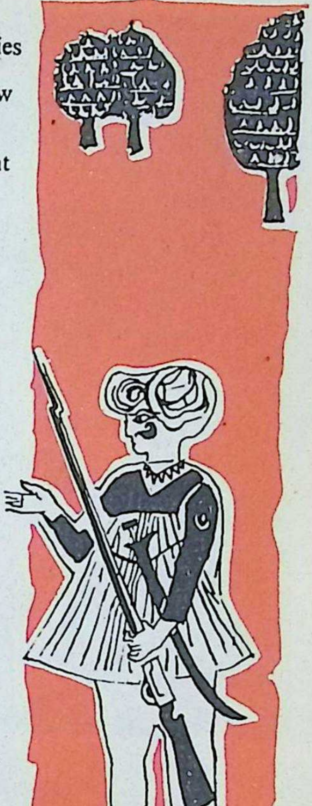
THE GO-AHEAD was flashed to the Free Cuban air base, called "Happy Valley," in Puerto Cabezas, and



Early one morning in a Kathiawar village, a man lies hidden near a well. It is time for the women to draw water and, as they arrive, they are politely guided by him into a cave at the point of a gun. There the man, Mhowa Sadhwani, quietly relieves them of all their jewellery, pleading with them all the while to tell their husbands that they had been treated with the utmost courtesy !

The wily Mhowa lived and operated in the last century in the Kathiawar region of Saurashtra. Many fruitless attempts were made by the government to capture him. At last a reward of Rs. 5,000 was announced. Tiring of his risky life, the cheeky outlaw arranged his "capture" through an "informer", who duly received the reward. At the case instituted against him, Mhowa engaged a leading lawyer whose substantial daily fee was met out of the reward ! In all, Mhowa had to spend Rs. 3,000 to secure an acquittal, leaving him with a clear Rs. 2,000 with which to start a lawful life.

The many deeds of Mhowa Sadhwani are today familiar legends in Saurashtra. To hear the legends and myths of our country is one of the pleasures of motoring. And you discover so much more when you go by road.



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arations for the three air strikes
e speeded up. Morale was high,
n though the removal of the tail
s from the B-26's had caused
e uneasiness. The Cuban airmen
d their U.S. superiors whether
stripped planes, defenceless from
rear, would not be easy prey for
ro's jets. The answer from the
erican officer in command was
suring: "Don't worry about
ro's jet fighters—*they won't get*
the air." He was echoing the
shington strategists who counted
the complete destruction of
tro's air force on the ground.

y April 11, newspaper reports
cated that there was serious dis-
eement within the Kennedy
inistration about how far the
ted States should go in helping
an refugees to overthrow Cas-
These reports disclosed that
e of those who had participated
the April 4 meeting, notably
retary of State Dean Rusk, had
red away from their first posi-
s. Presidential consultant Adolf
le and Assistant Secretary of
e Thomas Mann stood firm,
vever, foreseeing that purely
tical decisions could destroy a
fully devised military operation.

orn between the opposing fac-
s—the CIA, Joint Chiefs and
r supporters on the one hand,
l the politicians on the other—
new and youthful President
nnedy wavered. Eventually, he
ed to further compromises sug-
ed by his political advisers.

These compromises radically changed the original plan. They were made *without consulting the CIA or the Joint Chiefs*, who, when they learned of them, used every means at their disposal to have them countermanded by the President.

The next compromise was in Air Strike 1 against Castro's airports, scheduled for dawn on Saturday, April 15. The plan called for a strike in full force, using all 16 of the B-26 bombers the Free Cubans then had at their disposal. The State Department argued that the attacking group would look too numerous to be consistent with the pretence that the air strike was conducted by defecting Castro pilots. So, on an order from the White House, the first strike force was whittled down to *eight* planes.

On April 7, the second of the three planned strikes (scheduled for Sunday, April 16) was cancelled entirely! The reason given was the insistence of the State Department (and some of the President's other advisers) upon preserving the "non-involvement image" of the United States. The President's political advisers also decided that two air strikes (really one and a half) should be sufficient to destroy Castro's planes on the ground.

When they heard of these changes, the Joint Chiefs of Staff and the CIA considered recommending cancellation of the entire invasion plan. After further review, however, they decided that the *third* air strike, scheduled for Monday, April 17, could be counted on to take care of whatever air force Castro had left.

On April 12, uneasiness mounted at the CIA and the Pentagon when President Kennedy stated at his press conference: "There will not under any circumstances be an intervention in Cuba by United States armed forces." The Government, he said, would make sure that "there are no Americans involved." This statement, when repeated by Secretary Rusk five days later, was to be a contributing factor in the disaster, as we shall see.

The "point of no return," beyond which the operation could not be called off, was set for noon on Sunday, April 16.

The eight planes authorized to take part in Strike 1 reached the south coast of Cuba at dawn on Saturday, April 15, on three different courses. Coming in at low altitude, the planes crossed the island northwards without being picked up on Castro's primitive radar. The attack achieved complete surprise. Three planes attacked the field at San Antonio de los Baños; three more struck at Camp Columbia in Havana; two others attacked the airport at Santiago de Cuba. The Free Cuban squadron's losses were three planes: one B-26 was hit by anti-aircraft fire, crashed at sea, and both pilots were lost; another, returning to Nicaragua, made a crash landing on Grand Cayman, a small British island; a third cracked up just as it reached a U.S. base near Key West.

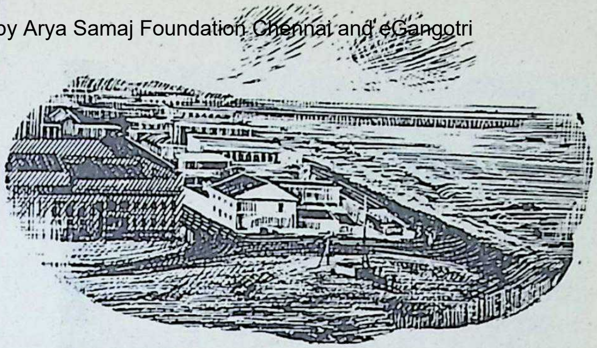
The Cubans and their American supervisors considered the limited strike a success. Fidel Castro's air force had been reduced by half—but he still had three T-33 jets, three Sea Furies and two B-26's.

I have talked to a number of pilots who flew on Strike 1. Their major worry when they returned to base at Happy Valley, they told me, was the threat posed by Castro's remaining jets and Sea Furies. They also thought of what *might* have been accomplished if the squadron had struck in full force, as originally planned. Their concern was more than matched by the chagrin of the pilots who did not fly the scheduled mission because their planes remained grounded in Nicaragua—by orders. Yet both groups, I have been convinced, were confident that Strike 3 (still scheduled for take-off at 1.40 on Monday morning) could mop up Castro's remaining aircraft and also perform assigned missions over the beach-heads. A new and unexpected development was to occur, however.

At 3 p.m. on Sunday the pilots at Happy Valley were called together in the rear of the operations shack. For the next four hours the Monday-morning mission was explained in detail by U.S. intelligence officers, who displayed remarkable aerial

1788
THE E.I.D.-PARRY
1964

THOMAS PARRY
Founder



PARRY'S CORNER THEN……

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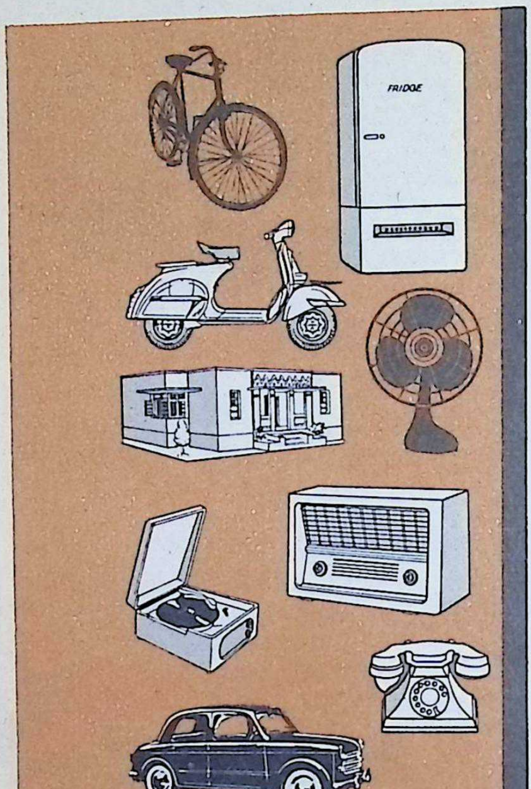

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ographs taken by U.S. recon- sance planes. These photo- phs showed where each Castro e and anti-aircraft battery was ted; tank, gun and truck centrations; and a warship at hor off Cienfuegos. Again stress placed on the top-priority ctive: *destroy Castro's remain- aircraft.*

t 7.30 p.m., when the individual fings of the Cuban pilots had completed, an American ad- r named Gregory Bell, instruc- of the C-46 pilots, entered the m. Glancing at a paper in his d, he told the Cubans that it ht not be necessary for them to the scheduled Monday mission. parently other planes would e care of Castro's aircraft. How- r, the pilots and crews were ered to stand by until the base firmed the Washington order. midnight, Bell returned with firmation that the third strike indeed been officially cancelled.

The Cuban pilots assumed that e important decision had been de in Washington. They be- ved, however, that it was a deci- n favourable to their cause. Since re was no other Free Cuban air e in operation, the change of ers, they felt, could mean but thing: U.S. military aircraft been assigned to wipe out the stro planes.

That night all hands were more fident than ever of the success the invasion,

THEIR CONFIDENCE was unjustified. On the preceding day—Saturday, April 15—news of the first air strike against Castro's airfields had loud repercussions at the United Nations. Raul Roa, Castro's foreign minister, appeared before the General Assembly's Political Committee. He charged that the bombing was the prelude to an invasion planned, financed and directed by the United States. Adlai Stevenson, the U.S. representative, rejected Roa's accusations out of hand with force and eloquence—and stepped into an embarrassing trap.

As part of Operation Pluto, a B-26 bomber, painted to resemble the B-26's in Castro's air force, had flown from Nicaragua directly to Miami, where the Free Cuban pilot declared that the morning's raid was the work of Castro's own pilots who, like himself, were revolting against the communist regime. Pilot and plane were photographed, and the pictures were immediately distributed by the wire services. Apparently unaware that a ruse was involved, Adlai Stevenson accepted the story at face value and, in his rebuttal of Roa's charges, stated flatly that the raiding planes were Castro's own and that the pilots were defectors. He pointed to the Miami photographs as evidence.

Roa had no trouble in exploding the story. The B-26 flown to Miami by the "defecting" pilot was recognizably different from Castro's B-26's. The Cuban delegate went on to charge that "mercenaries hired by the United States" were about to bomb Cuba again. Stevenson could only answer that "steps have been taken to impound the Cuban planes which have landed in Florida, and they will not be permitted to take off for Cuba."

Raul Roa, Cuban foreign minister, denouncing the United States before the United Nations on April 15, 1961

Adlai Stevenson, U.S. Ambassador to the U.N., shows the Political Committee a photograph of a bomber allegedly flown to Miami by a defecting Castro pilot

In the confusion that followed, there is one certainty: When Stevenson learned of the blunder that had placed him in such an embarrassing position before the United Nations, he was understandably furious. Other facts have become lost in a thicket of contradictions and denials.

However, the *actions* that climaxed the hectic week-end are undeniable. On Sunday evening, an order was issued from the White House cancelling the final and crucial air strike scheduled for dawn the next day—D-Day. The order was transmitted to Cabell and Bissell, of the CIA, by Presidential *aide* McGeorge Bundy, who then made a hurried trip to New York to confer with Stevenson. Said Hanson Baldwin, military analyst of the New York *Times,* some three months after the invasion: "That cancellation was apparently the result of representations by Secretary of State Dean Rusk, and through him by Mr. Stevenson."

That decision sealed the doom of the invasion and marked it for disaster.

The cancellation order was a staggering blow to the CIA. Deputy

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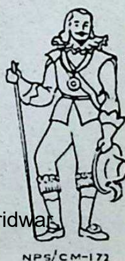


Director Cabell, a U.S. Air Force general with a brilliant combat record, saw the handwriting of disaster on the wall. He and Bissell went at once to the State Department. Secretary Rusk listened to their arguments and pleas, but was not impressed. The invasion force was at sea and only a few hours from the Bay of Pigs. Rusk was reminded that the Free Cubans' slow propeller-driven B-26's were no match for the Castro jets that were still operable. These jets could control the air, sink ships with rockets and decimate the landing force. Still, the Secretary was unmoved. He said the CIA was overstressing the danger of enemy planes; political considerations were more important.

Eventually, however, Rusk agreed to telephone President Kennedy, who was at Glen Ora, his country house in Middleburg, Virginia. He repeated the pleas of the CIA representatives, and expressed his own opposition. The President's answer: The cancellation order stands. Stunned and dismayed, Bissell and Cabell returned to CIA headquarters and complied with the President's order.

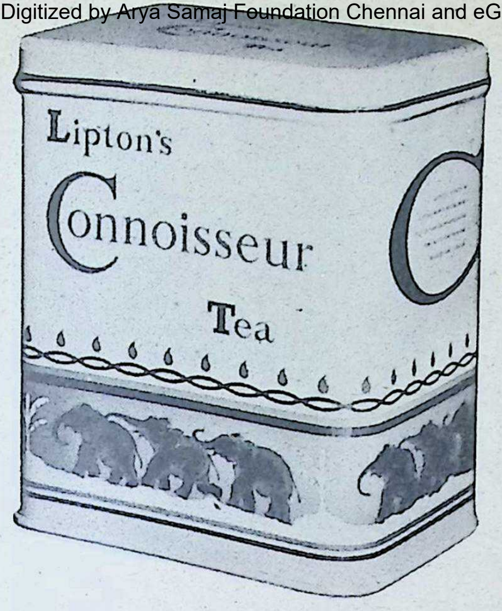
That was the order that Gregory Bell confirmed to the pilots at Happy Valley at midnight on Sunday. These men had no way of knowing it, but, at that instant, Cuba's dream of liberation was shattered and Fidel Castro was handed a smashing victory—only a few hours before the first blood was shed at the Bay of Pigs.

McGeorge Bundy

OLLIE ATKINS

AT 4 A.M. on Monday, while frogmen were marking the channels for landing craft through the reefs off the Bay of Pigs, and with some assault troops already ashore, Cabell returned to Rusk to plead for air cover from the U.S. carriers lying over the horizon. With the Secretary of State still opposed, Cabell himself phoned President Kennedy in Virginia. The President supported Rusk. The answer, still: *No.*

So, during that fateful night and early morning the invasion fleet steamed slowly towards disaster—five small freighters escorted by U.S. destroyers and two radar-equipped LCI's (Landing Craft Infantry) of Second World War vintage. Near by were the U.S. aircraft carriers *Essex* and *Boxer*, with



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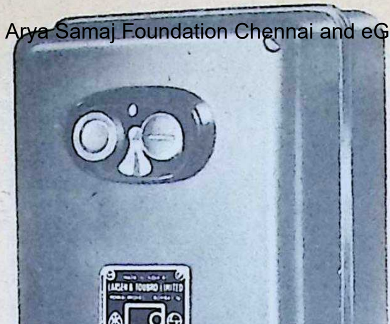

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stroyer escorts. The *Boxer* carried attalion of Marines.

At 10 p.m., one of the LCI's led a ighter on to the beach at Girón. me 20 miles to the west another CI escorted a second freighter into Bay of Pigs. Now another ighter appeared out of the night, the clank and clash of its gear that landing craft were being ered.

As the noise of landing-craft sel engines was added to the din, lights at Girón began to go . A single machine-gun emplacent opened fire. An LCI quickly ped it out with its 50-calibre ns. The doomed invasion was der way.

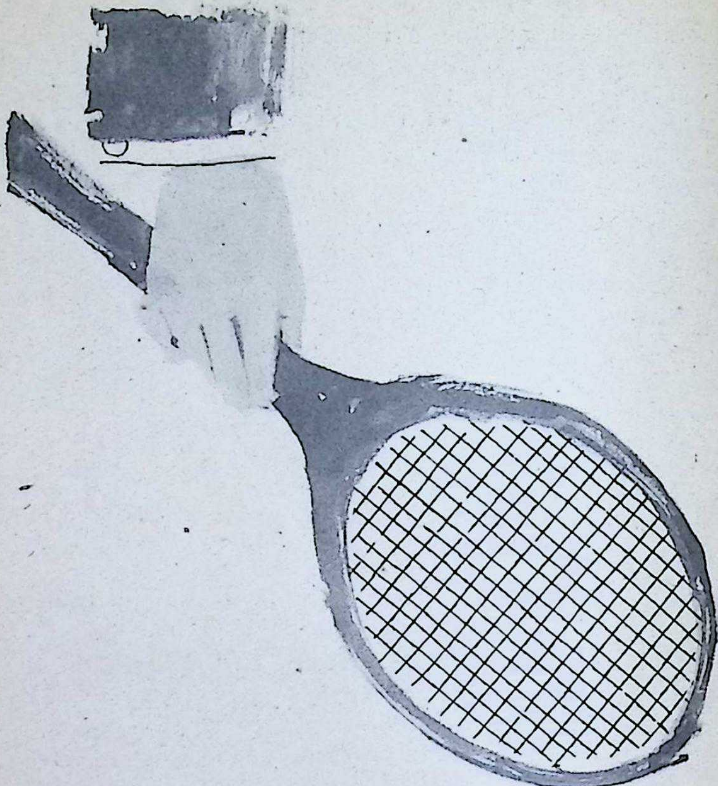
Soon the first assault troops were ping ashore and streaking for ir objectives. Before dawn, many the invaders reached the town of rón, where they went from house house reassuring the citizens: 'e are Cubans. We have come to erate Cuba!" Before long they control of the airport. That y morning, they thought, their n bombers would be arriving.

Then, with the first invaders ore, and with others approaching small boats and still others struggng to unload the freighters, Cas's planes came roaring in, guns rockets blazing. The men on beaches were virtually defences.

By 8 a.m., one freighter, struck a rocket, had to be beached on offshore reef. The men swam ashore without guns or ammunition. Later, a Castro Sea Fury dived out of the sun and made a direct hit on a second freighter with a rocket. The ship, carrying a precious cargo of anti-tank road mines, ammunition, food, petrol and radio equipment, blew up in a tremendous blast and sank quickly. Supplies for a week's fighting were lost. Castro's remaining three T-33 jets, three Sea Furies and two B-26's commanded the skies.

AT 3 P.M. the three freighters left afloat were ordered to leave the invasion area; the word came from the American officer who was directing the landings from the LCI *Blagar,* lying 12 miles away. The armed LCI's landed five medium tanks and a few trucks and departed. The withdrawal left the landing forces stranded on the beaches with less than ten per cent of their ammunition and other critically needed equipment. But, as the Castro troops closed in on them over the unobstructed highways, they put up a fight and inflicted heavy losses. Also, surprisingly—in view of the desperate circumstances—many militiamen and citizens in the Girón area joined the liberation forces.

The Free Cuban commander on the beach asked repeatedly for the air support that the American advisers at the training camp had promised. By radio he pleaded: Where is the promised air cover?



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you back us or quit?" Several
es he was told that air support
coming, and once that air cover
ld be over the beach-head in a
ter of minutes.

.S. Navy jets did, in fact, fly
the invasion area on several
sions, usually in pairs, once in
ose formation of six. When they
appeared, Castro's jets vanished
n the air. The cheering invaders
the beaches watched as the
erican planes dipped their wings
lute and flew inland. They were
that the turning point had
ne. But soon the Navy jets
ded out to sea again. Castro's
nes then returned and brazenly
ained over the beach-head dur-
subsequent U.S. flights.

hat happened, I learned later,
that when Secretary of State
k, at his Monday press confer-
, repeated with emphasis Presi-
Kennedy's earlier statement
U.S. forces would not intervene
ny way, Castro assured his pilots
the U.S. Navy jets posed no
at—they were merely taking
tographs. Thus, after the first
ht, Castro's jets renewed their
stating attacks, ignoring the
sional appearance of the power-
U.S. jets, which took no part in
fighting at any time.

he Free Cuban Air Squadron,
ough no match for Castro's jets
Sea Furies, engaged in the un-
al combat, and lost half its
nes the first day. The pilots,
e of them wounded, continued
flying the long seven-hour missions between Nicaragua and the beach-heads even after the task was clearly hopeless. With machine guns and rockets, they sprayed the advancing Castro columns, blew up tanks and trucks loaded with militiamen. They sank a gunboat and coast-guard cutter approaching Girón Beach.

Of the original 16 bombers, only three survived the whole action. On Tuesday night American pilots flew ten additional bombers into the Nicaragua staging base to replace those lost or damaged. What gave out eventually was the squadron's manpower.

THE EARLIEST reports from the Bay of Pigs, reaching Washington over U.S. Navy radio circuits, confirmed the worst fears of the CIA and the Joint Chiefs. When the President learned of the air squadron's decimation by Castro's jets and the loss of two freighters, he became alarmed.

On Monday afternoon, he countermanded his Sunday-evening order forbidding strikes against the airports. This resulted in a mission dispatched to bomb the San Antonio de los Baños base near Havana on Monday night. But this so-called "air strike," as we shall see later, was in reality no strike at all.

On Tuesday the dispatches reaching Washington grew grimmer by the hour. That evening, Bissell realized that his warning could no longer be disregarded without peril. Facts of the impending collapse, he was convinced, armed him for one last effort to save Operation Pluto. He sent word to the President that he must see him urgently.

President Kennedy was holding a reception at the White House for his Cabinet and members of Congress and their wives. But the President left the party and joined Bissell in a tense meeting to which Secretaries Rusk and McNamara, General Lemnitzer and Admiral Burke, among others, had been summoned. I have been privileged to hear several accounts of that meeting, and each bears out the others.

Strongly supported by Burke and Lemnitzer, Bissell made a fervent appeal for the only thing that could now save the Cuban invasion: use of the U.S. military power available on the ships just over the horizon. Rusk was unalterably opposed.

Admiral Arleigh Burke

WIDE WORLD

Next, Bissell and Burke asked that a detachment of U.S. Marines be permitted to go into action. This, too, was refused. All these proposals, they were reminded, would amount to U.S. "involvement."

The last request made by Admiral Burke answered emphatically: destroyer, to lay down a barrage on Castro's forces. The President asked: What if Castro's forces return the fire and hit the destroyer? Burke answered emphatically: "Then we'll knock hell out of them!"

The President said that then the United States *would* be involved. My informants quote, with obvious admiration, Burke's answer:

"We *are* involved, sir. We trained and armed these Cubans. We helped to land them on the beaches. Goddammit, Mr. President. we can't let those boys be slaughtered there!"

The outcome of that meeting was perhaps the most timid compromise of all: the President agreed that Navy fighter planes, with their U.S. markings painted out, could fly "reconnaissance" over the beach-head, but *there should be not more than two planes, and they could fly for one hour only,* from 6.30 to 7.30 a.m.! That was the extent of the "support" authorized. The United States could not afford to "compromise the American image" before the rest of the world.

Several accounts have claimed

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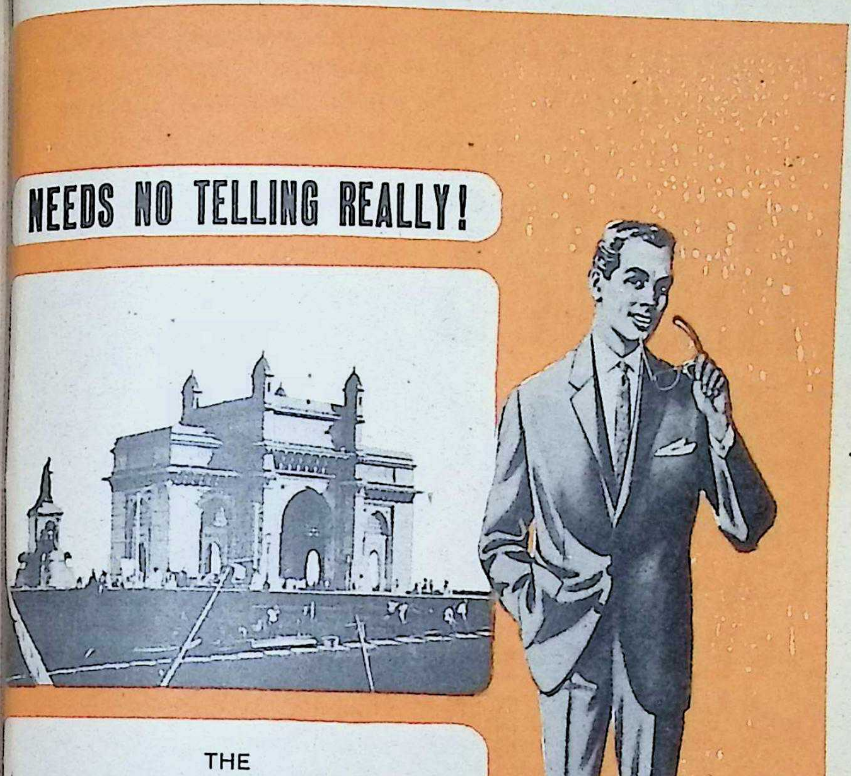

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that President Kennedy, in response to the final plea of the CIA and Joint Chiefs, authorized a U.S. "air umbrella" over the invasion perimeter to permit the Free Cuban squadron to "attack in force."

Actually, on Wednesday morning, April 19, the number of Free Cubans able to fly was pitifully small. But a final air mission was pieced together in Nicaragua; it was composed of one unarmed C-46 transport plane piloted by two Cubans, and two B-26 bombers, each piloted by two American instructors. The Americans had volunteered to provide "fighter escort" for the C-46.

The purpose of the mission: the C-46 was to leave supplies at the Girón airstrip and pick up a youthful Free Cuban pilot, Matias Farias, who, with maps and a ground report of the invaders' plight, might be able to support Bissell in the fight he was waging in Washington.

During the opening air battles over the beaches on Monday, Farias, flying a B-26, had put a Sea Fury out of action and destroyed a Castro B-26 before his co-pilot, Eddie Gonzalez, was killed and his own plane was forced to crash-land near Girón. With his left arm splintered and his face torn by a bullet, Farias reached field headquarters. Now he would be brought back to the Nicaraguan base.

The two bombers were shot down, however, and all four Americans died. The C-46 landed at ón—the only invader plane to the airport—and then made it to Happy Valley with Farias rd. Farias tape-recorded a vivid unt of the disaster unfolding on beaches, which was flown to hington by a U.S. jet. But it too late. The "battle of Wash- on" had been lost.

IGHTFALL on Wednesday, April the fighting on the beaches was . For three days the men had ht without rest and with little or water. The promised "con- ing" supplies had never reached invaders. Now they had run out mmunition and food. Almost to an, they were captured or killed. w put out to sea in tiny fishing s found along the beach. One of e, with 22 men aboard, drifted 15 days. When it was picked up an American freighter, there only 12 survivors.

hortly before 5 p.m. on Wednes- the Free Cubans' beach com- der sent his final message to the erican vessels standing off the of Pigs. "I am destroying all equipment," he said. "I have ing left to fight with. The ny tanks are already in my posi- . Farewell, friends!"

athering their remaining ngth, the men crawled into the mps. There some survived for weeks before they died or were ured.

astro's planes, spared by the can- tion of the air strikes, had been

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in the air continually. They operated in pairs, while others reloaded and refuelled near by. Flying at twice the speed of the Free Cuban bombers, the remaining jets had turned the tide of the battle, just as Bissell, Cabell, Burke and Lemnitzer had foreseen.

But the invasion was over. Castro's boasts of how little Cuba had, in three days, defeated mighty Uncle Sam were now heard round the world, relayed triumphantly by Moscow and Peking. U.S. prestige dropped to a new low in Latin America, the Far East, South-East Asia and even among its European allies. Fidel Castro was raised to a pinnacle of prestige. There was no doubt anywhere about the U.S. "involvement"—as there never could have been in an open society—but it was involvement in *failure*.

WAS THERE, at any time, a substitute operation for the crucial third air strike that was cancelled?

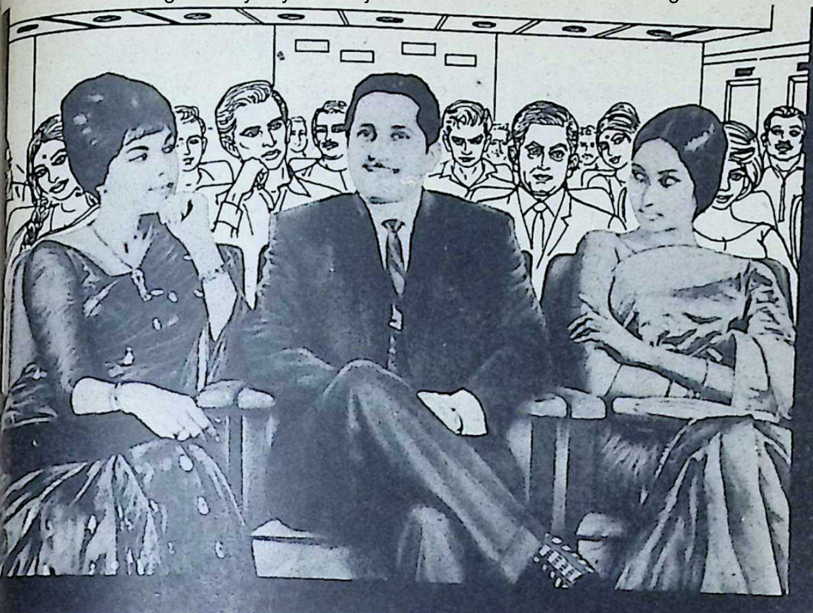
Attorney-General Robert Kennedy, in a curious interview published in *U.S. News & World Report* of January 28, 1963, explained: "There was supposed to be another attack on the airports on Monday morning . . . There had been a flurry at the United Nations and elsewhere . . . The President was asked about whether [the attack] should take place. As there was this stir . . . , he gave instructions that it should not take place at that time . . . *And, in fact, the attack on the airports took place later that day.*" (The italics are mine.)

What was the "attack on the airports" that Robert Kennedy said "took place later that day [Monday]"?

On Monday, *two* Free Cuban bombers were authorized to attack the San Antonio airfield where Castro planes were based. The pilots were warned, however, to avoid any risk to civilian lives or property. The planes took off from Nicaragua at 7.30 p.m. They arrived over the target four hours later, on a moonless night, with both the base and the near-by town blacked-out and hidden by a low cloud ceiling. Unable to distinguish the target, the pilots obeyed their orders and returned to Nicaragua *without firing a shot or dropping a bomb!*

To call this Monday-night flight an "attack on the airports," and to equate it with the original air strike planned for Monday at dawn (and then cancelled), which was to have been carried out by eight bombers manned by fresh pilots who had been briefed for hours with U-2 target photographs before them, is not exactly an exercise of candour.

Robert Kennedy was a member of the committee appointed by the President to investigate the fiasco, and he helped to write the committee's secret report—which has never been published. Certainly he had access to all the facts, including those related to the air strikes that



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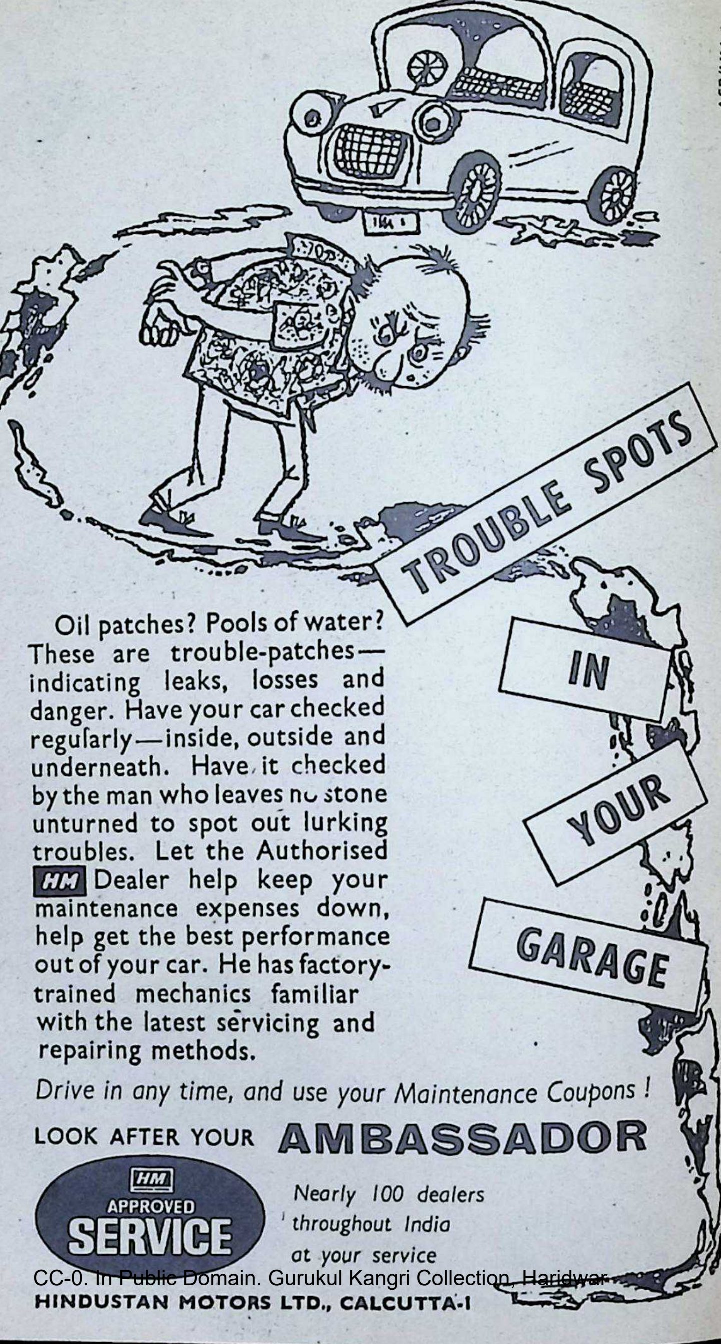

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re planned and then cancelled. must know it is *not* a "fact" that original Monday "attack on the ports . . . took place later that "—or at any time thereafter.

Robert Kennedy's allusion to the rry at the United Nations and where" also raises questions. We w that part of the flurry on that urday afternoon was caused by of Khrushchev and his threat upport Castro, with the implica- n that intercontinental ballistic ssiles would be used if necessary. is solemn warning of nuclear aliation might have given pause people who were incompletely formed. But is it conceivable that venson and Rusk, and some of White House advisers, were aware of the solid proof then in President's possession that *Rus- had no operational ICBM's in ng position at that time?*

LUMES HAVE been written about reasons for the failure of Oper- on Pluto. Some accounts have parently been devised to white- sh the advisers who influenced esident Kennedy's decisions and, the same time, to vilify those nericans who honestly tried to n and execute—according to ir orders—a Cuban invasion of ba which should have succeeded. My findings, I believe, refute the nders of the CIA, the favourite hipping boy" of the Kennedy ministration's apologists. Yet it uld be absurd to imply that the CIA's performance was flawless. Why, for example, was not the anti-Castro underground alerted? Many reasons have been given: the fact that its units had been infiltrated by Castro agents and some of its U.S.-trained leaders had been executed; the disunity among the early Cuban exiles, which in turn prevented cohesion among the underground groups inside Cuba. It has even been said that when the CIA became convinced that the invasion was doomed as a consequence of White House orders cancelling the air strikes, it elected not to launch the Cuban underground on an adventure that would increase the death toll.

Allen Dulles said that the underground was not alerted "for reasons of security." This is unacceptable to the Cuban people. Why could not the active anti-Castroites inside Cuba have been alerted at the moment of the invasion without a security risk? I and thousands of others in the Matanzas area, for instance, were not arrested until 11 hours after the first landings.

TODAY, HOWEVER, with the facts known at last, the time has come for all Free Cubans to turn away from past failures and to concentrate on the future. Our sole concern now must be the liberation of our homeland, on our own. We are aware, of course, that this fight for freedom has implications that go far beyond Cuba. For the Free World will be lost if its people ever accept the idea that communist revolutions are irreversible. We Cubans know that if there is one country where communism can be reversed, it is Cuba. That is something we must demonstrate to the world.

We welcome the aid of those individual Americans who wish to help us in our struggle. But, in view of the experience at the Bay of Pigs, we can never again accept aid as subordinates of U.S. policy.

Cubans-in-exile know that the real impetus of the liberation movement will come from the Cubans who are still suffering Castro's tyranny. The true liberators are in Cuba now; the future governors of a free Cuba will come out of Castro's prisons and from his disillusioned army and militia. The underground is re-forming, discovering new leaders, recovering from the disaster of 1961. The leaders are dedicated, selfless patriots who are working without thought of personal gain or political reward.

Our task, in exile, is to spark the coming revolt and to support it with our funds, our faith and, if necessary, our lives.

THE END

* * *

Cartoon Quips

Wife to husband as they gaze at huge hydro-electric project: "Certainly I understand it: they sort of strain the electricity out of the water."

—Cartoons by Bernhardt

Television producer to fading cowboy star: "What it boils down to, Monty, is that the viewers want you to ride into the sunset—and keep on riding."

—Dedini

Father, buying shoes for his children, to assistant: "Certainly, let them wear them home—while they still fit."

—B. K.

Wife to husband: "All I know about politics is that my vote usually cancels out yours."

—Appalucci

One guest to another during wedding ceremony: "He thought he was just shooting her a line."

—M. B.

The Adventure of the Speckled Band

BY A. CONAN DOYLE

Sir Arthur Conan Doyle's beloved Sherlock Holmes has endeared nself to four generations of readers. As we enter the sitting-room No. 221 B, Baker Street, we are lifted out of our trouble-harried ves into a Victorian world of high-wheeled hansoms and curling , in which Holmes performs uncanny feats of deduction while we nd the faithful Dr. Watson) look on with amazement and ection. Other writers of detective fiction have shamelessly imitated formula, but there is only one Baker Street and only one Holmes.

"The Adventure of the Speckled Band" is regarded by many as greatest of the Sherlock Holmes stories. It reveals him at the k of his ingenuity and daring. Whether you have read the story e or 20 times, its terrifying conclusion still has the power to chill blood.

The drawings in this version are by Sidney Paget and illustrated story when it was published for the first time—in the "Strand lagazine" for February 1892.

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The Adventure of the Speckled Band

EARLY one April morning I woke to find Sherlock Holmes standing, fully dressed, by my bed. He was a late riser as a rule, and I blinked up at him in some surprise.

"Very sorry to wake you up, Watson," said he, "but it's the common lot this morning."

"What is it, then—a fire?"

"No; a client, a young lady in a considerable state of excitement, who is waiting now in the sitting-room."

I had no keener pleasure than in following Holmes in his professional investigations, and in admiring the rapid deductions, as swift as intuitions, and yet always founded on a logical basis, with which he unravelled the problems which were submitted to him.

I was ready in a few minutes to accompany my friend downstairs. A lady dressed in black and heavily veiled rose as we entered the sitting-room.

"Good morning, madam," said Holmes cheerily. "My name is Sherlock Holmes. This is my intimate friend and associate, Dr. Watson, before whom you can speak as freely as before myself. Pray draw up to the fire, for I observe that you are shivering."

"It is not cold which makes me shiver," said the woman in a low voice.

"What, then?"

"It is fear, Mr. Holmes. It is terror." She raised her veil as she spoke, and we could see that she was indeed in a pitiable state of agitation, her face all drawn and grey, with restless, frightened eyes. Her features and figure were those of a woman of 30, but her hair was shot with premature grey. Sherlock Holmes ran her over with one of his quick, all-comprehensive glances.

"You must not fear," said he soothingly, bending forward and patting her forearm. "We shall soon set matters right. You have come in by train this morning, I see."

"You know me, then?"

"No, but I observe the second half of a return ticket in the palm of your left glove. You must have started early, and yet you had a good drive in a dogcart, along heavy roads, before you reached the station."

The lady stared in bewilderment.

"There is no mystery, my dear madam," said he, smiling. "The left arm of your jacket is spattered

Condensed from "The Complete Short Stories of Sherlock Holmes" by permission of the trustees of the estates of Sir Arthur Conan Doyle and published by John Murray, London. This material first appeared in The Reader's Digest for August 1942 th mud in no less than seven ces. There is no vehicle save a gcart which throws up mud in t way, and then only when you on the left-hand side of the ver.”

“Whatever your reasons may be, u are perfectly correct,” said she. started from home before six. I stand this strain no longer; I ll go mad if it continues. Oh, can you throw a little light ough the dense darkness which rounds me? At present it is out my power to reward you for your vices, but in a month or six weeks hall be married, with the control my own income, and then at least u shall not find me ungrateful.”

“My profession is its own re-rd,” said Holmes; “but you are liberty to defray whatever ex-nses I may be put to, at the time ich suits you best. And now I g that you will before us erything that ay help in forming an opinion on the matter.”

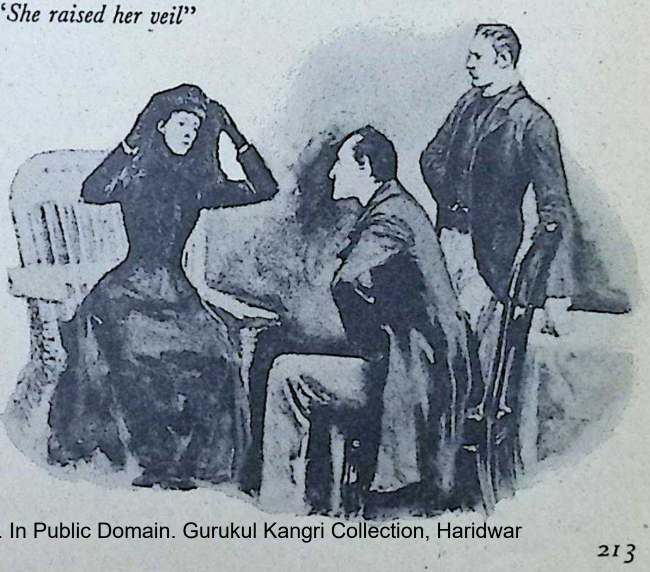
“Alas!” replied r visitor, “the ry horror of y situation lies the fact that y fears are so gue, my suspi-ns depend so tirely upon all points ich may seem to you only the fancies of a nervous woman.”

“I am all attention, madam.”

“My name is Helen Stoner, and I am living with my stepfather, the last survivor of one of the oldest Saxon families in England, the Roylotts, of Stoke Moran, in Surrey.”

Holmes nodded his head. “The name is familiar to me,” said he.

“The family was at one time among the richest in England. Now, however, nothing is left save a few acres of ground, and the 200-year-old house, crushed under a heavy mortgage. The last squire dragged out the horrible life of an aristocratic pauper; but his only son, my stepfather, seeing that he must adapt himself to the new conditions, obtained a medical degree and went out to Calcutta, where he established a large practice. In a fit of anger, however, he beat his



“*She raised her veil*”

native butler to death and narrowly escaped a capital sentence. As it was, he suffered a long term of imprisonment and afterwards returned to England a morose and disappointed man.

"When Dr. Roylott was in India he married my mother, Mrs. Stoner, the young widow of Major-General Stoner, of the Bengal Artillery. My sister Julia and I were twins, only two years old at the time.

"Shortly after our return to England my mother died. Dr. Roylott took us to live with him at Stoke Moran. My mother had bequeathed her entire income—not less than £1,000 a year—to Dr. Roylott, with a provision that a certain annual sum should be allowed to each of us in the event of our marriage. The money was enough for all our wants, and there seemed to be no obstacle to our happiness.

"But now a terrible change came over our stepfather. He shut himself up in his house and seldom came out save to indulge in ferocious quarrels with whoever might cross his path. Violence of temper approaching mania has been hereditary in the men of the family, and in my stepfather's case it had, I believe, been intensified by his long residence in the tropics. At last he became the terror of the village, and the folks would fly at his approach, for he is a man of immense strength, absolutely uncontrollable in his anger.

"He now has no friends at all save the wandering gipsies, and he gives these vagabonds leave to encamp upon the few acres of bramble-covered land which represent the family estate, and sometimes accepts in return the hospitality of their tents, wandering away with them for weeks on end. He has a passion also for Indian animals; he has at this moment a cheetah and a baboon, which wander freely over his grounds and are feared by the villagers almost as much as their master. You can imagine that my poor sister Julia and I had no great pleasure in our lives. She died two years ago, and it is of her death that I wish to speak to you.

"Our Aunt, Miss Honoria Westphail, lives near Harrow, and we were occasionally allowed to pay her short visits. Julia met there a major of Marines, to whom she became engaged. My stepfather offered no objection to the marriage; but within a fortnight of the day fixed for the wedding, a terrible event occurred."

Sherlock Holmes had been leaning back in his chair with his eyes closed and his head sunk in a cushion, but he half opened his lids now and glanced across at his visitor.

"Pray be precise as to details," said he.

"It is easy for me to be so, for every incident is seared into my memory. Only one wing of the old manor house is now inhabited. The bedrooms are on the ground floor; the first is Dr. Roylott's, the second my sister's, and the third my

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own. There is no communication between them, but they all open out into the same corridor. Do I make myself plain?"

"Perfectly so."

"The windows of the three rooms open on the lawn. That fatal night Dr. Roylott had gone to his room early, though we knew that he had not retired to rest, for my sister was troubled by the smell of the strong Indian cigars which it is his custom to smoke. She left her room, therefore, and came into mine, where she sat for some time, chatting about her approaching wedding. At 11 o'clock she rose to leave me, but she paused at the door.

" 'Tell me, Helen,' said she, 'have you ever heard anyone whistle in the dead of night?'

" 'Never,' said I. 'Why?'

" 'Because during the last few nights I have heard, about three in the morning, a low, clear whistle. I cannot tell where it comes from—perhaps from the next room, perhaps from the lawn. I wondered if you had heard it.'

" 'No, I have not. It must be those wretched gipsies.'

" 'Very likely. Well, it is of no great consequence, at any rate.' She smiled back at me, closed my door, and a few moments later I heard her key turn in the lock."

"Indeed," said Holmes. "Was it your custom always to lock yourselves in at night?"

"Always. I mentioned to you that the doctor kept a cheetah and a baboon. We had no feeling of security unless our doors were locked."

"Quite so. Pray proceed."

"I could not sleep. A vague feeling of impending misfortune oppressed me. It was a wild night. The wind was howling outside, and the rain was beating against the windows. Suddenly, amid all the hubbub of the gale, there burst forth the wild scream of a terrified woman. I knew that it was my sister's voice. I sprang from my bed, wrapped a shawl round me, and rushed into the corridor. As I opened my door I seemed to hear a low whistle, such as my sister described, and a few moments later a clanging sound, as if a mass of metal had fallen. As I ran down the passage, my sister's door was unlocked, and slowly opened. I stared at it horror-stricken. By the light of the corridor lamp I saw my sister in the doorway, her face blanched with terror, her hands groping for help, her whole figure swaying to and fro. I ran and threw my arms around her, but her knees gave way and she fell. She writhed as one in terrible pain, her limbs were dreadfully convulsed. As I bent over her she suddenly shrieked, 'Oh, my God! Helen! It was the band! The speckled band!' There was something else which she would fain have said, and she stabbed with her finger into the air in the direction of the doctor's room, but a fresh convulsion seized her and choked her

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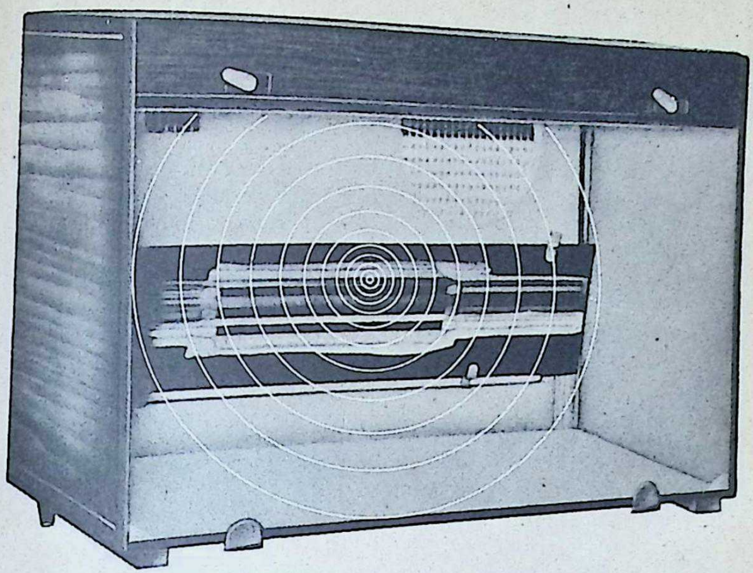

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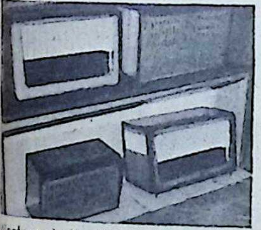

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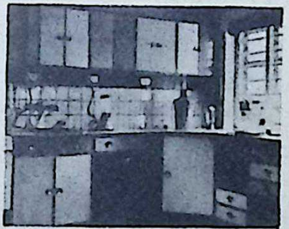

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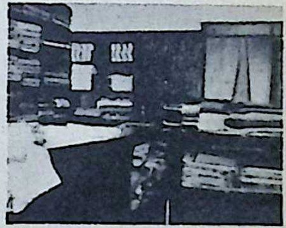

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words. I rushed out, calling loudly for my stepfather, and I met him hastening from his room in his dressing-gown. When he reached my sister's side she was unconscious, and though he poured brandy down her throat and sent for medical aid from the village, all efforts to revive her were in vain."

"One moment," said Holmes. "Are you sure about this whistle and metallic sound?"

"That was what the coroner asked me. It is my strong impression that I heard it, and yet, amid the crash of the gale and the creaking of the old house, I may possibly have been deceived."

"Was your sister dressed?"

"No, she was in her nightdress. In her right hand was found the charred stump of a match, and in her left a matchbox."

"Showing that she had struck a light and looked about her when the alarm took place. That is important. And what conclusions did the coroner come to?"

"He investigated the case with great care, for Dr. Roylott's conduct had long been notorious in the county, but he was unable to find any satisfactory cause of death. My evidence showed that the door had been fastened upon the inner side, and the windows were secured every night by old-fashioned shutters with broad iron bars. It is certain, therefore, that my sister was quite alone when she met her end. Besides, there were no marks of violence."

"How about poison?"

"The doctors examined her for it, but without success."

"What do you think that this unfortunate lady died of, then?"

"It is my belief that she died of pure fear and nervous shock, though what frightened her I cannot imagine."

"What did you gather from this allusion to a band—a speckled band?"

"Sometimes I have thought that it was merely delirium, sometimes that it referred to some band of people, perhaps to the gipsies. The spotted handkerchiefs so many of them wear over their heads might have suggested the strange adjective which she used."

Holmes shook his head like a man who is far from satisfied.

"These are very deep waters," said he. "Pray go on."

"Two years have passed since then, and my life has been until lately lonelier than ever. A month ago, however, a dear friend whom I have known for many years did me the honour to ask my hand in marriage. His name is Armitage—Percy Armitage. My stepfather has offered no opposition, and we are to be married in the spring.

"Two days ago some repairs were started in the west wing of the house, and my bedroom wall has been pierced, so that I have had to move into the chamber in which my sister died, and sleep in the very bed in which she slept. Imagine, then, my terror when last night, as I lay awake thinking over her terrible fate, I suddenly heard the low whistle which had been the herald of her own death. I sprang up and lit the lamp, but nothing was to be seen in the room. I was too shaken to go to bed again, however, so as soon as it was daylight I got a dog-cart at the inn and drove to the train. I have come to ask your advice."

"You have done wisely."

There was a long silence, during which Holmes leaned his chin upon his hands and stared into the crackling fire.

"This is a very deep business," he said at last. "If we were to come to Stoke Moran today, would it be possible for us to see these rooms without the knowledge of your stepfather?"

"As it happens, he spoke of coming into town today. It is probable that there would be nothing to disturb you."

"Excellent. Then we shall both come. What are you going to do yourself?"

"I have one or two things to do now that I am in town. But I shall return by the 12 o'clock train, and shall look forward to seeing you again this afternoon."

The lady rose, dropped her thick black veil over her face, and glided from the room.

"And what do you think of it all, Watson?" asked Sherlock Holmes, settling back into his chair.

"It seems to me to be a most dark and sinister business."

"Dark enough and sinister enough. But what do you make of these nocturnal whistles, and the very peculiar words of the dying woman?"

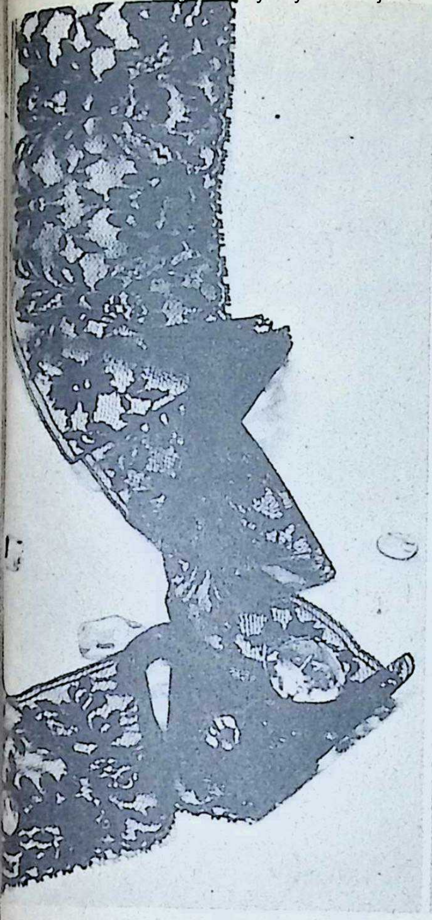
"I cannot think."

"When you combine the ideas of whistles at night, the presence of a band of gipsies, the doctor's probable interest in preventing his stepdaughter's marriage, the dying allusion to a band, and, finally, the fact that Miss Helen Stoner heard a metallic clang, which might have been one of the window bars falling back into place, I think the mystery may be cleared along those lines."

"But what, then, did the gipsies do?"

"I cannot imagine. But what in the name of the devil!"

Our door had been suddenly dashed open, and a huge man had framed himself in the aperture. His costume was a peculiar mixture of the professional and the agricultural: a black top hat, a long frock coat, and a pair of high gaiters. So tall was he that his hat actually brushed the crossbar of the doorway, and his breadth seemed to span it from side to side. A large face, seared with a thousand wrinkles, burned yellow by the sun, and marked with every evil passion, turned from one to the other of us, while his deep-set, bile-shot eyes and



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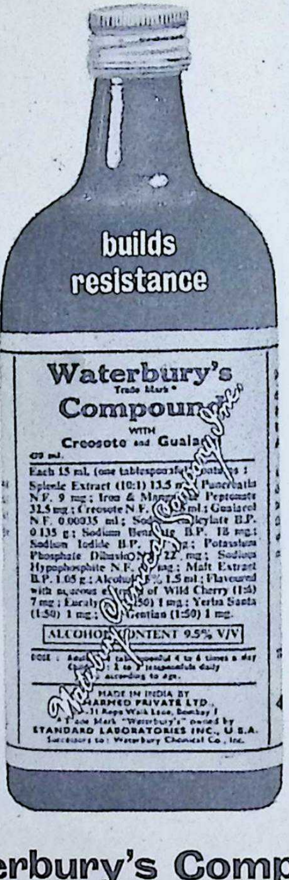
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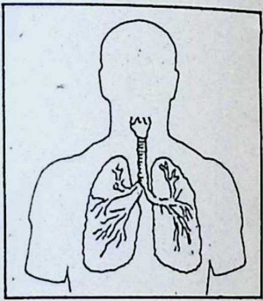

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is high, thin nose gave him somehat the resemblance to a fierce old ird of prey..

"Which of you is Holmes?" ked this apparition.

"My name, sir; but you have the dvantage of me," said my comnion quietly.

"I am Dr. Grimesby Roylott, of oke Moran."

"Indeed, Doctor," said Holmes andly. "Pray take a seat."

"I will do nothing of the kind. y stepdaughter has been here. I ave traced her. What has she been ying to you?"

"It is a little cold for the time of e year," said Holmes.

"You put me off, do you?" outed our new visitor furiously. I know you, you scoundrel! I ave heard of you before. You are olmes, the meddler."

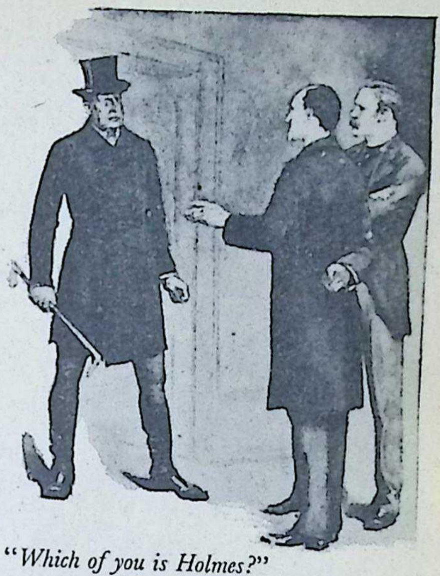
My friend smiled.

"Holmes, the busybody!"

Holmes chuckled heartily. "Your nversation is most entertaining," id he. "When you go out close e door, for there is a decided aught."

"I will go when I have said my y. Don't you dare meddle with y affairs. I am a dangerous man fall foul of! See here." He pped swiftly forward, seized the ker, and bent it into a curve ith his huge brown hands.

"See that you keep yourself out f my grip," he snarled. Hurling e twisted poker into the fireplace e strode out of the room.



"*Which of you is Holmes?*"

"A very amiable person," said Holmes, laughing. "I am not quite so bulky, but if he had remained I might have shown him that my grip was not much more feeble than his own." He picked up the steel poker and, with a sudden effort, straightened it.

"This incident gives zest to our investigation," he said. "Now for some breakfast. Afterwards I shall walk down to Doctors' Commons, where I hope to get some data which may help us in this matter."

It was nearly one o'clock when Sherlock Holmes returned from his excursion.

"I have seen the will of the deceased wife," said he. "Dr. Roylott's total income is now not more than £750. Each daughter could claim an income of £250 in case of

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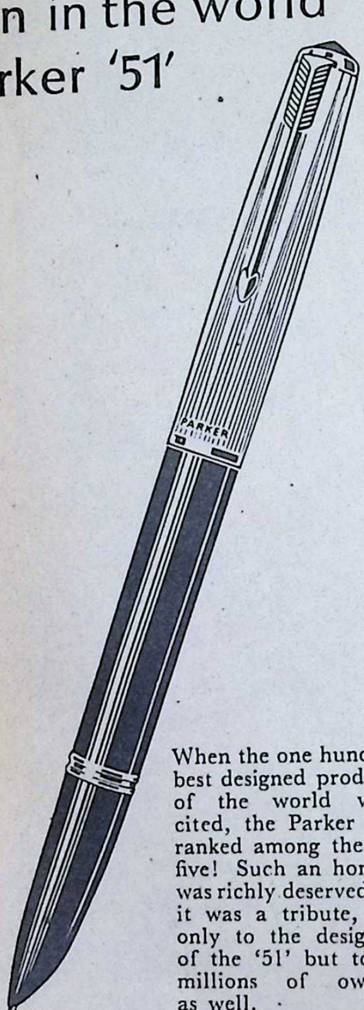

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marriage. It is evident, therefore, that if both girls had married, this brute would have had a mere pittance; if even one married, it would cripple him. And now, Watson, this is too serious for dawdling; we shall call a cab and drive to Waterloo. I should be very much obliged if you would slip your revolver into your pocket. That and a toothbrush are, I think, all that we need."

We caught a train for Leatherhead, where we hired a trap at the station inn and drove for four or five miles through the lovely Surrey lanes. It was a perfect day, with a bright sun and a few fleecy clouds in the heavens. The trees and wayside hedges were just throwing out their first green shoots, and the air was full of the pleasant smell of moist earth. My companion sat in the front of the trap, his hat pulled down over his eyes, buried in the deepest thought. Suddenly, however, he started, tapped me on the shoulder, and pointed over the meadows.

"Look!" said he. "That must be Stoke Moran."

"Yes, sir, that be the house of Dr. Grimesby Roylott," remarked the driver.

"We have come to inspect some repairs to the buildings," said Holmes. "We will walk to the house across the fields."

We got off, paid our fare, and the trap rattled back on its way to Leatherhead.

As we approached the house,

ss Stoner came hurrying out to et us with a face which spoke her

"I have been waiting so eagerly you," she cried, shaking hands h us warmly. "All has turned splendidly. Dr. Roylott has e to town, and will not be back ore evening."

"We have had the pleasure of king the doctor's acquaintance," Holmes, and in a few words he tched what had occurred. Miss ner turned white to the lips.

"Good heavens!" she cried. "He so cunning that I never know en I am safe from him."

"He may find that there is some- more cunning than himself on his track. Now, we must make best use of our time, so kindly e us at once to the rooms."

The building was of grey, lichen- tched stone, with a high central tion and two curving wings, like claws of a crab. One of these ngs was a picture of ruin, but the ht-hand block was comparatively dern. Some scaffolding had n erected against the end wall, the stone-work had been broken , but there were no signs of any rkmen at the moment of our it.

Holmes walked slowly up and wn the ill-trimmed lawn and mined the windows with deep ention.

"This, I take it, belongs to the m in which you used to sleep, centre one to your sister's, and

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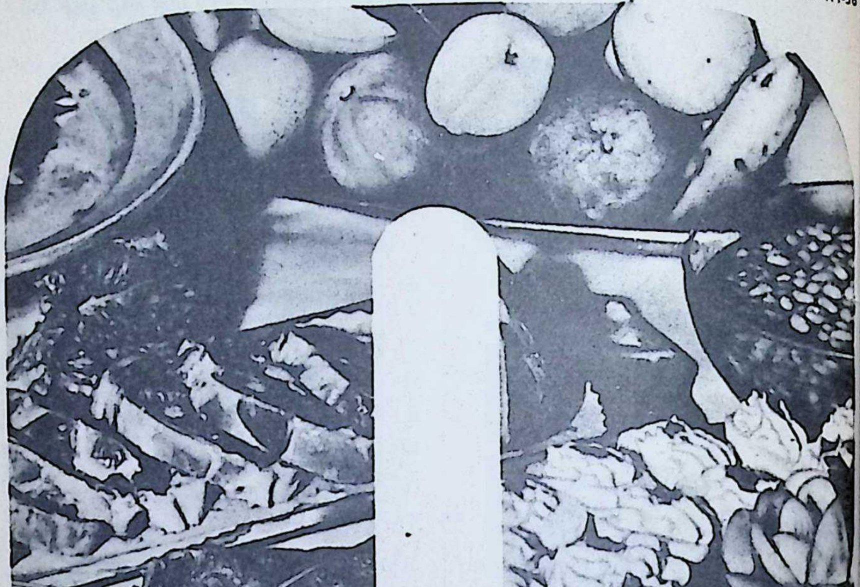

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e one next to the main building , Dr. Roylott's chamber?"

"Exactly so. But I am now sleep- g in the middle one."

"Pending the alterations, as I derstand. By the way, there does t seem to be any very pressing ed for repairs at that end wall."

"There were none. I believe at it was an excuse to move me om my room."

"Ah! That is suggestive. Now, ould you have the kindness to into your room and bar your utters?"

Miss Stoner did so, and Holmes, ter a careful examination through e open window, endeavoured in ery way to force the shutter open, t without success. Then with his ns he tested the hinges, but they ere of solid iron, built firmly into e massive masonry. "Hum!" said e, scratching his chin in some per- lexity. "No one could pass these utters if they were bolted. Well, e shall see if the inside throws y light upon the matter."

A small side door led into the hitewashed corridor from which e three bedrooms opened. The om in which Miss Stoner was w sleeping, and in which her sis- r had met her fate, was a homely tle room with a low ceiling. A own chest-of-drawers stood in e corner, a narrow white-counter- ned bed in another, and a dress- g-table on the left side of the indow. These articles, with two nall wickerwork chairs, made up the furniture in the room save for a square of Wilton carpet in the centre. The boards and the panelling of the walls were of brown, worm-eaten oak, old and discoloured. Holmes remained silent, his eyes travelling round and round and up and down, taking in every detail. "Where does that bell communicate?" he asked at last, pointing to a thick bell rope which hung beside the bed, the tassel lying upon the pillow.

"It goes to the housekeeper's room."

"It looks newer than the other things?"

"Yes, it was put there only a couple of years ago."

"Your sister asked for it, I suppose?"

"No, I never heard of her using it."

Holmes walked over to the bed and spent some time staring at it and running his eye up and down the wall. Finally he gave the bell rope a brisk tug.

"Why, it's a dummy," said he. "This is very interesting. You can see now that it is fastened to a hook just above the little opening for the ventilator."

"How very absurd! I never noticed that."

"Very strange," muttered Holmes, pulling at the rope. "There are very singular points about this room. For example, what a fool a builder must be to open a ventilator into another room, when, with the same trouble, he might have communicated with the outside air!"

"That is also quite modern," said the lady.

"Done about the same time as the bell rope?" remarked Holmes.

"Yes, there were several changes carried out about that time."

"They seem to have been of a most interesting character — dummy bell ropes, and ventilators which do not ventilate. With your permission, Miss Stoner, we shall now carry our researches into the inner apartment."

Dr. Grimesby Roylott's chamber was larger, but as plainly furnished. A camp bed, a small wooden shelf full of books, most of a technical character, an armchair beside the bed, a plain wooden chair against the wall, a round table, and a large iron safe were the principal things which met the eye. Holmes walked slowly round and examined each of them with the keenest interest.

"What's in here?" he asked, tapping the safe.

"My stepfather's business papers."

"There isn't a cat in it, for example?"

"No. What a strange idea!"

"Well, look at this!" He took up a small saucer of milk which stood on the top of it.

"No; we don't keep a cat. But there is a cheetah and a baboon."

"Ah, yes, of course! Well, a cheetah is just a big cat, and yet a saucer of milk does not go very far in satisfying its wants, I dare say. There is one point which I should wish to determine." He squatted in front of the wooden chair and examined the seat through his magnifying lens. Then he rose and put the lens in his pocket. "Hello! Here is something interesting!"

A small dog lash hung on one corner of the bed. The lash, however, was curled upon itself and tied so as to make a loop of whipcord.

"What do you make of that, Watson?"

"It's a common enough lash. But I don't know why it should be tied."

"That is not quite so common, is it? Ah, me! It's a wicked world, and when a clever man turns his brains to crime it is the worst of all."

I had never seen my friend's face so grim or his brow so dark as it was when we turned from the scene of this investigation. We had walked several times up and down the lawn before he roused himself from his reverie.

"It is very essential, Miss Stoner," said he, "that you should absolutely follow my advice in every respect."

"I am in your hands."

"In the first place, my friend and I must spend the night in your room."

Both Miss Stoner and I gazed at him in astonishment.

"Let me explain. You must

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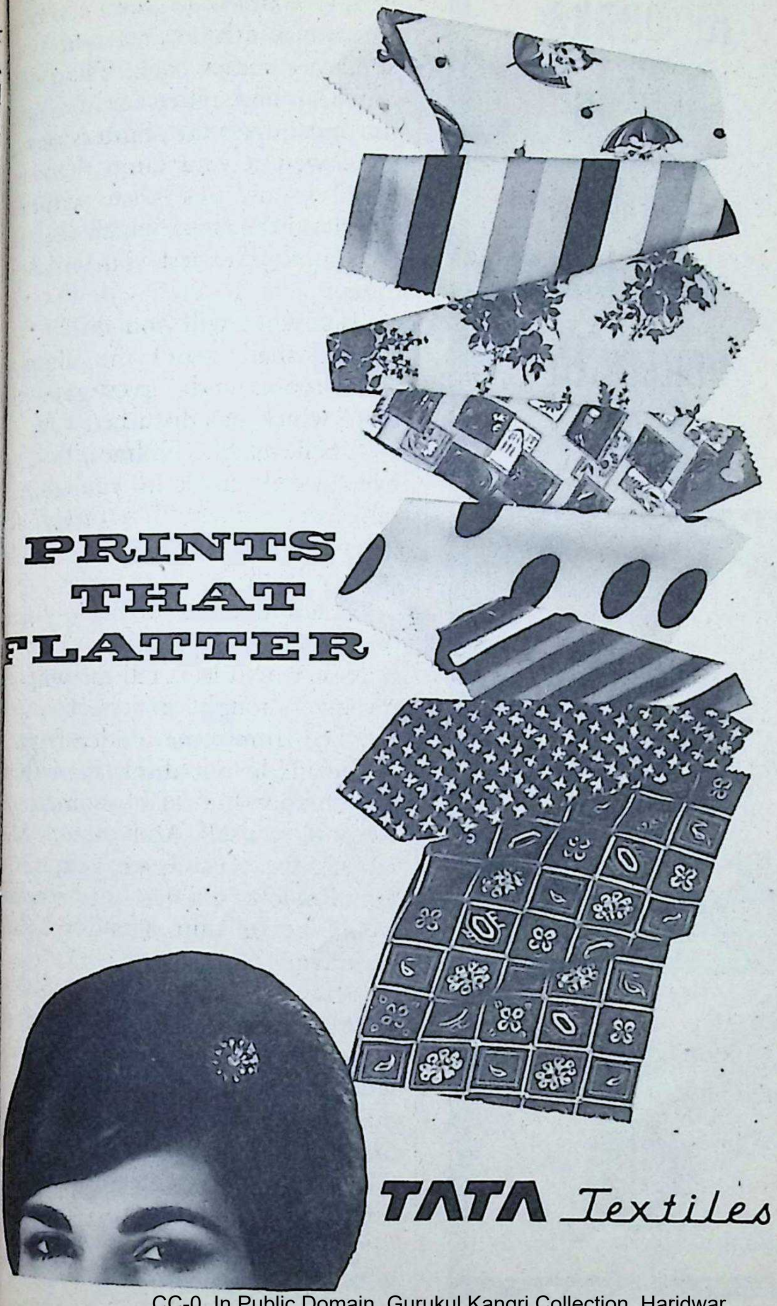
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confine yourself to your room, on pretence of a headache, when your stepfather comes back. Then when you hear him retire for the night, you must open the shutters of your window, put your lamp there as a signal to us, and then withdraw quietly to the room which you used to occupy. The rest you will leave to us."

"But what will you do?"

"We shall spend the night in your room and investigate this noise which has disturbed you."

"I believe, Mr. Holmes, that you have already made up your mind," said Miss Stoner. "For pity's sake, tell me what was the cause of my sister's death."

"I should prefer to have clearer proofs before I speak."

"You can at least tell me whether my own thought is correct, and if she died from some sudden fright."

"No, I do not think so. I think that there was probably some more tangible cause. And now, Miss Stoner, we must leave you, for if Dr. Roylott saw us our journey would be in vain. Good-bye, and be brave."

SHERLOCK HOLMES and I had no difficulty in engaging a room at the village inn. Our window commanded a view of Stoke Moran manor house. At dusk we saw Dr. Grimesby Roylott drive past, his huge form looming up beside the little figure of the lad who drove him. The boy had some slight difficulty in undoing the heavy iron gates, and we heard the hoarse roar of the doctor's voice and saw the fury with which he shook his clenched fists at him. The trap drove on.

"Do you know, Watson," said Holmes as we sat in the gathering darkness, "I have really some scruples as to taking you tonight. There is a distinct element of danger."

"Can I be of assistance?"

"You might be invaluable."

"Then I shall certainly come. You have evidently seen more in these rooms than was visible to me."

"No, but I fancy that I may have deduced a little more. I imagine that you saw all that I did."

"I saw nothing remarkable save the bell rope, and what purpose that could answer I confess is more than I can imagine."

"You saw the ventilator, too?"

"Yes, but I do not think that it is very unusual to have a small opening between two rooms. It was so small that a rat could hardly pass through."

"I knew that we should find a ventilator before ever we came to Stoke Moran."

"My dear Holmes!"

"Oh, yes, I did. You remember, Miss Stoner said that her sister could smell Dr. Roylott's cigar. Now, of course, that suggested a communication between the two rooms. It could only be a small one, or it would have been remarked

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upon at the coroner's inquiry. Therefore, I deduced a ventilator."

"But what harm can there be in that?"

"Well, there is at least a curious coincidence of dates. A ventilator is made, a cord is hung, and a lady who sleeps in the bed dies."

"I cannot as yet see any connection."

"Did you observe anything very peculiar about that bed?"

"No."

"It was clamped to the floor. The lady could not move her bed. It must always be in the same relative position to the ventilator and to the bell rope."

"Holmes," I cried, "I seem to see dimly what you are hinting at. We are only just in time to prevent some subtle and horrible crime."

"Subtle enough and horrible enough. When a doctor does go wrong he is the first of criminals. He has nerve and he has knowledge. But we shall have horrors enough before the night is over; for goodness' sake let us have a quiet pipe and turn our minds for a few hours to something more cheerful."

It was about 11 o'clock when a single bright light shone out suddenly from the dark Manor House.

"That is our signal," said Holmes, springing to his feet. "It comes from the middle window."

There was little difficulty in entering the grounds, for unrepaired breaches gaped in the old park wall. Making our way among the trees, we reached the lawn, crossed it and were about to enter through the window when out from a clump of laurel bushes there darted what seemed to be a hideous and distorted child, who threw itself upon the grass with writhing limbs and then ran swiftly across the lawn into the darkness.

"My God!" I whispered. "Did you see it?"

Holmes was for the moment as startled as I. His hand closed like a vice upon my wrist. Then he broke into a low laugh and put his lips to my ear. "A nice household," he murmured. "That is the baboon."

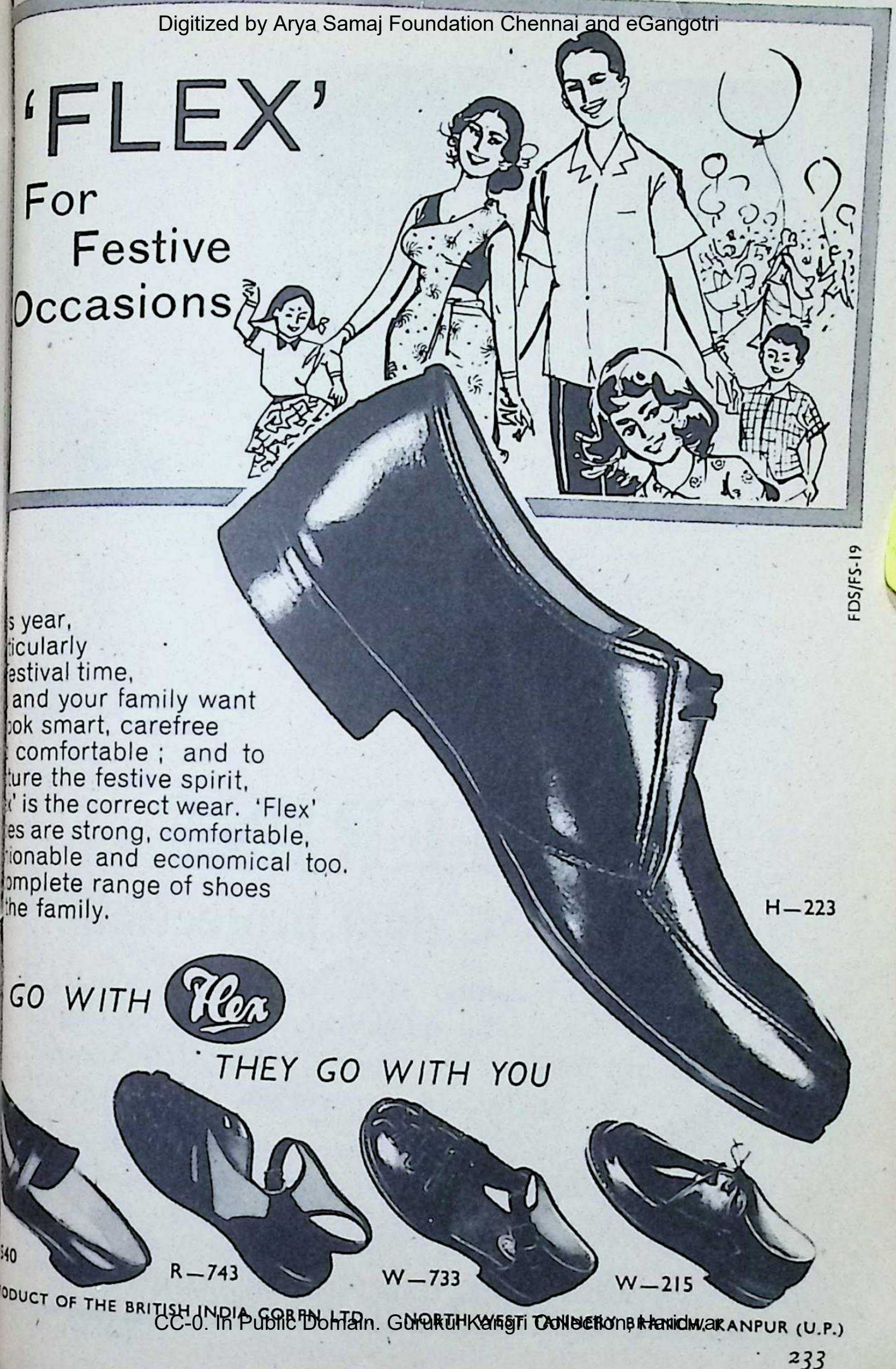
Where was the cheetah, I wondered; perhaps we might find it upon our shoulders at any moment.

I confess that I felt easier in my mind when, after following Holmes's example and slipping off my shoes, I found myself inside the bedroom. My companion noiselessly closed the shutters, moved the lamp on to the table, and cast his eyes round the room. All was as we had seen it in the daytime. Then, creeping up to me, he whispered into my ear so gently that it was all that I could do to distinguish the words: "The least sound would be fatal to our plans."

I nodded to show I had heard.

"We must sit without light. He would see it through the ventilator."

I nodded again.



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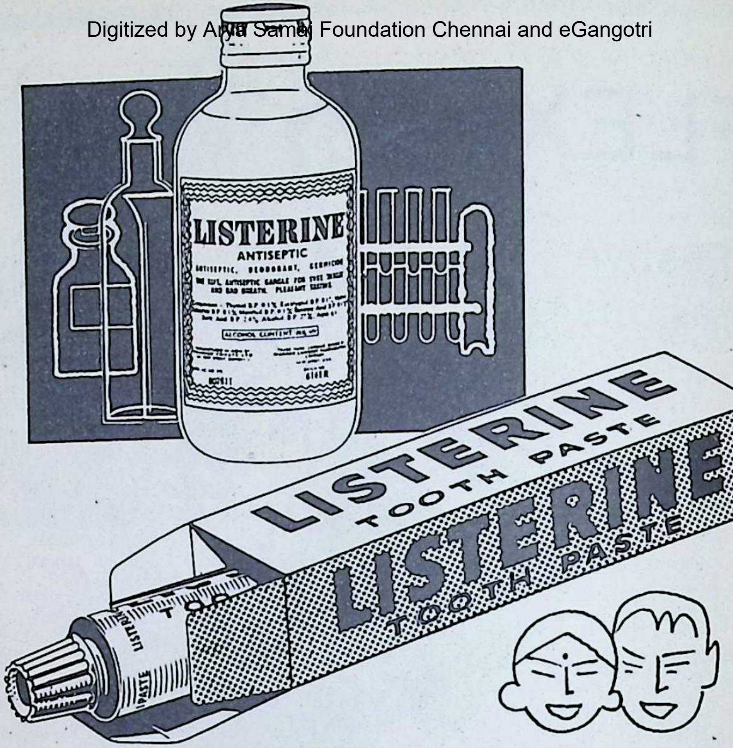
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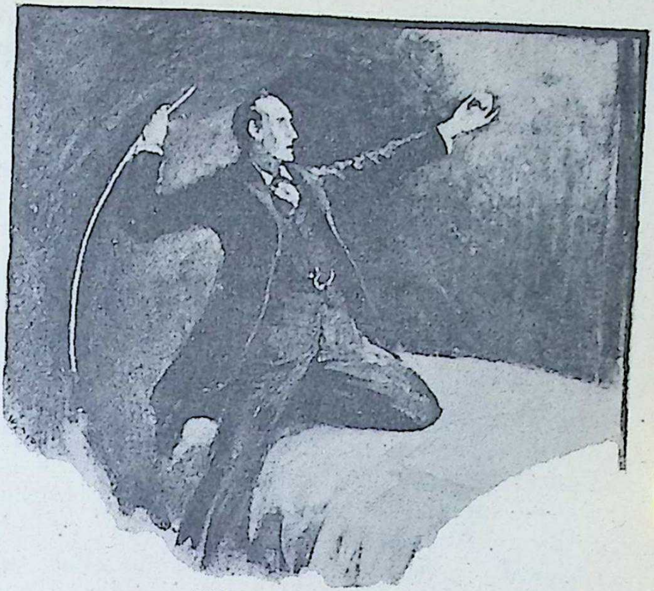

"*Holmes lashed furiously*"

"Do not go to sleep; your very life may depend upon it. Have our pistol ready. I will sit on the ide of the bed, nd you in that hair."

I took out my evolver and laid t on the corner f the table.

Holmes had rought a long hin cane, and his he placed pon the bed eside him. By t he laid the box f matches and the stump of a andle. Then he turned down the mp, and we were left in darkness.

How shall I ever forget that readful vigil? I could not hear a ound, not even the drawing of a reath, and yet I knew that my ompanion sat tensely within a few eet of me. We waited in absolute arkness.

From outside came the occaonal cry of a night-bird, and nce at our very window, a long rawn catlike whine, which told us hat the cheetah was indeed at berty. Far away we could hear the eep tones of the parish clock. welve struck, and one and two and ree, and still we sat waiting.

Suddenly there was a momentary leam of light up in the direction of the ventilator. It vanished immediately, but was succeeded by a strong smell of burning oil and heated metal. Someone in the next room had lit a dark lantern. I heard a gentle sound of movement, and then all was silent once more, though the smell grew stronger. For half an hour I sat with straining ears. Then suddenly another sound became audible—a very gentle soothing sound, like that of a small jet of steam escaping continually from a kettle. The instant that we heard it, Holmes sprang from the bed, struck a match, and lashed furiously with his cane at the bell pull. "You see it, Watson?" he yelled. "You see it?"

But I saw nothing. At the moment when Holmes struck the light I heard a low, clear whistle, but the sudden glare flashing into my weary eyes made it impossible for me to tell what it was at which my friend lashed so savagely. I could, however, see that his face was deadly pale and filled with horror and loathing.

He had ceased to strike and was gazing up at the ventilator when suddenly there broke from the silence of the night the most horrible cry to which I have ever listened. It swelled up louder and louder, a hoarse yell of pain and fear and anger all mingled in the one dreadful shriek. They say that away down in the village, and even in the distant parsonage, that cry raised the sleepers from their beds.

"What can it mean?" I gasped.

"It means that it is all over," Holmes answered. "And perhaps, after all, it is for the best. Take your pistol, and we will enter Dr. Roylott's room."

With a grave face he lit the lamp and led the way down the corridor. Twice he struck at the chamber door without any reply. Then he turned the handle and entered, I at his heels, the cocked pistol in my hand.

On the table stood a dark lantern with the shutter half open, throwing a brilliant beam of light upon the iron safe, the door of which was ajar. Beside this table, on the wooden chair, sat Dr. Grimesby Roylott, clad in a long grey dressing-gown, his bare ankles protruding beneath, and his feet thrust into slippers. Across his lap lay the short stock with the long lash which we had noticed during the day. His chin was cocked upward and his eyes were fixed in a dreadful, rigid stare at the corner of the ceiling. Round his brow he had a peculiar yellow band, with brownish speckles, which seemed to be bound tightly round his head. He made neither sound nor motion.

"The band! The speckled band!" whispered Holmes.

I took a step forward. In an instant his strange headgear began to move, and there reared from his hair the squat diamond-shaped head and puffed neck of a loathsome serpent.

"It is a swamp adder!" cried Holmes. "The deadliest snake in India. He has died within ten seconds of being bitten. Let us thrust this creature back into its den and then we can remove Miss Stoner to some place of shelter and let the county police know what has happened."

He drew the dog-whip swiftly from the dead man's lap, and throwing the noose round the reptile's neck he drew it from its horrid perch and, carrying it at arm's length, threw it into the iron safe, which he closed.

Such are the true facts of the death of Dr. Grimesby Roylott, of Stoke Moran. The little which I had yet to learn of the case was told me by Sherlock Holmes next day.

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"I had," he said, "come to an erroneous conclusion which shows, my dear Watson, how dangerous it always is to reason from insufficient data. The presence of the gipsies, and the use of the word 'band,' put me upon an entirely wrong scent. I reconsidered my position when my attention was drawn to this ventilator and the dummy bell rope. The discovery that the bed was clamped to the floor gave rise to the suspicion that the rope was there as bridge for something passing through the hole and coming to the bed. The idea of a snake occurred to me, since the doctor had other creatures from India. The idea of using a poison which could not possibly be discovered by any chemical test was just such a one as would occur to a clever and ruthless man who had Eastern training.

"Then I thought of the whistle. Of course he must recall the snake before the morning light revealed it to the victim. He had trained it, probably by the use of the milk, to return when summoned. He would put it through this ventilator with the certainty that it would crawl down the rope and land on the bed. It might or might not bite the occupant; perhaps she might escape every night for a week, but sooner or later she must fall a victim.

"An inspection of his chair showed me that he had been in the habit of standing on it, which would be necessary in order that he should reach the ventilator. The safe, the saucer of milk, and the loop of whipcord were enough to dispel any doubts. The metallic clang heard by Miss Stoner was obviously caused by her stepfather hastily closing the door of his safe upon its terrible occupant. Having once made up my mind, you know the steps which I took. I heard the creature hiss and attacked it, driving it through the ventilator.

"The blows of my cane roused its snakish temper, so that it flew upon the first person it saw. In this way I am no doubt indirectly responsible for Dr. Grimesby Roylott's death, and I cannot say that it is likely to weigh very heavily upon my conscience." THE END

* * *

Information Department

In a certain housing scheme in America, half the houses were equipped with air conditioners while the other half had none. After a suitable period of investigation, it was found that the air-conditioned houses had two and a half times as many babies as the others. —M. B.

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STATESMANSHIP is harder than politics. Politics is the art of getting on with people, whereas statesmanship is the art of getting on with politicians.
—Fletcher Knebel

THOSE who make the worst use of their time most complain of its shortness.
—Jean de La Bruyère

I BELIEVE that genius is an infinite capacity for taking life by the scruff of the neck.
—Christopher Quill

BAD CONSCIENCE is a conscience doing its duty.
—George Macdonald

IT IS WELL for the heart to be naïve and for the mind not to be.
—Anatole France

THE ERROR of youth is to believe that intelligence is a substitute for experience, while the error of age is to believe that experience is a substitute for intelligence.
—Lyman Bryson

THIS MONTH'S COVER
"Budgerigars"
(*Specially painted for The Reader's Digest by André Durenceau*)

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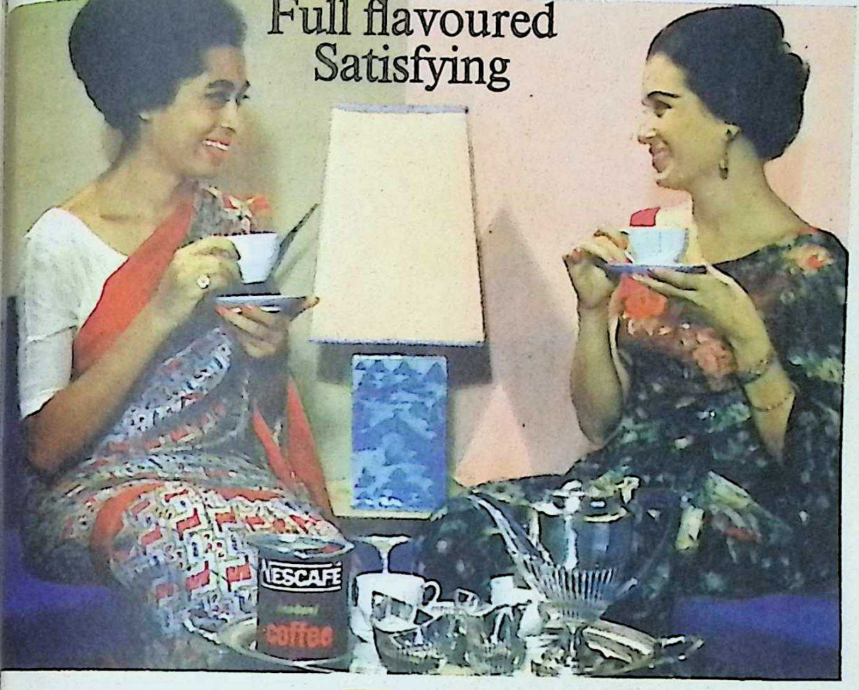
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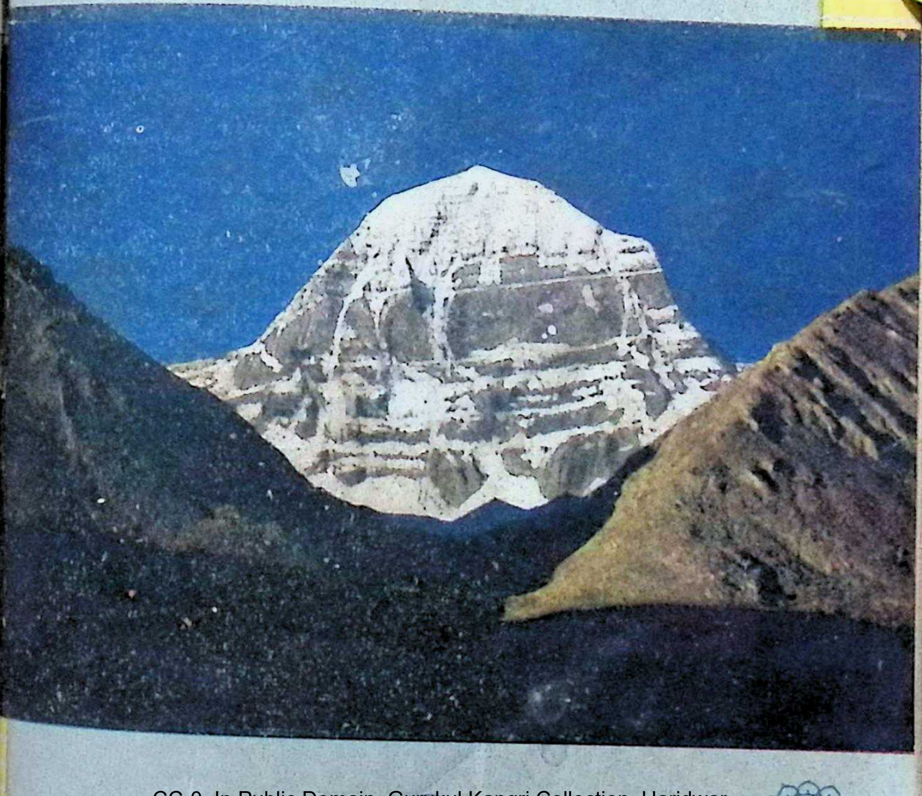

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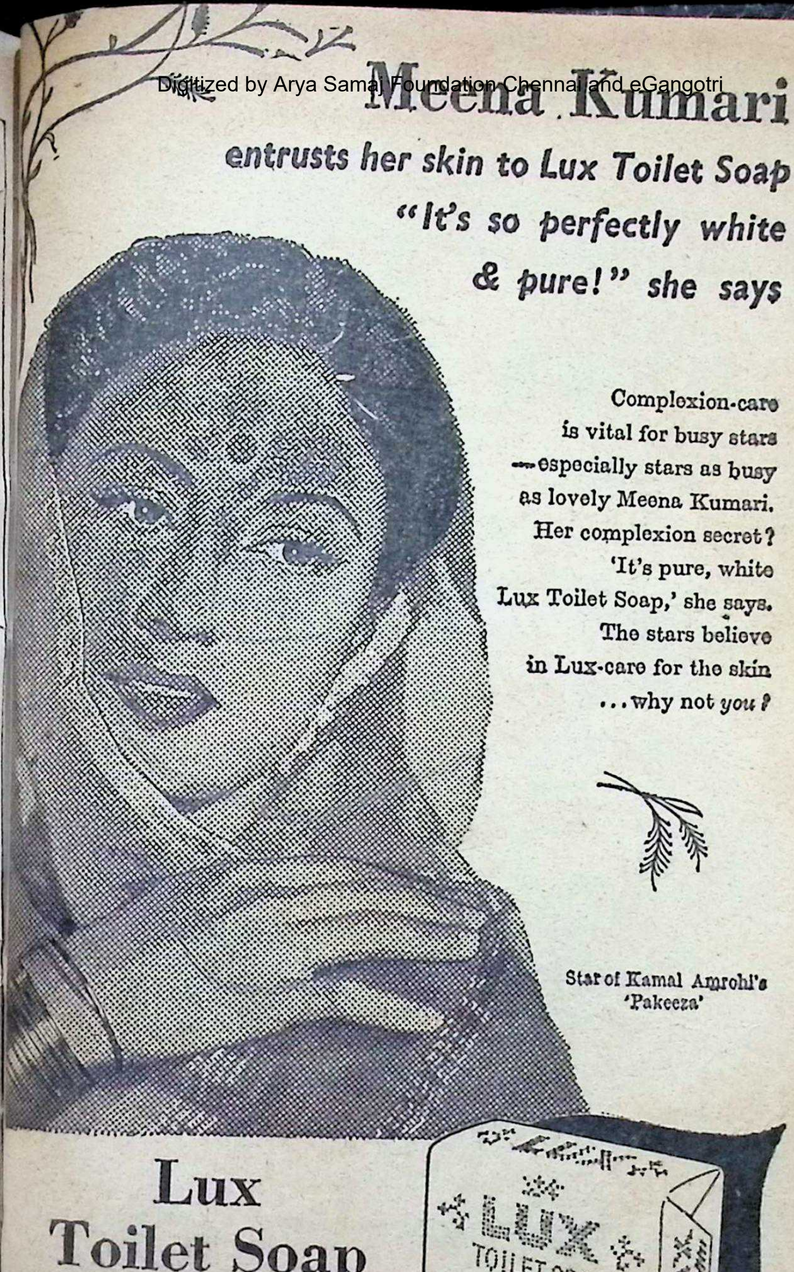

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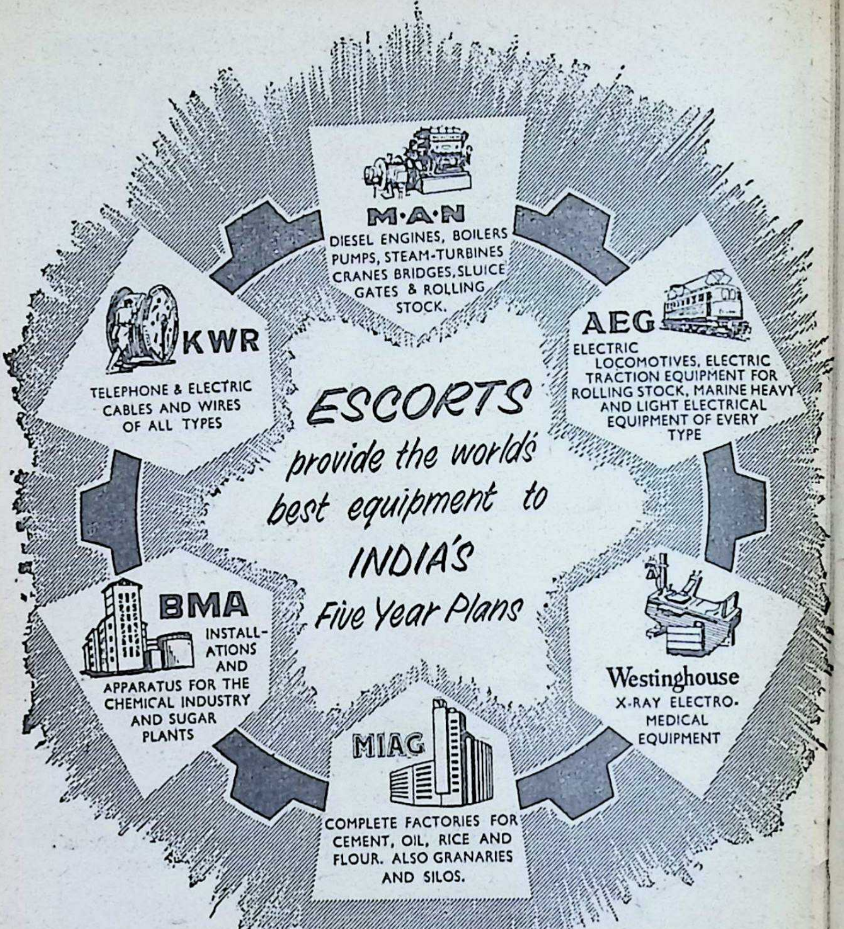

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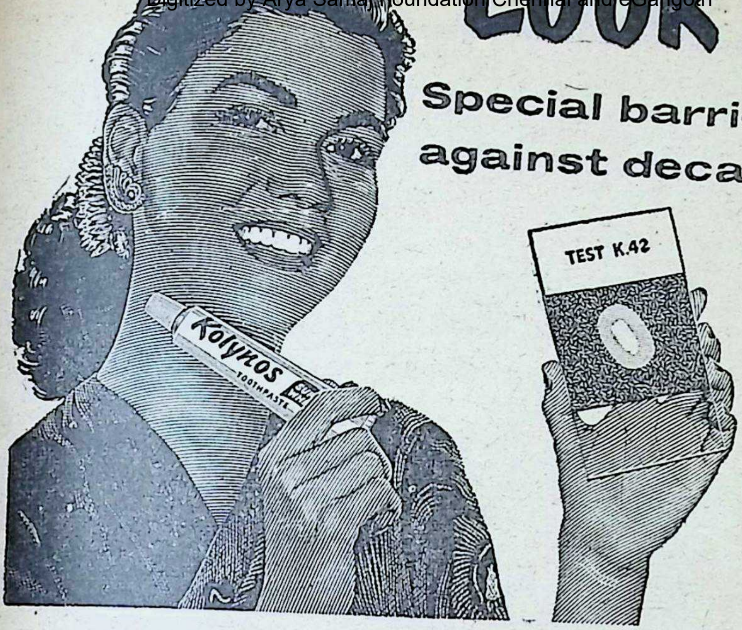
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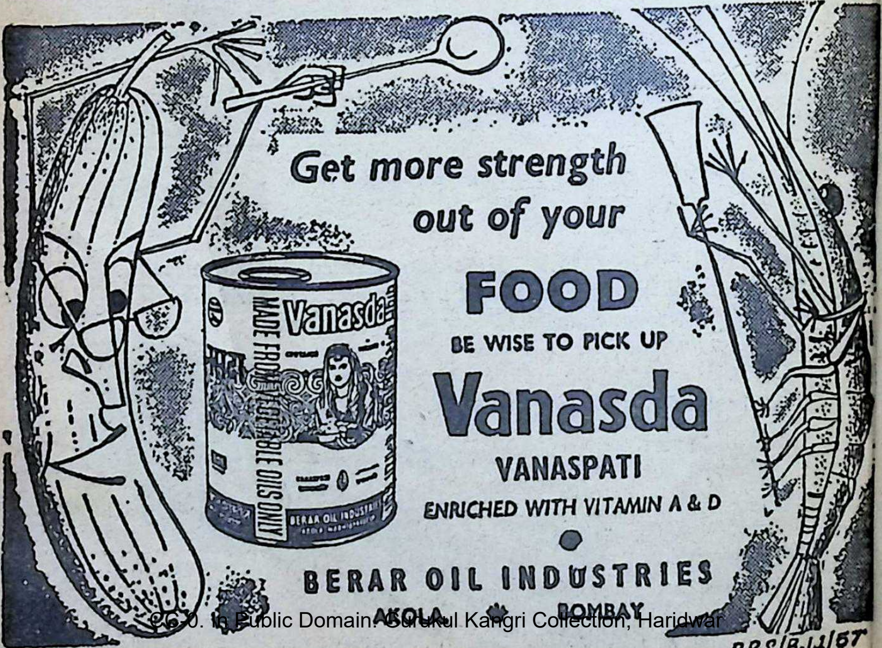
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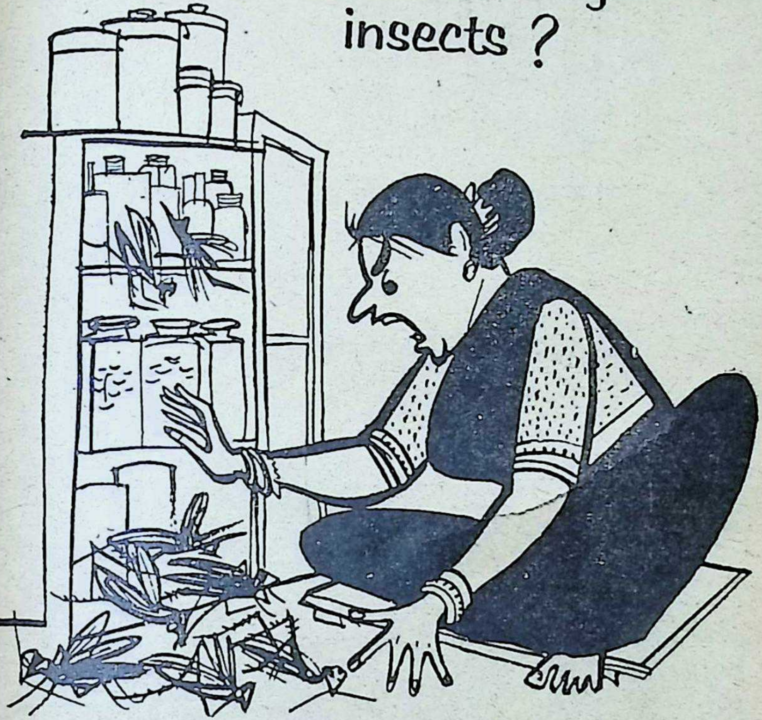

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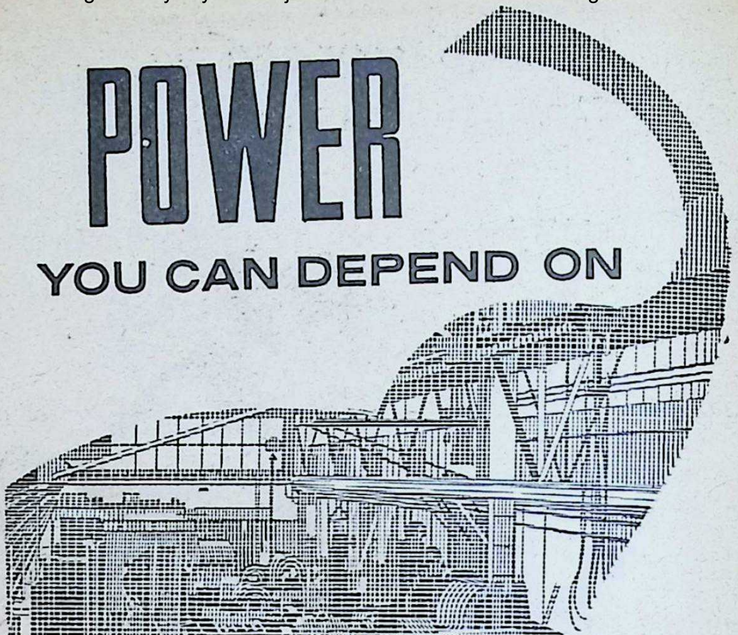

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BHAVAN'S JOURNAL

OCTOBER 6, 1957

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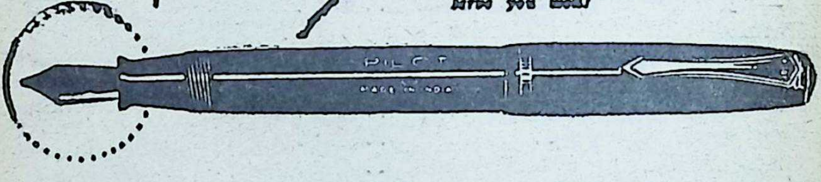

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आ नो भद्राः क्रतवो यन्तु विश्वतः ।
Let noble thoughts come to us from every side
—*Rigveda*, I-89-i

BHAVAN'S JOURNAL

WELFARE FOR ALL

रुचं नो देहि ब्राह्मणेषु
रुचं राजसु नस्कृधि।
रुचं विश्येषु शूद्रेषु
मयि धेहि रुचा रुचम्।।

Give lustre to our men of holy lore (Brahmanas),
Give lustre to our kingly men (Kshatriyas),
Give lustre to commoners (Vaishyas) and working men (Sudras),
Give, through lustre, lustre to me.

—Yajurveda, 18.48

[Here lustre or intellectual and spiritual brilliance is sought for all sections of the people.]

Kulapati's Letter
ON
LIFE, LITERATURE & CULTURE

No. 137

★ LANGUAGE AND LITERATURE
★ LITERARY RENAISSANCE
★ POST-FREEDOM TRENDS

Bharatiya Vidya Bha
OCTOBER 6, 1957.

MY YOUNG FRIEND,

ONE of the most important aspects of India's progress during the last one hundred years has been the development of language and literature. On the one hand, it has been the result of the impact of new forces on our old outlook; on the other, it expresses the innermost aspirations of our Collective Unconscious. However, as most of our present-day literature is in our regional languages, it becomes difficult to appreciate the linguistic and literary trends in modern India.

Linguistic and literary trends in India cannot be understood without appreciating, first, the linguistic and literary homogeneity of its twelve regional languages; secondly, the influence of the two all-India languages—Sanskrit and English; and, lastly, the comm inspiration which links togeth the parallel movements of th literature.

Eight of these languages, spok by nearly 230 million, are In Aryan in structure; their voca lary is principally drawn fr Sanskrit and their literary pow has been enriched by the joint fluence of Sanskrit and Engli

Four languages of South Ind spoken by about 89 million, a Indo-Dravidian in structure, wh their vocabulary is partially dra from Sanskrit, the proporti varying between 80 to 30%; th literary power is shaped by Sa krit to a very large extent, exc in the case of Tamil, where t shaping influence has been limit

Sanskrit, therefore, occupies t

ition of a parent language in ia. It is known to most dus who have had a University cation, and is made a subject of ial study by the older type of lars who still exercise consi- ble influence throughout the ntry. It is the language of ls catering to the religious ls of about 290 million Hindus. richness and expressive power ens like a connecting thread urnished gold through all the uages and their literature, ex- high Urdu.

indi has been accepted by the ntry as the medium of all-India rcourse, because its structure vocabulary are largely drawn n Sanskrit which is common the whole country. With its ant Urdu (which has a predo- antly Perso-Arabic vocabulary) s spoken or understood, with a e effort, by no less than 250 ion people; and for several rs, those who speak other lan- ges have been taking to the ly of Hindi.

☆

ill the 13th century, for over 0 years, Sanskrit was the me- m of higher thought and ex- sion. It was the language of als, literature, philosophy and nce, the language of courts and texts. Even after the 13th tury, when many of the Hindu gdoms came to be destroyed by slim raiders, it was, for the t majority of the people, the ech of the gods', the medium of religion, thought and philosophy. Its literature was the fountain-source from which the regional languages drew their richness and beauty. Even the religious impulse which moved the masses and led to the growth of literature of the *bhaktas* (devotees) and the *santas* (men of God) drew its inspiration from Sanskrit sources. Of its great representatives, Tulsidas, Surdas and Mira are still living influences; and so is *Guru Granth Saheb*, the scripture of the Sikhs, which is a collection of poems by saint-poets of Medieval India.

Between the 13th and the 18th century, Persian was the language of the courts of Muslim kings. In the 18th century, Urdu, enriched by Persian, also became a language of literature, cultivated not only by Muslims but also by the Hindus who were associated with the Muslim courts. Its influence on Hindi and Punjabi has also not been negligible.

☆

From the beginning of the 19th century, the gifted among those young men who had received education through the medium of English, or who happened to have received education in England, laid the foundation of the Indo-Anglian literature.

In 1857, when the great revolt against the British was crushed, and India lost whatever power of military resistance she had, sensitive souls were driven to search for new weapons of the spirit in order to combat foreign rule and the alien culture for which it stood. One of the incidental results of the urge was the search for a national language which Dayanand Saraswati, a great religious leader, found in Hindi.

In 1857, when the three major universities were established in the country, an aspiring generation, which joined them to qualify for new careers opened for them under British rule, drew their literary inspiration from the English classics. At the same time, the labours of eminent indologists beginning with Sir William Jones revived keen interest in Sanskrit, and having been prescribed as a classical language in the universities, the new graduates drew fresh inspiration from its literature.

These two factors harnessed to the newly developed national aspirations led to the birth of the Indian literary renaissance. Its first gift to India was a virile prose. The influence of Shakespeare and Moliere as also of the dramas of Kalidasa led to the revival of drama; that of Scott and Lytton gave us the historical romance; that of Jane Austen, Dickens and Thackeray, social novels; that of Keats, Shelley and Byron, the new lyrical poetry, which, in the works of rare poets, was softened by the classical restraint borrowed from the Sanskrit masters, Valmiki, Kalidasa and Bhavabhuti. The first great product of this movemen Bankimchandra Chattopadhyaya c Bengal, often referred to as th father of the literary renaissan of India, was also one of the grea pioneers of national resurgence.

The new literary impulse was counterpart of the general move ment of the new spirit. It sough to break up the other-worldlines which oppressed the national min during the medieval period. also led to a search for new value purer forms of religion and truer appreciation of the role woman in life; for joy in this li rather than happiness in the nex for higher aspiration and inn richness. The old world wo of the Mother-goddess was tran muted into service of the countr deified as *Bharatamata,* Mothe India. *Karmayoga* became the cu of the day, not as one enjoinin ritualistic duties, but as deman ing complete dedication to th cause of the country's redemptio

These movements were reflecte in the literature of almost all th regional languages. Vigoro modes of expression were dev loped and a new word-consciou ness was born. There was search for new literary form Experiments were also made wi blank verse. India's past was r assessed with passionate devotio and was rescued from the unde estimates and mis-estimates ma by the British historians. Ne meanings were also read in it suit the mood of the present. Hi torical romance, the favouri n with many outstanding lite- , men in most regional lan- ges and highly popular with public, re-created the heroic . Social novel and drama, re- ing the life of the middle class its problems, carried the ever- rring refrain that man and nan have the right to love and oved, for themselves.

ne poetic movement was driven ard by the subjective impulse, which aestheticism was the do- ant note. Formal and didactic ry lost its appeal. The pace no doubt, set by the twentieth ury lyricists of England, but romanticism of the leading s of the country was always rained by the influence of skrit poets. Some gifted poets l, though with little success, to re-capture the refinement Kalidasa and Bhavabhuti, the t Sanskrit poets. These dif- nt streams mingling in im- eptible harmony, combined Vedantic universalism of a ethereality, produced the im- rtal works of the great poet, bindranath Tagore.

*

oon after the Russo-Japanese , which ended in 1905, nation- m swept over the country, and Aurobindo, then Professor ind Ghosh, emerged as the het of militant nationalism only in politics, but in thought literature. His medium was English language which he ded with great effect. His prophetic vision synthesised the different facets of the national resurgence, boldly re-interpreting the historical and artistic achievements of the country and re-defining the scope of its mission in history. Under his influence, the sensitive young men of the day began to shed their apologetic attitude towards the West.

From 1919, Gandhiji began to dominate the mind and spirit of India; he became the meeting point of all the movements of national resurgence and the starting point of many others. His concern for the poor and the oppressed also gave a new orientation to what till then was a middle-class attitude on life. His emphasis on Truth, Non-violence and 'Surrender unto God', gave a sense of reality to the values which have since time immemorial, constituted the heritage of India.

The movements, which Gandhiji sponsored and directed, channeled the urge to national freedom and led to the development of the technique of *satyagraha* which gave to national aspirations a new sense of mission.

Gandhiji was the master of English and Gujarati prose, his style was characterised by biblical simplicity and directness. His writings, which were translated in all the regional languages, lent new vigour to literature. As a result, the national imagination turned from past glory to present achievements. Romanticism, which was in the clouds, came down to the earth. The aesthetic was harnessed to practical and moral values. Bharati in the South and Maithili Sharan in the North caught the spirit of freedom in poems of rare beauty. Biography and history of current movements were added to historical romance and social novels as a popular form of literature. For the first time social novels and comedies began to deal sympathetically with the life of the lowly and the obscure in towns and villages. Literature and journalism now ventured into most spheres of life for their subjects.

Literature of the renaissance period thus developed a comprehensive vision, a moral responsibility and a revolutionary urge which were all the more irresistible because they were born of a self-confidence that it was blazing a new trail of seeking world-redemption through non-violence.

*

We are so near the achievements of the renaissance period that an accurate appraisal of the post-freedom trends becomes difficult. But one trend has been clearly discernible. English has retreated from schools and colleges, and its influence on iterature has naturally grown weak; even the contact with European literature, which was maintained through English, is becoming rather remote. Academic standards have fallen. National solidarity between the educated in the country shows a tendency to break up under the pressure of linguism, a movement which uses a regional language as a lever in power politics. Thoughtful people, therefore, have been awakened to the necessity of preventing a further retreat of English, at any rate from the field of higher expression and thought.

In spite of this trend, however, the output of Indo-Anglian literature has suffered neither in volume nor in quality. Inter-regional newspapers and journals are increasingly in demand. The works of Gandhiji, Sri Aurobindo, Jawaharlal Nehru, Rajagopalachari and Radhakrishnan are as popular as before. Works in the fields of history, biography, autobiography, politics, economics, sociology and current affairs have been multiplying. A number of brilliant Indian authors have been making notable contribution to creative literature. In them all we find a spirit of exultation born of the new freedom and an attempt to evaluate life in terms of the new demands which are made on India as an important member of the international community.

Hindi, now accepted as the official language of the Union of India by the Constitution, has yet to acquire the richness, elasticity and expressive power of English for the purposes which the latter has been serving. Yet it is on the march. Its fate is linked with the future of Free India. It is only a question of time before it becomes

ational language in the fullest
se.
varied literature is being pub-
ed in Hindi and other regional
guages. Newspapers, journals,
-books, novels, dramas, poems,
n valuable original works of
olarship, have been multiplying
meet the needs of education and
paganda; of the teacher and
student; of the politician and
electorate; of the reading pub-
which has grown to an im-
se size and which hungers for
rtainment, instruction, and—
a being what it is—religious
ghtenment.

uring the last two years, there
been a marked tendency
ng a small group of authors to
e 'progessive' literature, fos-
d under Marxian influence.
ar, the result of a pose, not of
nuine, spontaneous impulse, it
ominated by an inverted ro-
ticism which revels in the
ness of life, the ruthlessness of
re, the wickedness of human
itutions, flaunts morbid pessi-
m and denies hope. Perhaps as
esult of this tendency, a new
d has been discernible, which
s to view the individual in the
ext of the different social pro-
ns of the day, though the role
he struggling individual who
eeds in dominating environ-
ts is more often than not lost
of, resulting in an effect of
ry helplessness.

other post-war trend has been
sinister influence of the hedo-
c mass culture represented by
the Hollywood cult which caters to the baser instincts by glorifying violence, crime and indiscriminate sex relations. The cult, which has also been adopted by a section of the film-world of India, has been acquiring a hold over the younger generation which seeks entertainment and inspiration from the cinema, debasing moral values and creating hunger for a degrading literature which needy authors are not slow to satisfy. It is a pity that the magnificent art with which Hollywood presents heroic or moving episodes with glamorous realism carries no sense of values and does not even mitigate the danger flowing from this cult.

There is another powerful trend released by the efforts made by politicians to usher in an era of democracy pledged to economic justice. In their utterances they emphasise secularism; it is often understood by people as anti-religionism, rather than in its intended sense of religious freedom and tolerance. They place before the people economic and social progress as the supreme goal, thereby subordinating, if not neglecting altogether, the role of moral and spiritual values in the scheme of welfare. Though Gandhiji is often invoked as the Father of the Nation, there has been a perceptible recoil from his teachings as the prophet of spiritualised politics and of non-violence as a soul force, and certainly from his personality as a man of God. In the result, the new outlook, which is developing, is deprived of the creative fervour and the passionate sense of mission for which pre-freedom upsurges stood. The younger generation is left bereft of a moving faith.

The vast development plans have produced satisfaction among the intelligentsia and some enthusiasm in the countryside; but so far they have had little appeal for the sensitive soul of the creative artist. The will to work has not seized the national mind; neither has it been transformed into the will to create, as it must be, if a new literary upsurge has to be born.

These trends have not yet been well defined, but have succeeded in creating an artistic crisis in creative minds, resulting in a blind groping towards a new direction and a fresh mission. Many things old have preserved their form, but have lost their appeal; many new things have neither form nor appeal.

Luckily, the Sanskrit classics, the *Upanishads* and the *Mahabharata*, of which *Gita* is a section, still kindle the sacred fire of creative imagination. Medieval poets like Jnaneshwar and Tulsidas provide living inspiration and some of the old European masters evoke a thrill of beauty by their very resonance. All these carry the promise of a fresh literary awakening.

The central urge of the literary renaissance also continues to dominate most of the new literature that has more than a transient i terest. The canon is firmly accep ed that true literature shou speak from experience; that should accept the intrinsic val of the human heart as fundame tal; that in man's relation wi man, woman and the supe natural powers, the approac should be so courageous as to fa truths as they are, defying alie restraint and collective tyrann The inner life of the individu still remains the central theme high literary utterance.

The intellectual and artis freedom which this urge implies well entrenched in the Indi mind, wedded as it is to the dem cratic way of life. We can, ther fore, look forward with some co fidence to a new flame of creati passion, born of the genius India, rising from the ashes of t old.

Yours sincerely,

DIPAVALI NUMBER

The next issue of our Journal dated October 29, 1957 will be the Special Dipavali Number. It will be a bumper issue containing valuable articles by eminent writers; like the Annual Number it will be priced at 8 Annas.

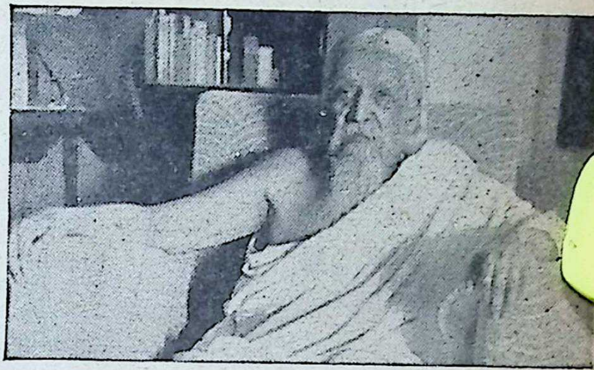
EDITOR

e UNITY of INDIAN RELIGION

●

Sri Aurobindo

●



NDIAN religion placed four necessities before human life. First it im- ed upon the mind a belief highest consciousness or e of existence universal transcendant of the uni- se, from which all comes, which all lives and moves hout knowing it and of ch all must one day grow re, returning towards that ch is perfect, eternal and nite.

ext, it laid upon the individual the need of self-preparation by elopment and experience till n is ready for an effort to grow sciously into the truth of this ater existence.

hirdly, it provided it with a ll-founded, well-explored, many anching and always enlarging y of knowledge and of spiritual religious discipline.

astly for those not yet ready these higher steps it provided organisation of the individual collective life, a framework of sonal and social discipline and duct, of mental and moral and al development by which they ld move each in his own limits according to his own nature in h a way as to become eventual- ready for the greater existence.

The first three of these elements are the most essential to any religion, but Hinduism has always attached to the last also a great importance; it has left out no part of life as a thing secular and foreign to the religious and spiritual life. Still the Indian religious tradition is not merely the form of a religio-social system, as the ignorant critic vainly imagines. However greatly that may count at the moment of a social departure, however stubbornly the conservative religious mind may oppose all pronounced or drastic change, still the core of Hinduism is a spiritual, not a social discipline.

In all these four elements that constitute Hinduism there are major and minor differences between Hindus of various sects, schools, communities and races; but nevertheless there is also a general unity of spirit, of fundamental type and form and of spiritual temperament which creates in this vast fluidity an immense force of cohesion and a strong principle of oneness.

The fundamental idea of all Indian religion is one common to the highest human thinking everywhere. The supreme truth of all that is a Being or an existence beyond the mental and physical appearances we contact here. Beyond mind, life and body, there is a Spirit and Self containing all that is finite and infinite, surpassing all that is relative, a supreme Absolute, originating and supporting all that is transient, a one Eternal. A one transcendent, universal, original and sempiternal Divinity or divine Essence, Consciousness, Force and Bliss is the fount and continent and inhabitant of things. Soul, nature, life are only a manifestation or partial phenomenon of this self-aware Eternity and this conscious Eternal.

But this Truth of being was not seized by the Indian mind only as a philosophical speculation, a theological dogma, an abstraction contemplated by the intelligence. It was not an idea to be indulged by the thinker in his study, but otherwise void of practical bearing on life. It was not a mystic sublimation which could be ignored in the dealings of man with the world and Nature. It was a living spiritual Truth, an Entity, a Power, Presence that could be sought b all according to their degree capacity and seized in a thousan ways through life and beyond lif This Truth was to be lived an even to be made the governin idea of thought and life and actio

This recognition and pursuit something or someone Suprem behind all forms is the one un versal credo of Indian religio and if it has taken a hundre shapes, it was precisely because was so much alive. The Infini alone justifies the existence of t finite and the finite by itself h no entirely separate value or i dependent existence. Life, if it not illusion, is a divine play, manifestation of the glory of th Infinite. Or it is a means by whic the soul growing in Natur through countless forms and man lives can approach, touch, feel an unite itself through love an knowledge and faith and ador tion and a Godward will in wor with this transcendent Being a this infinite Existence. This S or this self-existence Being is t one supreme reality, and all thin else are either only appearances only true by dependence upon It follows that self-realization a God-realization are the great bu ness of the living and thinking h man being. All life and thoug are in the end a means of progre towards self-realization and Go realization.

Indian religion never consider intellectual or theological conce ns about the supreme Truth to the one thing of central import- e. To pursue that Truth under atever conception or whatever m, to attain to it by inner ex- ience, to live in it in conscious- s, this it held to be the sole ng needful.

ne school or sect might consi- the real self of man to be in- isibly one with the universal f or the supreme Spirit. An- er might regard man as one h the Divine in essence but ferent from him in Nature. A rd might hold God, Nature and individual soul in man to be ree eternally different powers of ng. But for all the truth of Self ld with equal force; for even to Indian dualist, God is the sup- me self and reality in whom and whom Nature and man live, ve and have their being and, if u eliminate God from his view things, Nature and man would se for him all their meaning and portance. The Spirit, universal ature (whether called *Maya, Pra- riti*, or *Shakti*) and the soul in ving beings, *Jiva,* are the three uths which are universally ad- itted by all the many religious cts and conflicting religious phi- sophies of India.

Universal also is the admission at the discovery of the inner iritual self in man, the divine ul in him, and some kind of living and uniting contact or absolute unity of the soul in man with God or supreme Self or eternal Brahman is the condition of spiritual perfection.

It is open to us to conceive and have experience of the Divine as an impersonal Absolute and Infinite or to approach and know and feel Him as a transcendent and universal sempiternal Person: but whatever be our way of reaching Him, the one important truth of spiritual experience is that He is the heart and centre of all existence and all existence is in Him and to find Him is the great self-finding.

Differences of credal belief are to the Indian mind nothing more than various ways of seeing the one Self and Godhead in all. Self-realization is the one thing needful; to open to the inner Spirit, to live in the Infinite, to seek after and discover the Eternal, to be in union with God, that is the common idea and aim of religion, that is the sense of spiritual salvation, that is the living Truth that fulfils and releases.

This dynamic following after the highest spiritual truth and the highest spiritual aim are the uniting bond of Indian religion and, behind all its thousand forms, its one common essence.

[Courtesy: *Aurobindo Ashram*]

Better is one's own Dharma though imperfect than the Dharma of another well-performed. He who does the duty ordained by his own nature incurs no evil.

—Gita.

What is creation? It is but the manifestation of God in some particular form. As there is nothing independent of God, as there is no existence apart from Him, what is called 'world' is nothing other than God.

WORLD IS GOD

H. H. Swami Tapovan Maharaj

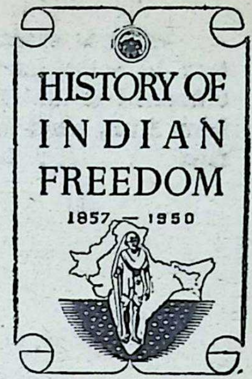
IN how many shapes and forms does the Paramatman show himself! These deadly poisonous plants and those that can bring the dead back to life, these trees bending under the heavy load of fruits, and those that never bear fruits—they are all the manifestations of God. Wonderful is His imagination! When we consider the variety in external appearance and internal nature conceived by the Creator in the production of the movable and immovable things in this universe, there seems to be no end to His fancy. As an artist, before he draws a picture, conceives it in his mind, the supreme Artist too must have conceived the shape and nature of things before He created them. There can be no creation without imagination. Nothing could be created without a design. The extent and scope of His imagination is simply marvellous.

What is creation? It is but the manifestation of God in some particular form. As there is nothing independent of God, as there is no existence apart from Him, what is called 'world' is nothing other than God.

But it may be argued: how can this world which changes from moment to moment, which undergoes gradual evolution and sudden revolution, and above all is open to destruction, be God? If this world is God, He also must be subject to mutation and destruction. He never changes. Everyone knows that everything in the world is changing, evolving, from moment to moment. A thing appears in one form to-day, in another form tomorrow, and in yet another form the day after. But the critic who argues this way forgets that within all these changing things there is something unchanging, something eternal. That is God. Without a thread, there can be no garland of flowers. Similarly, without God there is no universe. How many billions of worlds are joined to Him and exist in Him? Who n count or calculate? He is the ource, the Soul or Brahman. He the one Reality that sustains and pports all that is changing and real. There cannot be two ealities or two independent ings. It is illogical. If there e two Realities, one must necesrily limit the other. The limited nnot be independent; it cannot ntrol all else.

The Truth of truths is contained the Vedantic theory that the e thing which is unlimited and hich is the basis of everything se, alone is the Reality. Morn science supports this theory ith its deduction that all the unierse originates from an unlimited nd indestructible force. Whether thers accept it or not, Truth is lways Truth. That Truth is one an never be denied. As a result f modern scientific developments nd formulation of new systems f philosophy, old beliefs and heories may undergo some modiication; but the theory that Reality is one, that It is the basis of everything, that It is the final cause, the life force that pervades through all objects and shines perpetually, can never be called in question.

The great teacher, Buddha, also holds that this world which changes from moment to moment is not real, that it is only a reflection and the Thing, of which it is the reflection, alone is real. Buddha was not an atheist. He never denied the Reality. There is nothing



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in his words or teachings to show that he considered Truth to be non-existent, like the horns of a hare. He could not have held the foolish view that something came out of nothing. It is true that some of his disciples misunderstood him, and misinterpreted him. His idea was that Truth, which cannot be designated by a name or described in words, and of which one cannot even say whether it is existent or non-existent, is *like* Non-existence. This idea is quite in agreement with the view of the Upanishads. An object which cannot even be talked about, is, for all practical purposes, as good as non-existent. But it is not non-existent in the sense that the son of a barren woman is non-existent. This subtle idea, Buddha's contemporaries and even his disciples failed to catch. In one passage Buddha says clearly: "Sramana Gautama was an atheist. It is the annihilation or non-existence of Truth that he teaches. So will the people attribute to me atheism, which is not mine. So will they ascribe to me the theory of non-existence, which again, is not mine."

From these and similar statements of Buddha it is clear he was not an atheist. All philosophers, old and new, arrive at the same point—Advaita (monism). That is inevitable. People of thoughtful temperament cannot find peace and quietude until they do so. Moksha (salvation) is in the realisation of one's oneness with God. We speak of gods and goddesses, devotion and devotee, only in an inaccurate way, only from the standpoint of a Dwaiti or dualist. After the real realisation of oneness with God, there is no distinction between God and devotee and there is no meaning for the word devotion. Hanuman's words to Sri Ramachandra express a splendid truth: "Regarded as a body, I am, O Lord, Your slave; as a living being, I am Your part; but, in truth, You and I are one—there is no distinction."

To the thinker there is only one Reality, one living thing and It undergoes no change.

[Courtesy: *Tyagi*]

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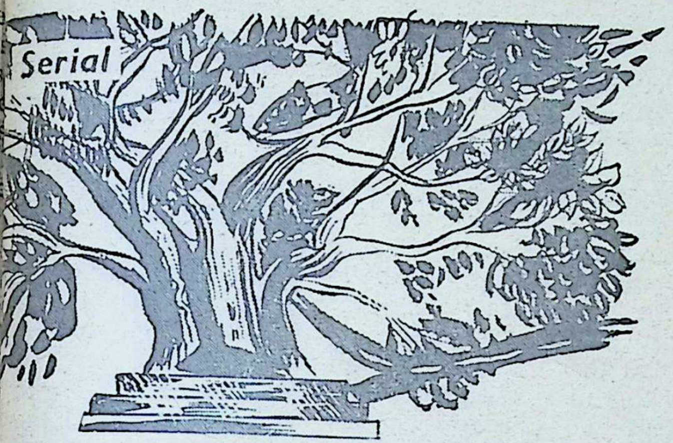
Sri Ramakrishna Upanishad—16

C. RAJAGOPALACHARI



Incarnation in Images

BEFORE beginning to build a house, workmen first erect a scaffolding. They stand on this and build the house. When the construction is over, the scaffolding is unnecessary and it is taken away. Likewise, temples and tanks are unnecessary for men of ripe wisdom. Those who cannot concentrate their mind and keep it from wandering about need temple-worship and purificatory baths.

If clay is fashioned with devotion into a *linga,* it becomes God Himself. God who is present everywhere will not be absent from that *linga.*

★

A person once said: This idol is mere clay. We may not look on it as God.

Why do you call it clay or stone or copper? Why do you not see it as a form of God Himself? When God is in everything and when everything is in God, will not this form be as useful as any other for worshipping God? The clay image is God, the copper image too is God. There is nothing which is not God. Even a drop of water is a form of Parasakti. The water that we drink is also Parasakti. That which goes in and quenches the thirst—that too is Parasakti. If we utter the name of Hari with a rosary of *tulasi* beads, every bead is Hari's form.

Parasakti resides in the cloud in the sky, in the thunderbolt and in the flash of lightning. When the cloud falls as rain on a mountain and flows down as a majestic river, Parasakti dwells in that river as well. The devotee goes to the river at dawn and dusk and prays to the water saying, "O Water, may your joy fill me with joy. May your strength make me strong. O Water, brighten my eyes and broaden my sight. Even as a mother feeds her dear child with eager love, O Water, may your sweetness sustain me. O Water, purifying everything, you dry up and disappear. Grant that I may have that virtue and that purity. This is my prayer to you." With these words the devotee sprinkles the water on his head, and taking some water in the hollow of his hand, he drinks it, saying, "O imperishable Supreme! I bow to you." That water is Parasakti.

★

If we really perceive that God is everywhere, why should we not worship a divine form to help concentration of mind? Is the omnipresent One absent from that form? Those who do not care for image-worship are not compelled to worship any image. It is however foolish to find fault with those who do. God is omnipresent. Parasakti is immanent in everything. We may worship even a particle of the cooked rice that we eat. If we eat the food after worshipping it, Parasakti will bless us from within us.

★

The image that is worshipped is not a symbol merely. The God that is everywhere is actually present in it. Our ancients considered the image that is worshipped as an incarnation in the idol. It is a permanent incarnation like Rama and Krishna. God became incarnate in the stone and in the fish, in the boar and in Dasaratha's son. Even so, He becomes incarnate in the idol in the temple of Srirangam and in other holy temples. He is incarnate in this form in response to our devotion. The Alwars, Nayanmars and Acharyas with all their Vedantic realization saw God face to face in those holy temples. And, seeing Him there, they concentrated their mind on Him, meditated on Him, sang His praise and danced with joy.

There is a story about Ramanuja. Some children were once playing in the street. They drew on the ground a picture of the Srirangam temple and marked in it the recumbent form of Ranganatha. This was seen by Ramanuja walking on his daily round of mendicancy. Forthwith he fell prone before the figure and was lost in meditation of God. It is folly to think that God does not exist in the idols we make and the pictures we paint.

Once we realise that Brahman is present both in living and in nonliving things, there will be no difficulty in regarding the consecrated idol as a form of the Supreme. Those who think otherwise isolate Brahman and locate It in some other world. Apparently they have little faith in God's mnipresence. One may worship rahman by thinking and meditaon. But that is not possible for verybody. If this seems easy, nis is a mere delusion. But the orship of the omnipresent in an nanimate *linga* is within the capaty of anyone.

Belittling this mode of worship wrong. It is well-known that hagavan Ramakrishna, the Acharas Shankara, Ramanuja and adhwa and many Christian seers and saints adopted the worship of the incarnation in the icon and attained true peace and bliss. So, we too may adopt an inanimate object like a stone or a tree for our worship, meditate on God and gain much good.

[From *Sri Ramakrishna Upanishad* by Sri C. Rajagopalachari, published and copyrighted by Sri Ramakrishna Math, Mylapore, Madras-4, who have kindly permitted us to quote.]

[*To be continued*]

A gentleman asked the late Pontiff of Sringeri "If a person has Atmic realisation as propounded in the Vedanta, can he properly engage himself in rituals or in image worship?"

His Holiness asked in answer "What else do you expect him to do?"

"Doing anything, be it rituals, or image worship, or even study of the scriptures, implies the sense of doership. Self-realisation implies a sense of non-doership. Are not these two attitudes inconsistent with each other and, if so, how can they exist at the same time in the same individual?"

"Quite true. Two things which are mutually contradictory cannot exist at the same time in the same entity. Now will you tell me, who the non-doer is?"

G: "Of course, the self".

H. H.: "Quite right. You have studied our system well. Will you tell me who the doer is?"

G.: "Certainly it is the body, the senses, the mind and the intellect."

H. H.: "Quite right again. The self is the non-doer and the doer is the non-self. Is it not so?"

G. "Yes".

H. H.: "Where is the inconsistency now? The doership and the non-doership do not *inhere in the same entity".*

The gentleman felt this solution to be so telling that he realised the absurdity of his doubts and parted from His Holiness more devoted than before.

THE INDIAN MIND

synthesis : its keynote

FOR the last few thousand years the Indian mind has preserved its individuality and therefore its identity. It has passed through many vicissitudes, faced many revolutions and reforms in thought and survived through many a crisis. While it is interesting to study the whole dialectics of Indian thought through the ages, and the secret of its vitality, vigour and creativity, I restrict myself in this small article to only one salient aspect of it. I am trying to indicate below a bare outline of that aspect.

The human mind is capable both of analysis and synthesis. In fact, this process goes on continuously. These two capacities are neither conflicting nor contradictory to the extent of being irreconcilable. But they tend to be different from each other. They present to us two aspects of the same reality. Analysis leads to the knowledge of separateness, differences, distinctions and varied details. Synthesis leads to the knowledge of the underlying oneness even in things which seem quite irreconcilable at first sight. The intellect is predominant in analysis, intuition comes into play in synthesis.

It is difficult to define synthesis or describe its full significance. But it may serve our purpose here to say that synthesis is the deep and intuitive perception of the underlying principle of unity in apparent variety and diversity that meet the eye, and the co-ordination of such diverse things on the basis of the underlying principle of unity.

I have said that synthesis is the keynote of the Indian mind. This holds good of all the activities of the Indian mind. I can however refer here in this brief space only to the field of religious and philosophic thought. This kind of synthesis in this important field became possible because the approach of the Indian mind was cosmic in its vastness and deeply spiritual.

When I say that the Indian mind tends to synthesise, it does not either mean that it is incapable of analysis or that the analytical and separatist working of the mind has been all along absent. I only mean that synthesis is the predominant note and that it has been one of the important factors which has preserved the individuality of Indian thought.

If we go back to Vedic times, we

ind that when the tendency to mphasise the existence of several ods seemed to threaten the unity f religion and worship, a Vedic Rishi declared *'Ekam Sat Viprah Bahuda Vadanti'*, reality is one, God is one, the Brahmins call him y different names. This declara-ion is so significant and cha-acteristic of the Indian mind that ven to-day, it is quoted on every elevant occasion, to emphasise nity of God.

R. R. DIWAKAR

> **India still lives and keeps the continuity of her inner mind and soul and spirit with the India of the ages. Invasion and foreign rule—the Greek, the Pathan, and the Hun, the robust vigour of the Islam, the levelling steam-roller heaviness of the British system, the enormous pressure of the occident have not been able to drive or crush the ancient soul out of the body her Vedic Rishis made for her.**
>
> **—Sri Aurobindo.**

In the *Kenopanishad,* a question s asked as to who is the unifying gent of the several perceptions f man through his different sen-es, and of the different functions f his mind. The reply is again haracteristic. A single inner person' is the co-ordinating agent nd he is beyond all senses. In fact, a kind of spiritual superper-onality is indicated. In some of the most important Upanishads, here is a lively discussion as to he nature of the ultimate being r of reality. Some say it is water, thers say it is fire, or air or the acuum of the sky. But the ulti-nate finding is that there is one pirit pervading everywhere and ermeating everything. Unity of being is emphasised to such an xtent that for the Upanishadic Rishi everything is Atman, the Spirit. All talk about different things, says the Rishi, is like talk about different ornaments of the one yellow metal. What exists is the yellow metal; ornaments are but forms that are temporary and changing. To the Rishi, the unity of being is so true to experience, that he says, when once unity is realised and duality is transcended, in that unique unitive experience, who is to see whom, who is to speak to whom, who is to hear whom? One alone exists. The communion is so perfect that it wipes out every trace of 'otherness'. The writing of the Brahma Sutras was the greatest attempt at synthesising the teachings of the Vedas and the Upanishads.

This does not mean that the Rishis were not aware of the duality and multiplicity of the world. But they emphasised that this was not the only dimension in which man's mind lived. There was basically another and a higher dimension, and the Rishis said that one should realise that dimension and while living in the world of duality, they should never lose sight of the fundamental unity of life and being. One in essence and diverse in manifestation, is the formula of the Upanishads. A simultaneous experience of both and constant awareness of the same, is what the Rishis demand of us, if we want to live and move and have our being in Reality.

In the age of the three great Acharyas, Shankara, Ramanuja, and Madhwa, they tried to arrive at a synthesis of their own, and emphasised respectively Adwait (non-duality), Vishishthadwait (qualified non-duality) and Dwait (duality). They interpreted the Upanishads, the *Brahma Sutras* and the *Gita* accordingly. But these schools of thought proved conflicting. In recent times, a powerful attempt to synthesise these three schools of thought has been made by Sri Ramakrishna Paramahamsa of Dakshineshwar, Ramavatar Sharma of Mithila, and Sri Aurobindo of Pondicherry.

The synthesising genius of the Indian mind does not and did not stop at only the apprehension of Reality. It sought and even now seeks to synthesise the various disciplines that lead to realisation. Religion, in its essence, is not only realisation of Reality but also includes the path or paths leading to such realisation. Such a path is generally called Sadhana or spiritual discipline.

In course of time and while in search of Reality, the ancients in India discovered many paths or disciplines. Yoga (Communion) was the generic name used for all disciplines, since every discipline involved communion of the Individual with the Universal Soul. There was the path of knowledge (Jnana Yoga), the path of devotion (Bhakti Yoga), the path of unattached and dedicated action (Karma Yoga) and so on. The development of these disciplines brought conflicts and the sense of superiority and inferiority among the different followers. The grandest possible synthesis, both as regards the knowledge of Reality and the paths leading to the realisation of Reality is to be found in the *Gita*. The Individual and the Universal Soul are dramatically brought face to face to solve the problem of problems, the problem of Reality, the realisation of that Reality by the Individual Soul and the conduct of the Individual (embodied) Soul in the light of the realisation of that Reality.

Similar other attempts also are worthy of note. In the race for survival, when all the other gods of the Indian pantheon disappeared and only three competitors, namely Brahma, Vishnu and Mahesh were left in the field, there were conflicts as well as superiority and inferiority complexes. Dattatreya is a wonderful syntheis of the three godheads and the *vadhuta Gita* is a great attempt t synthesis. The joint names ama-krishna and Hari-hareshwar eem to be attempts of the same ind which emphasise the oneness f both the deities, at a time when he followers of both were in onflict.

Not only in India but in the agiology of the whole world, the reatest attempt to synthesise spiritual disciplines of all the important religions in the world and of he different schools of spiritual hought in India, was successfully nade by Sri Ramakrishna Paraahamsa. His Sadhana is unique n that respect and is unparalleled. lis was undoubtedly a protean piritual personality.

In very recent times, Sri urobindo's *Synthesis of Yoga*, both in theory and practice, and his gospel of Integral Yoga are remarkable examples of the synthesising capacity of the Indian mind. Similarly, equal respect for all religions (Sarva Dharma Samabhava) of Gandhi is a fitting compliment to the synthesis of all religions (Sarva Dharma Samanvaya) of Ramakrishna. Vinobaji's 'Samanvaya Yoga' is an attempt to embrace the philosophy of the economic, social and spiritual life at one sweep and wipe away the seeming conflicts between economic and spiritual life.

All this has been possible because the Indian mind has struck deep roots in spirituality, that is in the realisation of the essential oneness of existence and oneness of all beings. That is the secret of the strongly synthesising tendency of the Indian thinkers.

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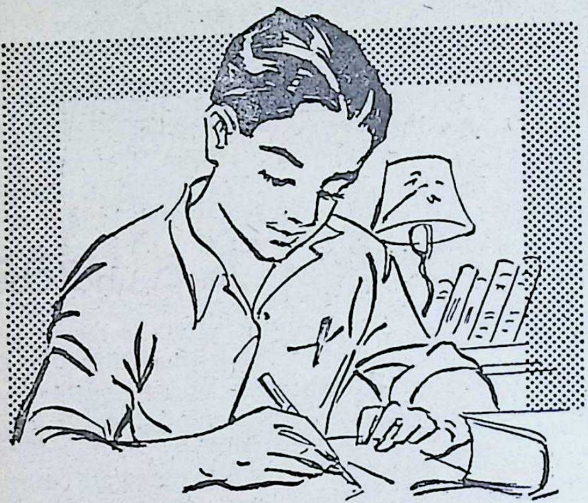

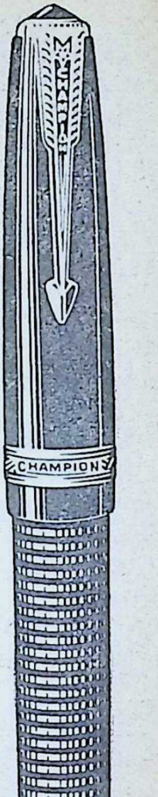
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On the 3rd of this month the **Jayanti** of the immortal Indian poet Kalidasa occurs. It is in the fitness of things that it should be celebrated on a world-wide scale.

The writer of this article, who is a great German scholar, pays his warm tribute to Kalidasa in his recent monograph: 'KALIDASA'

Life and Times of Kalidasa

●

Walter Ruben

●

WE know almost nothing—atleast nothing certain—about the life and times of ie great Kalidasa. Various anecotes, whose truth we cannot yet etermine, are told in India.

Kalidasa is said to have been a rahman who was early orphaned nd grew up in poverty as a cowerd. At that time a king of anaras wished to marry his aughter to a famous grammarian amed Vararuchi, but the Princess onsidered herself too learned for is scholar.

Vararuchi, thus scorned, met ie handsome young cow-herd by ance as he sat on a branch and egan to saw it off.

He brought this poor, handsome and stupid boy to the Princess ter impressing upon him that he ust remain silent.

But the boy stuttered only an odd word as he stood before the king, and Vararuchi cleverly interpreted it as a wise saying.

The youth gave no answer to questions asked by the Princess, and Vararuchi explained that he was above answering questions put by a girl.

The youth was then married to the Princess, who soon discovered the deception.

But the stupid youth paid tribute of flowers to the great Goddess Kali until she rewarded him with a knowledge of grammar, logic and poetics—the three branches of learning needed by a poet to help him write correctly, logically and poetically.

The youth took the name of Kalidasa, (Devotee of Kali) as an expression of his gratitude.

Kalidasa is said to have been an ornament of the mythical King Vikrama's court in the city of Ujjain.

One day a poor Brahman came to the court; he wished to greet the king with the customary verse "May three-fold happiness be yours" etc. But unfortunately he used the word meaning "embarrassment" instead of "happiness" by mistake.

Kalidasa sprang up and completed the verse quickly: "May three-fold embarrassment be yours. May Brahmans embarrass you with their attentiveness at court, your sons at table and your wife in bed". Thus Kalidasa had become as versed as his mentor Vararuchi; the attentiveness of Brahmans, his sons and his wife could not fail to please the king.

The poet is said to have died in Ceylon. King Kumaradasa of Ceylon wrote one day on the wall of a courtesan's room the beginning of a verse (he was himself a poet) and offered gold as a prize for anyone who completed the verse. Kalidasa did so, but the courtesan, greedy for gold, killed him, buried him and herself took credit for the poem. Of course the king detected the deception, for he was familiar with Kalidasa's art.

Is it true that Kalidasa was poor and a cow-herd? Similar tales of simpletons who were taught by the gracious gods have come down to us; for instance the case of the grammarian Varsha, who is also said to have been a pupil of Vararuchi.

Do the elements of social critical thinking in his works originate in his early poverty? These elements are in any case so carefully hidden (as was necessary under the old Indian despots) that Indian commentators have not mentioned them, and presumably, therefore, did not notice them.

One can thus not claim that the anecdote about Kalidasa's early poverty rests on this social criticism. This would seem to indicate a certain genuineness, even though the details about the Princess and Vararuchi are improbable, for Vararuchi is traditionally supposed to have lived much earlier than Kalidasa.

On the other hand, King Kumaradasa of Ceylon is said to have ascended the throne in 515, and this seems to fit in with Kalidasa's time, even though dates are often contradictory.

Presumably Kalidasa was already well known in 473, for at that time a poet in Mandasor (which is near Kalidasa's home) caused an inscription to be carved on the sun-temple, some of whose verses are modelled on Kalidasa's.

Others assert that Kalidasa can only have composed one part of his 'Line of Raghu' (रघुवंश) after 455. In this part he praises the mythical King Raghu on account of a victory which he won over the Huns. The oldest victory of an Indian king over the Huns nown to us, however, was that of King Skandagupta of the glorious Gupta dynasty, who ascended the hrone in 455. These scholars are herefore of the opinion that Kalidasa carried this historic victory over to his mythical king.

No Indian poet could have had uch an idea before this time; Kalidasa is therefore thought to have flattered his king with this mythical reference. If this were he case, Kalidasa would have lived between Skandagupta's time (approximately 455-467) and Kumaradasa's (515), but was already being imitated in 473.

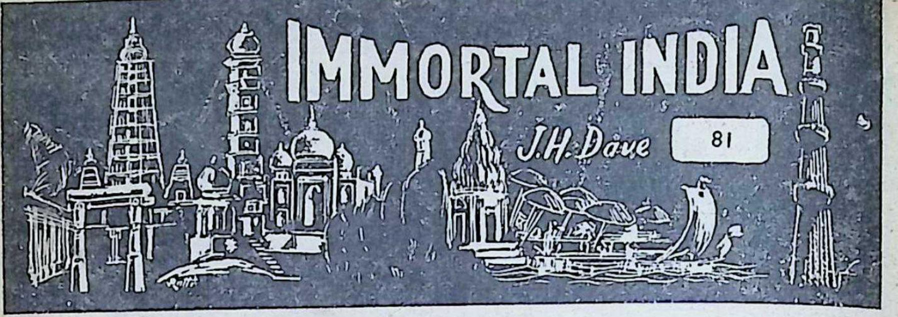
Other Indologists think that Kalidasa had already lived under Samudragupta and (or) Chandragupta II, and that he praised the victories of these in his works, and also that these two kings had taken the additional name of Vikrama, at whose court Kalidasa is traditionally supposed to have lived. These questions are still not settled and we must confine ourselves to the statement that Kalidasa appears to have lived in the 4th or 5th century.

Ujjain is generally accepted as the place where he worked, for he describes it lovingly in his "Cloud Messenger" (मेघदूत). Ujjain was from Samudragupta's time onwards the capital of the mighty kingdom of the Gupta dynasty. The mythical Vikrama reigned in Ujjain, and Mandasor with its inscription in Kalidasa's style lies not far northwest of it, so that his fame must have reached there very quickly, perhaps even during his lifetime.

> Kalidasa is the great Indian classical poet of love, who created unfading visions of loving women, especially very young, almost childlike brides. These remind us of Goethe's Gretchen, who loved her Faust more than words could tell; of the fourteen-year-old Juliet and her Romeo—in Shakespeare's lines or in Ulanova's graceful and stirring dances; of Raphael's Sixtine Madonna, that good and deeply touching virgin mother; of Michael Angelo's Eve peeping from behind Jehovah's robes at the newly created Adam who is to be her mate; of Princess Nausicaa and her love for Odysseus, or the Greek Psyche and her beloved Amor. But all this would not suffice if we did not learn to love Kalidasa's Sakuntala, Parvati and Malavika.
>
> **—Walter Ruben.**

If Alexander is taken as the type of Occidental genius, then, as the culminating example of the Oriental, we must name Buddha.

—Nivedita



UDUPI

UDUPI is situated in the South Kanara District in the Mysore State in 13° 21′ N and 74° 45′ E. It is famous for the Krishna temple, which was established here by Shri Madhvacharya, who flourished in the 13th century A.D. He was a great Vaishnava reformer who preached 'dualism' or 'Dwaita' philosophy. Just as Sankaracharya who expounded the 'Kevala advaita' system, is known as the *avatar* of Siva, Ramanuja who expounded 'visishtadvaita' is considered as the *avatar* of Sesha, Vallabhacharya who preached Suddhadvaita, as the *avatar* of *agni*, similarly, Madhvacharya, who has expounded the 'dwaita' philosophy is considered as the *avatar* of *Vayu*.

He was born in 1238 A.D. or according to some in 1199 A.D. on the Vijaya Dasami day in a town near Udupi. His father's name was Narayana Bhatta or Madhyageha Bhatta and mother's name was Vedavati and they were staying in Rajatapitha, a town near Udupi. He belonged to the Nadumane family of brahmins. It is stated that Mayuravarma, the king of the Taulava land, brought learned brahmins from Ahichchatra and got them settled in the Taulava land. They were settled in 32 villages. They were very pious and learned brahmins and Madhvacharya belonged to one of those families known as Nadumane family, originally coming from Ahichchatra.

The name Udupi comes from Udupa, that is the Moon and the legend goes that the Moon who was cursed by Daksha, his father-in-law, was performing penance at this place by the side of the Chandra-Pushkarani lake. There is a temple of Lord Chandramauliswara who was propitiated by the Moon to get rid of his curse. This locality is also known as Raupyapitha, in the Parashurama-kshetra. The legend says that this strip of land from Gokarna to

Shri Madhvacharya

to Kanya Kumari was reclaimed by Parashurama from the ocean and therefore it was known as the Parashurama-kshetra. King Rama Bhoja performed a sacrifice at this place, near Udupi and as he was a devout follower of Parashurama, the latter appeared before him and declared the sacrificial altar as the Raupyapitha.

The idol of Lord Sri Krishna at Udupi is made of Saligrama stone and is considered to be very sacred. Legend says that it was originally worshipped at Dwaraka by Rukmini, wife of Lord Krishna in the Dwapara age. It is an idol of Lord Sri Krishna in his child form. With his right hand he holds the churning rod and with his ight hand he holds the rope. After Dwaraka was submerged in the ocean this idol was in due course covered with Gopichandana. It is said that in the time of Madhvacharya when a ship was coming from Dwaraka to Vadabhandeswara, near Udupi, it needed some heavy load as ballast. One sailor picked up a large heavy lump of Gopichandana in which lay concealed this idol of Sri Krishna, for the purpose. When the ship came near Vadabandeshwara, there was a storm. Madhvacharya was near the sea-shore. On seeing the ship in danger, Madhvacharya waved his cloth and by the grace of God the ship was saved. The captain came to the Acharya, prostrated before him, and requested him to take anything as gift, as he was sure it was only on account of this holy man that the ship was saved. The Acharya with intuition only asked for the lump of Gopichandana which was till then used only as ballast for the purpose of the ship and which was intended to be thrown away after the said purpose was served; the captain readily gave away the Gopichandana lump to the Acharya. To his great delight the Acharya found inside the lump the idol of Balkrishna, which he carried to Udupi and established the same in the temple.

Madhvacharya's original name was Vasudeva and when he became eight years old his Yajnopavit samskara was performed. At about the age of 25 he took Sanyasa Diksha from Achyuta Preksha Tirtha and after this he became known as Madhva and also by the other names of Ananda Tirtha, Purna Prajna, and Sarvajna. He lived for 79 years and disappeared on the 9th of Magha in Badarikasrama.

The life of Madhvacharya in the traditional puranic fashion is found in *Madhva Vijaya* and *Mani Manjari.* Madhvacharya has written Bhashyas on Brahmasutras, Upanishads and *Gita.* He also wrote on Bhagwata and on the Mahabharata. In all he wrote 37 works including stotras like the Dwadasa Stotra etc. In front of the Krishna Mutt there is a small gopura. There is also nearby, the Madhva-sarovara, having a mandapa inside it. The darshana of the Deity can be had for all the twenty-four hours through a window called the Navagraha window. To the south-west of this Krishna Mutt, is the ancient temple of Anantasana and nearby is the temple of Chandramauliswara. Udupi is also famous for the eight ancient Mutts or religious houses of the Madhva sampradaya. They are all situated around the car-route, which forms a sort of rectangle. The tradition of the Madhva sampradaya is that Madhvacharya gave sanyasa to eight disciples and all of them had established their individual Mutts nearby wherein they were worshipping each of them different idols given to them by Madhvacharya. These Mutts were Palimar, Adamar, Krishnapura, Puttige, Sirur, Sode, Kaniyur, and Pejavar Mutts. These Mutts have the deities of Rama, Kaliamardana Krishna, Kaliyamardana Krishna and Narsimha, Viththala, Viththala, Bhoovaraha, Narasimha, and Viththala respectively. Each of these Mutts have had learned sanyasins adorning them.

Shri Vadiraja Tirtha, the head of the Sode Mutt in due course was a great scholar who flourished in the time of the Vijayanagar emperors. It was during his time that the paryaya system of two years was introduced in the Krishna temple of Udupi. Originally the worship in the Krishna temple at Udupi was carried on by the eight disciples of Madhvacharya, by turns of shorter intervals. But Shri Vadiraja introduced the system of worship by turn by Par

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aya by these eight Mathadhipatis, ter a period of two years. On ccount of this new change the lathadhipati worshipping in the rishna temple carried on worship r a period of two years and then was continued by another Mathahipati. This changeover took lace in the month of January very second year. This period is onsidered as one of the important stivals in Udupi, known as the aryaya festival.

It is stated that Madhvacharya ad learnt the systems of twenty-ne rival sampradayas. He had so studied Persian as is stated in *adhva Vijaya*. Lord Hari is the upreme Reality. Individual *jivas* e different from this Supreme eality and have to serve him. here is not only a difference beteen the Supreme Reality and the va but also between one Jiva and nother and between the Jivas and e Jadajagat. Moksha is possible rough the grace of God after ana and on performing good acts d serving God with devotion. loksha consists by being by the side of God and in identity with him.

The writer of *Mani Manjari* was Narayana Bhatt. *Mani Manjari* gives a fanciful story of a demon known as Manimat. From the way in which it is written it appears that there was strong enmity between the followers of Madhva and those of Sankara. Udupi is situated only forty miles away from Sringeri, which is the headquarters of one of the famous Mutts of Sankara. Madhva was born in Rajatapitha, a village near Udupi. He had studied the views of Sankara but subsequently developed his own system, which was very much in conflict with that of Sankara. He had a long controversy with the followers of Sankara at the Sringeri Mutt. Having established his reputation in South India, Madhva went to North India. He went to Haridwar and from there to Badarikasrama, where he is said to have met Vyasa who advised him to write a commentary on his Brahma Sutras. On his way back he visited

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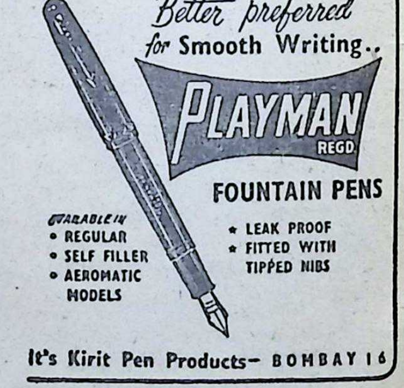
many Sankarites, one of them being Sobhana Bhatta. His Mahabharata-tatparya-nirnaya is a work in verse written in 32 chapters. According to Madhva, the four Vedas, the Pancha-ratras, the Mahabharata, the Ramayana and the Brahma Sutras are authorities. The Vaishnava puranas also in as much as they elaborate the doctrines of Pancha-ratras are authorities. The dharma shastra literature is also authoritative if it does not conflict with the aforesaid works. Vishnu, Narayana or Vasudeva is the ultimate Reality. The world is not only real but has five-fold differences considered in relation to each other between the Ultimate Reality, the Jivas and the Matter. His Gita-tatparya-nirnaya is a summary of Gita expounding the dwaita philosophy. Madhva interprets the famous Upanishadic Mahavakya of 'tatvamasi' as 'atatvamasi', where 'a' is to be derived as submerged in the preceding vowel.

Madhva's main attack was on the philosophy of Sankara. Madhusudana and Appayya Dikshita have criticised Madhva philosopy. Similarly followers of Madhva have in turn criticised Sankara philosophy. This criticism has given rise to a large literature forming commentaries upon commentaries. On Madhva's Bhashya on the Brahma Sutras Jaya Tirtha has written a commentary known as Tatva Prakasika. Vyasa Yati has written a commentary on Tatva Prakasika known as Tatparya-Chandrika. Raghavendra Yati wrote his Chandrika Prakasa on this Tatpraya-chandrika.

Vyasa Tirtha, Madhusudhana and Ramacharya have entered into an elaborate controversy about the views of Sankara on one side and Madhva on the other.

There are several *utsavas* in the Krishna Mutt. The ninth day of Makara is the Madhva Navami utsava when Madhva is said to have disappeared from this earth and gone away to Badarikasrama. Holi, Ram Navami, the New Year Day when the Sun enters Mesha, Narasimha Jayanti, Bhagirathi Utsava, Krishna Jayanti, Ganesha Chaturthi, Ananta Chaturdashi, Navaratri, Deepavali and other festivals are held every year. The Paryaya utsava, as observed earlier, takes place every second year.

Madhvacharya has a great following in South Kanara.



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PART III: IN A STRANGE LAND

• K. M. Munshi •

PREVIOUS STORY

The Aryas led by King Divodasa of the Tritsu tribe and his High Priest Sage Agastya. are at war with Shambara, the king of Dasyus. Vishwaratha, the king of the Bharata tribe, is taken captive by Shambara. Shambara's daughter Ugra falls in love with Vishwaratha who accepts her as his wife.

Ugra gives birth to a son but is killed by Bhairava, High Priest of Dasyus. Agastya marries Lopamudra and Vishwaratha, Rohini.

Sudasa drives Vishwaratha from Tritsugram. Deeply grieved, Vishwaratha walks up the Gomantaka Hill seeking guidance from Lord Savita. He returns as Vishwamitra and is requested by Sudasa to become his High Priest.

After fifteen years, Renuka, wife of Jamdagni, gives birth to Rama. Disagreeing with others over Rama's education, Kavi leaves for Bhrigugram. Rama goes in search of him and on the way, is captured by strange men, when he gets acquainted with Shunahshepa, son of Ajigarta. He escapes. Vriddha spots him in the forest.

Six years after Rama's return to Jamadagni's ashrama, *Sudasa, now king of the Tritsus, invites Sage Vasishtha to be his High Priest. Shashiyasi, the Arya princess, is known to love the Dasyu prince Bheda, who runs away with her.*

Vishwamitra renounces office. Arjuna, a Sahasrarjuna, the king of the Haihayas, wants to kidnap Loma and take her to his Anupadesha. Rama pesuades Arjuna's general Bhadrashrenya, the king of the Yadavas, to take him also with Loma. They arrive by boats in Saurashtra, and Arjuna being angry with Bhadrashrenya removes him from the office of General of the Haihayas. Rama teaches a lesson to Madhu and river Gomti. Rama brings Nagas into the village and starts an ashrama *there.*

7. KUKSHI'S WIFE

VISHAKHA was very proud of the *gotra* of her father, the King of Anarta, and held her husband's *gotra* in contempt. Her great friend, Kalvini, the wife of the high priest Kukshi, also held same opinion about the Yadavas. But the one subject which the two friends always loved to discuss was Rama.

Every evening, Vishakha came to the *ashrama* to live with her husband. With her aggressive nature, she had, to some extent, taken charge of its life. Every morning, therefore, when she went to the river for her bath, Kalvini never failed to join her, anxious to hear all about the *ashrama*.

Because of the relations between Kukshi and Rama, Kalvini had never visited the *ashrama*. But she never missed a single occasion to be present when she could look at his handsome face and sinewy figure. He had made a deep impression upon her and she loved to hear all about him with avid interest. The two great friends agreed on most points about Rama, but on one point, they completely disagreed. Vishakha maintained that Rama and Loma were like brother and sister; Kalvini was sure that they lived like husband and wife.

This morning, when Vishakha went to the river as usual, she could not restrain from venting her righteous indignation against Kukshi for his treatment of Rama. On this point also, Kalvini agreed with her. Just emerging into her twenties and bursting with youth and joy, she had very little respect for her middle-aged husband and enjoyed the prospect of his being taught a lesson by Rama. She, therefore, immediately approved his action in bringing the Nagas to the village.

When these two friends were talking on the river-side about this all-absorbing topic, other women of the *gotra* came there to take their bath and fetch water. Most of them had been shocked at the way in which the poor Naga girl had been treated by the Yadava watchmen. The women had little respect for their husbands' fidelity and they were by no manner displeased at the way in which Rama was exposing them to shame. He had earned their esteem when he punished Soma and Ruru and they cheerfully joined Vishakha and Kalvini in the enthusiastic approbation of what he had been doing.

In the meantime, some women who had just come for their bath to the river, informed them that Rama had burnt down the Field of the Nagas and that he was going to start an *ashrama* there. Vishakha who was anxious to know whether her husband had been received by Rama in the *shrama* or not, proposed, 'We must all go for the *darshan* of Bhargava.'

'Oh, yes. We must go and have he *darshan* of Bhargava', chimed n Kalvini eagerly. She never missed an occasion to have a good ook at him.

Most of the women agreed to his suggestion, and with the pots ull of water on their head, they ook their way to the Field of the Nagas instead of returning home. The sun had risen and the horny hedge of the Field of the Nagas had been reduced to ashes, when these women reached the Field. On reaching there, they saw group of Nagas, with Rama, Loma, Kurma and Prateep with hem, wailing loudly. When the Nagas saw the Yadava women comng their way, they made way for hem. In the middle they had just repared a funeral pyre on which ama had laid the dead body of he Naga girl who had been raped. His face bore the protective expression of an elder brother, his eyes soft and moist. With tender are he adjusted the head of the Naga girl on a piece of wood and round her pale face he adjusted er hair almost affectionately.

The Yadava women saw the mall, emaciated body of the Naga rl and their eyes were full of ars. Some of them could not rest crying aloud. They all placed their pots a little away and stood near the funeral pyre, when Rama nsigned the Naga girl to flames with the ritual proper to an Arya. All eyes were full of tears except his, which continued to pay to the poor, dead girl the tribute of tender affection.

With morning, excitement again seized the Yadava *gotra*. News travelled from mouth to mouth, from hut to hut. Rama had left them. So had all the Nagas. At night Rama aided by Prateep and Kurma had burnt down the Field of the Nagas. The women of the leading Yadavas, who had gone to the river for their bath, had not returned home.

When Kukshivant found that his wife had not yet returned from the river, he began to invoke the curse of the Gods upon her for her sloth. No one exactly understood what had happened.

However, when the day advanced, Bhadrashrenya and the other leading Yadavas learnt about what was happening at the Field of the Nagas and went there. They saw the Yadava boys, under the leadership of Prateep, removing the cinders and ashes which surrounded the Field. The Nagas and their wives were sweeping the Field. In the centre Loma, Kurma, Vishakha and Kalvini were making preparations for a *yajna*. And people who heard of these strange happenings were slowly collecting all around.

'Where is Bhargava?' asked the king.

'He has gone to Gomti for consigning the ashes of the Naga girl,'

(*Continued on page* 66)

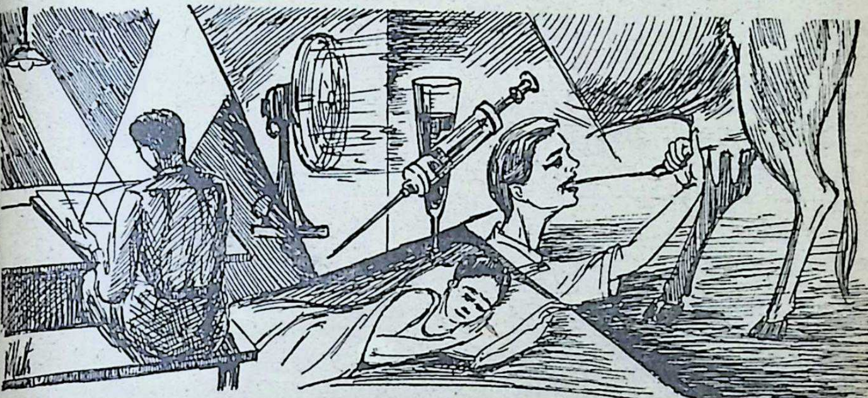
you are WRONG if you believe . . . . . .

Dr. Poo. Murugesan

THAT for a person to have sugar in his blood means that he is suffering from diabetes: because. the fact is that everyone has sugar in his blood, for if he did not have a certain amount, he could not live. A healthy person has about 1½ to 2 grains of sugar in every 3½ ounces of blood. Since an adult has about five quarts, i.e., 200 fluid ounces of blood, this means that he has approximately a teaspoonful of sugar circulating throughout his body. If this quantity of sugar in the blood is reduced to half a teaspoonful or less, very distressful symptoms appear even in a healthy person, such as hunger, weakness, nervousness, shaky sensations and convulsions, coma and death if the quantity be further reduced. In diabetes, the patient has too much sugar in his blood, i.e., 2 to 4 or more teaspoonfuls instead of about one teaspoonful. The blood in our body is not able to retain so much sugar and hence it passes out of the body through the kidneys, appearing in the urine.

THAT cancer is a contagious disease: because no physician or surgeon, no nurse and no attendant of cancer patients has ever been reported to have contracted this disease by attending on such patients.

THAT the normal blood-pressure for any individual is 100 plus his age: because there is no such thing as a fixed normal blood-pressure for any particular person. This concerns the physician and not a layman, and is not merely a matter of such figures. It is the patient's general health status which determines whether his blood-pressure is normal for him within certain limits. Blood-pressure recordings show normal variations in groups of individuals who are quite healthy. These variations result from a wide range of factors and depend on whether the person is young or old, male or female, reserved or excitable, lazy or active, lean or fat, short or tall, dull-witted or mentally active. Moreover, such physical ac ivities as exercise, eating, rest, tc. normally produce definite flucuations in blood-pressure findings ven in the same person. Not freuently a particular range of bloodressure is observed to be a famiar trait and it may even be a acial characteristic, as for examle, the relatively low blood-presure of the Chinese. In general, e blood-pressure tends to inease as one grows older. For ealthy individuals between the ges of 20 and 30 the normal range ould be between 110 and 120 to 5; between 30 and 40 years 115 d 130; between 40 and 50 years 0 and 135; between 50 and 60 ars 120 and 140. And pressure ove 150 is to be regarded as abrmal.



IAT reading light must come om over the left shoulder be most effective: because it has en determined by experimenta- n that it matters not from where the light comes, provided there are no shadows cast upon the page and provided the rays from the light do not enter the eyes. The light should be at least 26 degrees away from the direct line of right, and should be so placed as to avoid direct reflection from the glossy papers so commonly used. The best reading light is that termed as 'indirect', in which the source of light is hidden and the rays thrown on to the ceiling. This is similar in effect to day-light. The amount of light is very important. The Council of the British Ophthalmologists has determined by experiment that the weakest light suitable for reading or other close works is three foot candles. This means that the amount of light that would fall upon a page one foot away from three standard candles closely grouped. This is equivalent to the amount of light obtained from an eighty watts unshaded electric light placed six feet from the page. Somewhat more light would not be injurious, but less light invariably results in a strain of the seeing apparatus producing a tired feeling of the eyes and sleepiness.

THAT medicines are always more effective when given by injection than when given by mouth: because this is not a fact. Medical science definitely states that medicine given by mouth is always the best method, except in certain special cases where the drugs have to be introduced into the body only by injection. Injection of even the simplest drug is attended with some potential dangers and, besides, under ordinary conditions, is in no way more effective than when the same drug is taken by mouth.

THAT it is not an entirely healthful habit for one to sleep on his left side, because such a position embarrasses the action of the heart: because one may lie on either side. Investigators have observed that during a night's sleep, one turns his body 10 to 20 times. If one awakens in the same position in which one went to sleep, it is merely a coincidence. The heart lies near the centre of the chest and only partly to the left and the position in which one lies will not affect it. In such forms of heart disease, the left side of the heart enlarges considerably because of the extra work it has to perform, just as the blacksmith's muscles enlarge because of his strenuous works. Even in such instances no harm can result from one's sleeping on his left side, because of the satisfactory protection given by the chest wall formed by the ribs, muscles, etc.

THAT an electric fan cools the air of the room in which it is operating: because it does not. The simplest proof is that if one steps outside the area of the current of air caused by the fan he will be quite as warm as if the fan were not in operation. The barometer held in the current of air will not register a lower temperature unless it is experimentally moistened, as with some wet tissue-paper. An electric fan does, however, cool the surface (skin) of a person within its range of action thereby producing a sense of definite comfort. This cooling effect results from the increased evaporation of moisture from the surface of the body, and not from a lowering of the room temperature.

THAT a pain in the back indicates the presence of kidney disease: because there are many causes of backache, some associated with the muscles, some with the nerves and ligaments and others with the joints of the spinal column or the hip bones. It is difficult sometimes to know just what is causing the backache but it is quite certain that a pain in the back does not come from the kidney. It is to be remembered that nerve ains do not occur within solid or- ans, such as the kidneys, but nly on the surface of the organs.

HAT drinking milk fresh from e cow is an especially healthful actice and a cure for T.B.: be- use there is no particular virtue milk which is fresh from the dder of the cow, and as a matter fact, such milk can be positively angerous, because it has been roven that living germs some- mes capable of causing serious lness are found in fresh milk in rge numbers. These germs or acteria are so small that 000,000,000 could fit into the space a pinhead. Even pasteurized ilk contains about 50,000 germs er c.c., i.e. one quarter of tea- poonful of milk. Pasteurized ilk is milk which has been heat- l to 142° to 145° F. and kept at hat temperature for half an hour or the purpose of killing the dis- ase germs which might be pre- ent in the milk. Though it is ell-known that milk is the almost erfect and complete food contain- g all the materials necessary for ody building and maintenance, cept sufficient iron, in no sense can be regarded as a cure for .B. whether taken fresh from the dder of the cow or otherwise.

HISTORIC PERSONALITY COMPETITION

Encouraged by the good response we had from our readers to our Puranic Character Competition, we have great pleasure in announcing another competition on "The Historic Personality of India I admire most".

The objects of this competition are: (a) Encouragement of research in Indian History. (b) Ability to appraise characters in their proper perspective in a creative spirit. (c) Develop historical thinking and (d) of presentation in a lively manner.

The following are the rules to be observed for submitting entries to the competition:—

(1) The personality chosen may be either of men or women, but should be Indian and historical in the strict sense of the word.

(2) The facts relating to their life should conform to accepted or enlightened opinion.

(3) Entries should not exceed 2000 words, should be written in simple effective English and typed on one side of the paper. It should also contain the declaration: "I solemnly declare that this article is my original writing," with signature.

(4) One competitor can submit only one entry.

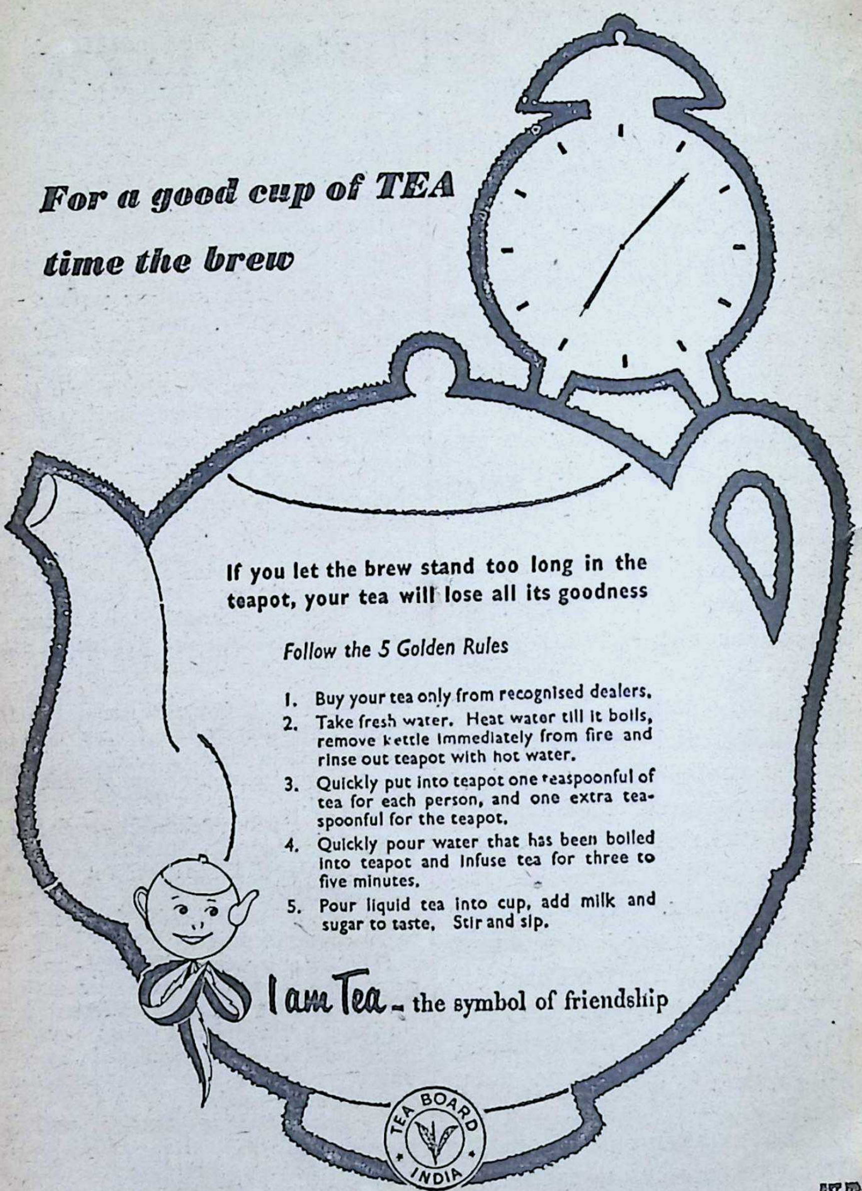
(5) The entry should reach this office marked HISTORIC PERSONALITY COMPETITION before the 22nd October 1957.

(6) Quotations should be confined to the barest minimum.

(7) A cash prize of Rs. 25/- will be awarded to each of the four articles (provided they refer to different personalities) considered best by the Panel of Judges appointed by the Bharatiya Vidya Bhavan, whose decision shall be final.

(8) Prize-winning entries will be published in the BHAVAN'S JOURNAL.

Editor,
Bhavan's Journal.



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RESULTS OF PURANIC CHARACTER COMPETITION

The following is the list of winning entries and their authors.

(1)

MARUTI, THE PERFECT MESSENGER

by

Sri B. S. Narasimha Iyengar.

(2)

BHARATA of RAMAYANA

by

Sri P. Seetharamiah, Guntakal.

(3)

BHISHMACHARYA

by

Sri Hulikunti Rao, Kedgaon (Dist. Poona.)

(4)

KARNA

by

Sri S. Padmanabhan, Madurai.

---

(5)

ONSOLATION PRIZE

EKALAVYA

by

Sri N. Harinarayana Madras.

We have pleasure in announcing the results of the above competition to which 48 valid entries were received.

The panel of Judges consisted of Sri J. H. Dave, Prof. H. R. Pandurangi and Prof. B. V. Vyas. They have unanimously selected the adjoining four entries as the best among those received, on four different characters.

They have also recommended a fifth entry as deserving a consolation prize. In deference to their wishes, we have awarded a consolation prize for that entry.

The Bhavan desires to express its gratefulness to the Judges who, despite their multifarious engagements, found time to scrutinise these entries individually and assess their value.

The Judges are of opinion that, on the whole, the quality of the entries was high although, they say, it could be higher still. It is our conviction that in our future competitions a much higher quality and number of entries can be anticipated.

Each of the winning writers will receive a prize of Rs. 25/- which will be remitted as soon as the stories appear in the Journal. The consolation prize will be Rs. 15/-.

The above stories will be published in the Journal one after the other; the first one is published in the current issue itself.

The Bhavan wishes to thank all the contributors who have taken such keen interest in the competition.

EDITOR,
BHAVAN'S JOURNAL.

Maruti

by B. S. Narsimha Iyeng

A DETAILED and delightful delineation of characters is a rare gift of a new poets. Valmiki, the Adi-Kavi, has excelled in this art. One of the most fascinating characters in his epic poem, the *Ramayana*, is that of Maruti. The very fact that a whole Kanda (the *Sundara Kanda*) has been devoted to describe the prowess and qualities of this character is significant. The rare combination of extraordinary qualities in a single person is indeed worthy of detailed description.

In Hanuman, we find a happy blending of heroic valour and supreme humility, vast learning and disciplined speech and great self-confidence as well as the power of inspiring confidence in others. Discipline in speech and act, devotion to duty and perfection in its accomplishment mark all his activities. To no small extent wa this due to the fact that he led th life of a strict Brahmachari i thought, word and deed. He ca thus serve as a model to most o us in the present generation.

Analysing his character in three broad phases, it will be see

PRIZE WINNING ENTRY

that he embodies in himself t role of a perfect messenger, a ve ran warrior and an ideal Bhak Sugriva could not have found better minister and messeng than Maruti, especially in the some situation in which he placed after his rupture with

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der brother, Vali. The very sight
: Rama and Lakshmana even
om a respectable distance fright-
ned him, as they bore two mar-
llous bows, and raised suspi-
ons in his mind. Hanuman im-
ediately allayed his fears by a
asoned speech. He then ap-
oached the two heroes in all
mility and earnestness and,
most in an instant, caught the
agination and the heart of Rama
a cogent speech. Rama's tri-
te to the excellence of Hanu-
an's intellectual qualities is con-
ned in four beautiful slokas
ishkindha Kanda—Sarga III—
s. 28 to 31) where he tells Lak-
mana that his words were en-
ely free from blemish and full
meaning and vigour as of one
o has studied all the Vedas.

नृग्वेदविनीतस्य नायजुर्वेदधारिणः ।
सामवेदविदुषः शक्यमेवं प्रभाषितुम् ।।

t is by such a masterly and at-
ctive speech that he won for his
ster the hand of friendship of
ma, which is one of the most
portant and crucial events in the
ole narrative. His intellectual
ellence and keen appreciation
understanding of human na-
e won for Maruti the esteem
Rama at another crucial mo-
nt. When the War Council was
g held on the sea-shore oppo-
Lanka and Vibhishana ap-
ched Rama for succour, it was
ruti's humble but pregnant
rds that stood the test and
ghed above the opinions of all
other leaders including the Vanara King, Sugriva. Rama owned Maruti's verdict on the issue as practically his own.

It was also because of Rama's confidence in him that his valuable ring was entrusted to Maruti on his errand to the South in search of Sita. Sugriva too knew that Maruti alone was capable of achieving the task entrusted to him to the point of perfection. This became evident in the manner in which he set about it and the finish he gave to it. It was no easy joke to go in search of Sita who had been carried far away beyond the ocean by an all powerful demon King and placed under severe guard. He had not seen her before but had to find her out by the indications given by Rama. A momentary despair, in fact, tortured the mind of Hanuman when he could not find her after the initial, thorough search of Lanka. By sheer perseverence and self-confidence, he mustered up his latent courage and got to the tree under which she was pining away in sorrow.

In delivering the message of welfare of Rama to Sita, Anjaneya showed the qualities of intuitive thinking, appropriate phraseology and a very keen insight into the feelings of the two lovers. Into the desperate heart of Sita, he poured the sweet honey of the story of Rama, with his inimitable sweet voice (*Sundara Kanda*—Sarga XXXI—1).

संश्रवे मधुरं वाक्यम् etc.

Sita's sorrow was removed and confidence in Rama's ability to rescue her was restored by a full narration of the events which took place after her abduction and by the production of Rama's ring which was very dear to her heart.

The part of a messenger could ordinarily have been considered completed if Hanuman had returned with Sita's message to Rama. To Maruti, however, it struck otherwise; he felt his task could not be said to have been finished unless he carried the message of Rama and Sugriva to Ravana. He wished to let him know and understand the prowess of his enemy as well as his good nature. When he pushed himself (almost literally and in a manner peculiar to himself) into the presence of Ravana, being presumably captured by Indrajit, he announced in a serene and spirited tone to Ravana that Rama, the enemy whom he had to contend with was no other than he who had slain the mighty Vali with a single arrow—Vali whose prowess Ravana had already known sufficiently.

त्वया विज्ञातपूर्वश्च वाली वानरपुङ्गवः ।

In an equally firm and diplomatic language, he also warned Ravana that he could find no refuge in all the three worlds if he decided to continue to tread the path of Adharma, which he had foolishly embraced. Having proved to Ravana that he was no ordinary messenger, no stupid Vanara, he flew back and carried the message of joy and cheer to the hearts of Rama and Sugriva whose gratitude to him could not find adequate expression in words. Rama could only give his fond embrace to Maruti who did richly deserve it.

The part of Maruti as a veteran warrior is even more interesting and thrilling than as a messenger. The flight over the ocean of hundred *yojanas* (at the end of which, according to Valmiki, he did not feel tired), the fight with the protector of the main gate of Lanka, the destruction of the huge Ashoka Vana, the victorious battles with the commanders of Ravana and the safe return journey to convey the fruition of the task are exploits, which no ordinary mortal could ever have accomplished. The will-power which backed up the endeavours, the persistent devotion to duty which carried him through, and the humility with which the entire job was done are among the rarest qualities. At the end of this work, he announced to the waiting Vanaras on the other side of th ocean that whatever he had accomplished was only the result o three factors: (1) The glory of Sr Rama; (2) The joint will of all th Vanaras and (3) the efficacy of th command of Sugriva. (*Sundar Kanda*—LVIII—166).

राघवस्य प्रभावेन भवतां चैव तेजसा ।
सुग्रीवस्य च कार्यार्थं मया सर्वमनुष्ठितम्

Such humility in combinatio with such prowess is an inimi able quality.

More opportunities of showing his valour occurred in the actual battle in Lanka. A determined fighter as he was, he showed all his courage and presence of mind in the thick of the battle never losing hope of victory for Rama's side. One of the most thrilling incidents during the battle was the complete stupor into which the whole army was thrown. None other than Maruti could have saved the situation. The task of bringing the Sanjivini was entrusted to him. When the magnitude of the task is considered, the speed and perfection with which it was completed cannot but arrest the attention of anyone and stands to the eternal glory of this great warrior in one of the most marvellous battles of all times.

As an ideal Bhakta too, Maruti stands aloft. Devotion to the master's work, with the spirit of self-surrender in the heart, is the essence of a Bhakta. True devotion also implies single-pointed mind and courage to face and overcome all obstacles. In his flight over the ocean, he encountered three unexpected obstacles, though the first in fact was only an invitation to take some rest on the way as he had started on a long and arduous journey. Maruti could not think of resting himself as his whole mind was on the objective to be gained. With the same steadfastness and determination and using his intelligence, he overcame the next two obstacles and flew straight to the other end of the ocean. Having reached the gate of Lanka, he meditated for a while on the appropriate manner of achieving the object with which he had come. The thought of playing his part in a fitting manner so as to obtain the maximum good and glory for Rama was topmost in his mind.

रामस्याभ्युदये रतः *(Sundara Kanda,* II—32).

The love to Rama, which he developed almost instantaneously on his meeting him, took possession of his heart. He was thus a born Bhakta. Rama's sorrow of separation from Sita recounted by Lakshmana touched the core of his heart. His keen intuitive intellect could also visualise the extent of love between Rama and Sita. In four beautiful slokas, Valmiki has put into the mouth of Maruti the depth of love between Rama and Sita and the extent to which Maruti felt for their separation from each other. Maruti, observing Sita from the top of the tree under which she sat, feels that a happier pair could not exist in all the worlds and that their separation was indeed a tragedy of the worst sort. (*Sundara Kanda* XV—49 to 52).

By the excellent qualities of head and heart, which he exhibited during his conversation with Sita, he gained her supreme praise.

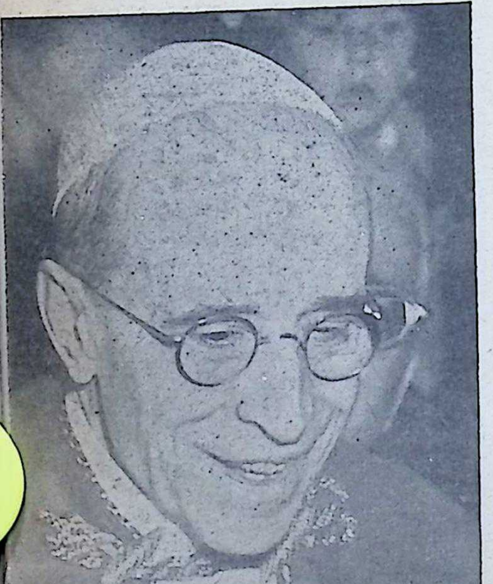
विक्रान्तस्त्वं समर्थस्त्वं प्राज्ञस्त्वं वानरोत्तम

She was at first wonderstruck at the boldness and wisdom of Ma-

(Continued on page 58)

Every ticket you buy is a

CINEMAS are SCHOOLS for MORAL & SPIRITUAL FORMATION OF PEOPLE



I WISH with all the force at my command to impress upon the episcopacy how the flock entrusted to the care of each one should be protected against any errors and harm from whatever source which the use of the motion picture, radio and TV can introduce with serious risk to the practices of the Christian life.

Since the Church is the teacher of the doctrine that leads to salvation and has all that is necessary for the attainment of holiness, she is exercising an inviolable right when she teaches what has been committed to her by the Divine Hand.

H. H. Pope Pius XII

This does not imply that the State does not have the right to spread news and teachings that are necessary or useful to the common good of human society. Nor does it mean that individual citizens may not contribute according

Pope Pius XII in his encyclical letter No. 22 published last month has exhorted the episcopacy not only to exercise watchful care but also to use positive action and authority to combat undesirable films, radio and television programmes, so that by means of this difficult and extensive province of the arts, noble ideas may ever be more widely spread.—Ed.

to their capacity to the enriching and development of their own and others' intellectual and spiritual culture.

Contrary, however, to the Christian teaching and to the principal end of these arts, is the will and intention of those who desire to use these inventions (motion pictures, radio and TV) exclusively for the advancement and propagation of political measures or to achieve economic ends and who treat our noble aim as if it were a mere business transaction.

I wish to remind patrons of theatres or motion pictures that every ticket they buy is a kind of ballot enabling them to vote for good or evil films. I remind them of their duty to keep informed of moral judgments on films published by national ecclesiastical offices and adjust their conduct accordingly.

I remind motion picture critics, managers of motion picture theatres, actors, distributors, producers and directors that they have concrete human and Christian duties because films are intellectual food and a school for the spiritual and moral formation of the people. The radical remedy to head them towards the ideal film is a deeper Christian formation of all those who participate in the creation of films.

Public authorities should not support the production of morally unsatisfactory films and they should make a greater effort in favour of good films especially for the young people.

It is an excellent thing for Catholics to take advantage of radio, the privilege of our century and to enjoy the wealth of instruction, art and even of God's word that the radio can give them. But it is necessary for listeners not only to make a wise choice of programmes they permit themselves to hear in their homes but also to find suitable ways for expressing their approbation, encouragement and objections in such a way as to help radio in the performance of its educational duties. More religious programmes should be broadcast.

Television marks an important

(*Continued on page 61*)

QUESTION BOX

ANSWERS by K. M. Munshi

Kulapati Sri K. M. Munshi has kindly agreed to answer in these columns questions from readers of Bhavan's Journal on topics falling within the scope of the Journal.

332

Sri A. Ramaswamy, New Delhi.

Q: *Does the right to perform* Nitya Karma *like* Sandhya Vandan *cease to operate when anyone travels by sea, air, etc. or in foreign countries (out of the* Karma Bhoomi)?

A: In my view, the strict rules as regards *Nitya Karma* have to be relaxed while travelling, not only to foreign countries but even in a large country like India. On such occasions, remembering the name of God or performing *Dhyana* even for a few minutes is quite sufficient. *Nitya Karma* is only a daily training for offering all our actions to God. If that habit is cultivated, then one can perform *Nitya Karma* anywhere, at any hour of the day, while doing whatever task we have in front of us.

333

Sri B. K. Ramachandra Rao, Coimbatore.

Q: *What is an* Avatar *of God and what are your reasons for refusing to accept Gandhi as an* Avatar?

A: (1) An *Avatar* is God descended on earth as Man, perfect by his innate nature.

(2) No one was conscious of his limitations more than Gandhiji and none that I knew, had such humility as he had He never made any such absurd claim nor am I sure if he were alive, he would permit anyone to make it.

(3) Avatarhood would lose all its value if every saint or saintly person is looked upon as an *Avatar*.

334

Sri K. M. Mudaliar, Kozhikode.

On hearing Duryodhana's last words:

....को नु स्वन्ततरो मया ?
सुहृत सानुजश्च । स्वर्गं गन्ताहमच्युत ।
विहतसंकल्पाः शोचन्तो वर्तयिष्यथ ॥

to Lord Krishna, Bhagavan Vyasa describes the scene that Gods, rishis, siddhas and Gandharvas applauded Duryodhana by showering flowers, singing songs and sounding trumpets. How will you reason for this?

The words of Duryodhana that you have quoted occur in the *Gadayuddha Parva* in which Sri Krishna reminded him of his misdeeds. Duryodhana claims that like a true 'Kshatriya' he has fallen in battle and so dying, he has truly discharged his duties as a 'Kshatriya'. Duryodhana, however, selfish or wicked though he was, became a hero by performing the duty of a true 'Kshatriya' and as such was welcomed by the Gods.

335

Sri B. Ramachandra Rao, Vijayada-2.

Why President Eisenhower is called "Ike"?

Because that was the pet name by which he was called during his military career.

336

Sri A. B. Bhaskar Rao, Guntakal.

Q: *In my opinion a person should have also sufficient educational qualifications to hold the high post of a Minister, but irrespective of this cardinal point our Government allows any person to become one if he succeeds in election. Is this not an anomaly?*

A: I do not agree with you that Government allows persons without sufficient educational qualifications to become Ministers. But there cannot be an absolute rule. There may be persons who may not be called 'educated' in the University sense of the term but who may be very capable and shrewd, with great power of organisation. Some historians consider that Akbar did not know how to write; that did not disqualify him from becoming one of the greatest emperors in history.

337

Sri P. Mahadevaiah, Mysore.

Q: *Chiranjeevis are said to live for all times. At any rate, these days no one appears to have seen them in person. In what sense have they been styled Chiranjeevis?*

A: When I was a child, some old people of my caste claimed to have seen Aswathama in one of the forests. It was likely to be a case of wistful exercise of the imagination.

338

Sri T. A. Prasada Rao, Tanuku.

Q: *It is said that Rishis in the forests pray God for years together without moving from a fixed place. How can they remain so? What do they eat?*

A: Ascetics have been known to live alone in the forest or a cave for years, seeing only casual visitors or none. A highly developed *yogi*, particularly if he has mastered *pranayama*, can sit in *dhyana* on the same spot for several days. I do not think they can do so for months or years, but that is a mere opinion.

339

Sri C. H. Sundara Rao, Bangalore.

Q: *What can be the aim of people who observe Ekadasi Vrata? Is it true that if we fast on that day we will get Moksha?*

A: The aims are (1) Kayendriya Shudhi, the removal of impurities from the body and the senses; (2) dedicating a day to the worship of God in humility and purity; (3) withdrawing from the lure of the body and the senses, and preparing one's mind in such a way that the spirit might take control of our activities, leading us to God.

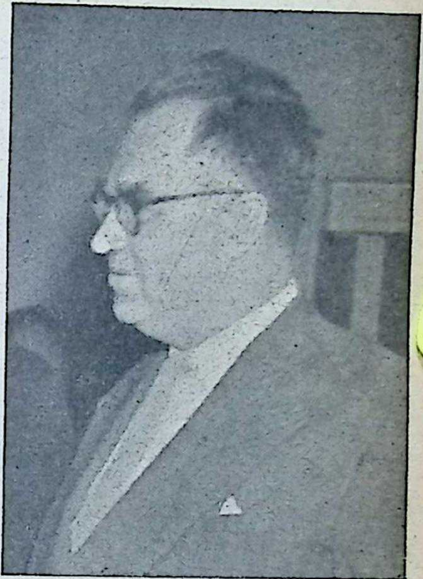
If you observe such fasts and observe such days as periods of purification, you would, if your energies are truly directed, come to live in God.

MARUTI—*Contd.*

ruti. She appreciated the manner in which Maruti narrated the story of Rama's state of mind. She realised that only through him her deliverance from Lanka was possible. In fact she placed such confidence in him that she ended her message to Rama with the words that Maruti should do all that was necessary and possible to get her out of the bondage within a month. With the same confidence did Rama entrust him with the job of carrying the message of his victory over Ravana to Sita. This unalloyed love to Rama and Sita got him the greatest of all gifts, the 'Chiranjivitwa', the gift by which he resides for all times and in all places where the glory of Rama and Sita is sung. May this Bhakta reside in all our hearts and cleanse them of all dross and pettiness. May he make us all more *perfect,* more *courageous* and more *devoted* than we have ever been before!

मनोजवं मारुत तुल्यवेगं
जितेन्द्रियं बुद्धिमतां वरिष्ठम् ।
वातात्मजं वानरयूथमुख्यम्
श्रीरामदूतं शिरसा नमामि ॥

Sir Leslie Munro



THE Twelfth Session of the U.N. Assembly bids fair to become a momentous one. While on the one hand, frantic talks are being held among the Great Powers for a cut in nuclear armaments, the successful accomplishment of ICBM has apparently queered the pitch. Power after power has started detonating atomic monstrosities. It is in this context that the task before Sir Leslie Knox Munro, the newly elected President of U.N. Assembly, has to be measured; but his first words on assumption of office are quite reassuring and, given the goodwill of the member-nations, there is no reason why his effort should not succeed, where others have failed. The provisional agenda before the Assembly consists of as many as 60 items and it needs superhuman ability and patience to pilot them to safety.

Speaking of Sir Munro, one cannot escape the great physical disparity between the outgoing President Prince Wan and the new incumbent Munro, for there can be no greater dissimilar persons. Whilst Prince Wan is diminutive of physical stature, everything about Sir Munro is big. He is ' 2" and weighs 210 lbs. Prince Wan has dark eyes while Munro has hazel ones; the former has dark hair but the new President has greying hair. Munro appears to be gruff while Prince Wan readily creates the atmosphere of bon-homie.

Munro is a jurist first and foremost and an able editor. Born in 1901 in Auckland, New Zealand, Sir Leslie Knox Munro is one of five brothers. His father was a headmaster who became later an Inspector of Schools. After completing his studies in the local Grammar School where he was not merely a good student but a good athlete too, Munro studied at the Auckland University College as a free scholar and majored in languages although, ultimately, he turned out to be a Master of Law in 1923. Besides winning prizes in English and Latin, he proved himself extraordinarily well versed in Roman Law.

He served as lecturer in jurisprudence, Roman Law, Constitutional law, History, etc. at Auckland University from 1923 to 1938. At the same time he practised as a barrister and met with steady success and wrote for the *New Zealand Law Reports*.

His success in the field of law was so striking that in 1936 he was elected President of both the Auckland Law Society and the New Zealand Law Society for more than one term. Incidentally, at 35, he was the youngest advocate ever to attain that position.

He also started broadcasting a series of fortnightly talks on the radio on international affairs which proved to be a significant success. Two years later he became Dean of the Faculty of Law, Auckland University Cillege, but being elected to the College Council in 1939, he relinquished that position.

When his radio talks ceased with the outbreak of World War II, Munro started writing a series of articles in the *Weekly News* on world affairs. He continued to write for twelve years till his assignment to the U.S. as New Zealand's Ambassador.

After working for some time on the Executive Committee of the Opposition Party in the New Zealand Parliament, Munro left local politics to join the Editorial Board of the *New Zealand Herald*, an influential morning paper published from Auckland, becoming its editor in 1942. It has been said that he was in a large measure responsible for the outcome of the General Elections of 1943 and 1946 in which the Nationalists made substantial gains.

Munro travelled extensively in England and Scotland after World War II as a delegate to the Imperial Press Conference at London in 1946. Next year he became a member of Senate of the University of New Zealand. Munro continued to direct the *New Zealand Herald* till 1951 which had a profound effect on the economic and international fields, ultimately enabling Sidney Holland to become Prime Minister.

For a few months Munro went to the U.S. as a guest of the State Department where he met leading personalities, legal and governmental, and studied American politics and foreign affairs besides University education. In December, 1951, Prime Minister Sydney Holland appointed him as Ambassador of New Zealand to the United States in succession to Sir Carl Berendson. In January, 1952 Munro took up his new duties in Washington and at the U.N. Headquarters in February of the same year.

Munro has been known to be a supporter of the ANZUS as a true guarantee of peace in the Pacific. He was rather critical of the former Secretary-General Trygve Lie when he dismissed the 'subversives' in the U.N. staff. Munro had been President of the U.N. Trusteeship Council and the Credentials Committee of the U.N. Assembly. He was also known to have held strong views on the Korean War that Communist China would not benefit by participation in the debacle in whatever form.

Sir Munro belongs to the Presbyterian Church. He is a member of Northern Club, Auckland, the Rotary in New Zealand and the Metropolitan in Washington. He married Christine Mary Priestley in 1927 and got one daughter by her. After her death in 1929 he married Muriel Olga Sturt in 1931, by whom he has another daughter. Among his favourite recreations, tennis and reading are worth mentioning.

Cinemas Are Schools—*Contd.*

milestone in the history of humanity. It resembles motion pictures in some ways and radio in others so that what we say about them applies to T.V. also.

The televising of liturgical ceremonies should be encouraged but seeing mass by television is no proper substitute for going to church.

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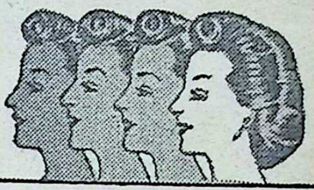

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mhasana Dwatrimsika—54

Serial

DANSEUSE KAMALAREKHA

KING BHOJA and his minister Nitivakya woke up early on the morning of the sixenth day and after completing e morning routine, went to the rone-room followed by other urtiers.

As had become the wont, he ofred due prayers to the divine rone and ascended the first fifen steps without any obstacle.

When he set foot on the sixenth step, the statuette holding stood up, and said: "Ha—ha, eat King, listen to me before u proceed further. You know ng Vikramaditya was ruling this untry from this throne to the iversal happiness of his subjects. that time, a warrior came from e nether world and told King krama something in confidence. mediately King Vikrama called e ghoul and riding on its shoulds hurried out of the palace."

'O statuette! Can you tell me at was the secret that made ng Vikrama leave the palace in h a haste?" asked King Bhoja.

The statuette, on hearing this, st into a fit of laughter and reed, "You are itching to hear t secret, aren't you? When you not have that much of patience till I tell you, how do you expect to ascend this throne and rule on it?"

King Bhoja, thus humiliated, kept quiet.

Continuing, the statuette said: Listen then; this is what that warrior told King Vikrama. In his country there was a danseuse by name Kamalarekha. She was so beautiful that even *napumsakas* would fall in love with her. After entering her chamber at night her lovers invariably came out as corpses next morning. Nobody knew how or why. The warrior wanted King Vikrama to come and see what the matter was with that danseuse.

King Vikrama in the company of that warrior reached the land of the *patala* in a short time and instituted enquiries in the town about that girl. All that he heard was, from the time she came of age, the girl was meeting all her suitors, none of whom returned alive from her. Over a thousand had thus lost their lives. The people recounted the names of those persons who met their end at her hands although each one of them knew very well what was going to happen. The funny part of the whole affair was she herself was unable to account for the death of her visitors.

King Vikrama there and then made up his mind to investigate the truth about her, and accordingly, sent word to Kamalarekha that he would be visiting her that night itself.

At this stage King Bhoja intervened: "O statuette! How is it that, although people knew pretty well that death would overtake them, they still offered to visit her?"

The statuette kept mum for a moment and said: "Bhoja, have you not yet understood that in each case the infatuation for her prevailed over fear of death? I am surprised at your poor comprehension. How do you expect to ascend this throne and reign? Now, let me ask you: When each of the fifteen statuettes have uniformly dissuaded you from ascending on this throne, why have you come again for the sixteenth attempt? Don't you realise that an infatuated man loses his reason and sense of shame? Just as you are doing now, people went after her. That is all!"

The statuette continued the story. When Kamalarekha received the news of the visit of King Vikrama, she felt very happy. She arranged her bedroom in such a way that even angels could be charmed. On one side of the table were spread a hundred varieties of delicious dishes; on the other, were kept ornate vessels of *attar* and rose-water which made the entire room smell fragrant. Further off were kept fruits, *tambul*, and milk boiled with *kesar*. Every corner of the room was brilliantly lit.

As the time drew near for his visit, Kamalarekha became expectantly uneasy and kept looking out of the balcony.

At the appointed hour, King Vikramaditya made his appearance and ascended the steps. As soon as he entered the chamber, Kamalarekha fell at his feet in the traditional manner and led him by the hand on to the cot which was spread with exquisite mattresses. But Vikramaditya said "My dear, I do not like to sit or lie on cots. I am not used to them. Perhaps if I do, I may lose consciousness and possibly lose my life. Please, therefore, spread the mat on the floor itself so that I may comfortably sleep."

On hearing this, Kamalarekha just let a sparkle of muffled laughter escape from her rosy lips from which peeped a part of her pearly denture. King Vikramaditya understood the significance of her laughter and kept quiet. He sat down on the matted floor.

King Bhoja interjected: "O statuette! Could you tell me why Kamalarekha laughed, and what your great King understood from it?"

"Bhoja, I am sure you will never sit on this throne, because you are unable to see even this simple thing. I shall tell you now why. Her laughter was like the laughter of a butcher who offers luscious grass or leaf to the goat before cutting its throat, because he knows fully well that in a few moments the goat will roll down on mud. At least our King Vikramaditya understood it in that way."

The statuette continued:

Till about midnight Kamalarekha was amusing King Vikrama with extraordinary solicitude. She bathed him in warm water made fragrant with *attar;* she caused him wear costly clothes and jewels. She smeared aromatic sandalwood paste and unguents on him and sitting beside him, offered him delicious *pan.*

When they thus settled down, Vikrama gave her the thousand gold coins being her fee. On receiving it, Kamalarekha embraced him fondly and tried to kiss him on the cheek. But King Vikrama pulled himself away from her and dodged all her further guiles to entice him into the bed.

When they were thus spending the night in a game of wits, down below, people had assembled with the usual paraphernalia for funeral obsequies. There was the barber, the priest and the rest of them with the utensils, wooden poles, etc. They were expecting the paramour's body to be brought out in the morning to be removed to the crematory.

In Kamalarekha's chamber, time wore out heavily. Till the very late hours of the night, the danseuse was entertaining the King with sweet melodies on different musical instruments and with dances. Tired out by her own performances, she started retiring to bed for sleep. Invited to accompany her, King Vikrama also pretended to follow her. He placed his pillow by the side of hers. When Kamalarekha started sleeping, King Vikramaditya jumped out of the bed, placed the pillow by her side and quietly hid himself at a distance in the shadow of a pillar.

Within a few minutes of her sleeping, a hissing sound came from her and out of her nostrils, out came a smallish but ferocious looking serpent with a golden hood which turned to her side and fiercely bit the pillow which Vikrama had placed by her side.

King Vikrama was stunned at the sight for a second. What would have been his fate if he had succumbed to her guile, he thought.

Within the twinkling of an eye, King Vikrama whipped out his magic sword and cut the traitorous snake into two lest it should creep back.

In this melee, the danseuse Kamalarekha woke up and when she saw King Vikrama sword in hand and a snake lying slain before them, she was completely nonplussed. She rubbed her eyes fast and looked at the King who did not open his mouth.

She asked, "What is all this? Where did the snake come from?"

King Vikrama explained how the snake had emanated from her nostrils and how he killed it! Her body shivered at the revelations.

He asked: "What would have been my fate if I had lain down by your side?"

The danseuse fell at the feet of King Vikrama and shed tears of gratefulness. Said she: "You have saved me from a great slur. People have been calling me a murderess. God knows my innocence".

Now that the killer had been removed, King Vikrama had no compunctions in yielding to her persuasions and spent the remaining part of the night with her.

Early next day he completed his morning ablutions and dressing himself for departure, came out of the house, when he was pleasantly surprised by the crowd of obsequial visitors with the materials for cremation at the door.

When they saw Vikrama coming out hale and hearty, they were taken aback for a time, but soon recognised him to be King Vikrama. They asked him in one voice how he could come out unscathed, when thousands who had visited her met with death.

King Vikrama explained to them how Kamalarekha was not consciously responsible for the death of others and showed them the pieces of the killed snake.

All those assembled praised the King for his valour. King Vikrama after making large gifts to the danseuse and others left for his capital Ujjain.

The statuette asked, "Bhoja, do you think after hearing this story, that you can be as capable as our Emperor Vikramaditya? Then only this throne can carry you, not otherwise."

King Bhoja and his minister went away without replying.

The sun set on their back.

[To be continued]

BHAGAWAN PARASHURAMA—*contd.*

replied Kurma. It was shocking news to some. The river had been polluted!

'What are you all doing here?' asked the headman.

'Bhargava has decided to found a new *ashrama* here', said Kurma.

When Bhargava returned, Bhadrashrenya asked him to come back to the old *ashrama.*

Rama refused. 'No. I will live only where *dharma* rules. You lost faith in your *Guru,* also in what was *dharma* to me. Whoever has faith in me only will come to meet me here.'

'Gurudeva, then I will be the first to stay here,' said Bhadrashrenya.

'Then remember one thing,' said Rama firmly. 'Whoever shall harass a Naga here shall die.'

[To be continued]

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OUR BOOK SHELF

SOURCE BOOK IN INDIAN HILOSOPHY. Edited by Sar- apalli Radhakrishnan and harles A. Moore. Publishers: he Princeton, New Jersey, rinceton University Press. p. 683. Price: $5.00.

he volume is edited by the In- n philosopher-statesman in col- oration with the American olar for the benefit of Western ders. The general introduction l short explanatory notes ompanying the selections from h major system are very use- . The book has fulfilled its ction viz. to convince sceptical sterners that "much of Indian losophy is philosophy not only its unique Indian forms but also accordance with the strictest ndards of open-mindedness, ical analysis, and rational in- stigation". It has served the pose not only of Western ders but also other readers who not read the original texts.

he judicious selection from the las, Upanishads etc. give a true ure of Indian philosophy with- any comment, and leaves the ler free to interpret philosophy his own way. This is a special racteristic of this book.

he book is divided into five or periods of development from early times to the present day viz. (1) VEDIC PERIOD: This consists of the four Vedas and the corresponding Brahmanas, Aranyakas and the Upanishads. (2) THE EPIC PERIOD, dated approximately from 500 B.C. to 200 A.D. This period represents the development of philosophical doctrines through the medium of non-systematic and non-technical literature especially the great epics, the *RAMAYANA* and the *MAHABHARATA*. The introduction to this period includes the rise and early development of Buddhism, Jainism, Shaivism and Vaishnavism. (3) THE SUTRA PERIOD which is dated approximately from the early centuries of Christian era. In this period the systematic treatises of the various schools were written and the systems took the basic forms they were to preserve henceforth. The six orthodox systems viz. Nyaya, Vaiseshika, Samkhya Yoga, Purva Mimamsa and Uttara Mimamsa were presented in Sutra form in this period. (4) THE SCHOLASTIC PERIOD: This is a period in which commentaries were written to the Sutras in order to explain them; e.g. the commentaries of Sankara, Ramanuja and Madhva. In each of the periods the

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editors have ~~taken~~ great care to select the best material from the Vedas, Upanishads and the Sutras.

The book has become richer by the additions of selections from *Mahabharata*, the *Laws of Manu* and Kautilya's *Artha-Shastra*. The heterodox systems like Charvaka, Jainism and Buddhism have also been given appropriate places in the selection. This will bring the complete picture of the development of Indian thought, right from ancient Vedas to the Scholastic period.

However, we feel a sense of incompleteness of the work when we come to the Contemporary Thought. It is conspicuous by the absence of philosophy of such eminent philosophers like Mahatma Gandhi, Sri Ramakrishna Paramahamsa and other great thinkers. Any Indian Contemporary Philosophy cannot be complete unless it does full justice to philosophy of those who not only taught it but also lived it throughout their lives.

The book has served the need of the many who are interested in the study of Indian philosophy. It is a type by itself and unique in its nature and content.

Prof. H. R. Pandurangi.

KATHA MANJARI (in Sanskrit). By Sree Mata of the Aurobindo Ashram, Pondicherry, (S. India).

The talented author deserves the warm gratitude of the lovers of Sanskrit for the choice of that language as the medium for retelling the stories of the Frenc Belles Histoires. The style is eas and racy.

The book stands divided int three parts. Part I contains a many as eleven stories. Part I is devoted to an explanatio grammatical and synthetical, some of the words and phras used in the body of the tex while Part III gives the meanin of the more difficult words o comes across in the text.

The stories themselves treat excellent moral themes. High didactic and high of purpose, th revolve round such virtues as se control, self-reliance and the u mate triumph of the far-seei vision of Truth. They are prim rily intended for the young an there is no doubt that these d lightful stories will imbue the with lofty idealism and help buil good character. Thanks to th work, people versed only in San krit are enabled to read and enjo these French stories.

The Sanskrit translation h been done ably and the Frenc original, one presumes, does n lose anything of its charm or spir in the Sanskrit garb. The auth has done a distinct service to th Sanskrit language by this laudab venture. It is hoped that in th next editions, through which th book bids fair to run, it may b pruned of such minor typograph cal errors as have crept in st places.

Acharya T. A. V. Dikshita

RMAVEER BHAURAO PATIL. By Dr. A. V. Matthew, M. Ed., Ph. D. Published by the Rayat Shikshan Sanstha, Satara. Pp. 361. Price Rs. 8.

Dr. Matthew, the author of this ok, is in many ways specially ted for this work. At first, he es not belong to the Maharashtra gion; and therefore, he gets the vantage of being able to look at e situation in the region with the es of an outsider. As a result, first finds out many parallels om his homeland Travancore to e developments in Maharashtra d invests them all in his writing a skilful manner.

Thus, dividing the whole mateal available to him, into twentyven chapters the author has esented the Karmaveer's picture rrectly and vividly. The Karmaeer is a symbol of the urge of the *yats* of Maharashtra to come into eir own through education and olitical and social uplift. He has n extraordinary vision and an ncommon resourcefulness with hich he has spread the education o the masses of people in the ountryside of Maharashtra. He as devoted his life-time and done nselfish service to the cause f the uplift of the poor and unlucated masses in Maharashtra.

This is his remarkable achieveent and all this is described by r. Matthew in a very attractive anner. Instead of a dry chronogical narrative, he has presented he major portion of the matter as series of episodes, and has enlivened the narrative by inserting many vivid pen-pictures.

As a sweet fruit of this, we have before us a marvellous biography which is mostly accurate and almost complete in information. It gives pleasure and makes the reading interesting to the reader.

This book has a notable feature having a foreword of about twelve pages written by Dr. D. R. Gadgil, well-known economist of India, which is really a masterpiece of writing on Karmaveer's life.

Dr. D. V. Patwardhan.

THE INDO-GREEKS. By A. K. Narain, Reader in Ancient Indian History and Culture, Banaras Hindu University. Published by the Clarendon Press. Oxford (Oxford University Press). Pp. 204 + XVI.

Dr. Narain in his commendable effort *The Indo-Greeks* makes a fresh approach to the problem of the Greeks who settled down in north-west India and the neighbouring regions. He has assiduously scrutinized the various sources of information including the recent finds at Kundur and Mirzahak. He has drawn his own thought-provoking conclusions and though he has based his study on sources tapped by other writers, he has not drawn his inferences along the beaten track but has blazed a new trail. The fresh approach and outlook of the author along with his original opinion make the book an invaluable addition to the knowledge of the Indo-Greeks.

Many of his conclusions are based on the information yielded by the coins. He makes use of the Chinese sources in the last chapter and the interpretation of this information in the light of the Greek writers and the Indian circumstances seems to be more reliable. At many places he disagrees with Tarn and the arguments of Dr. Narain are more convincing.

The mythical invasion of Dionysus has been faithfully reproduced in some of the works. Dr Narain has argued that the early colonies of the Greeks in those regions near India were settlements of Ionians under different circumstances and establishes the point that before Alexander there was no Greek invasion of these regions.

After the collapse of the Maurya Empire, finding that there was no unifying leader to keep off the foreigners, the Bactrian Greeks first of all invaded and occupied the outlying provinces of the Maurya Empire and then attacked the Punjab. For a time they seemed to be successful. We have a series of rulers in the north-western regions but their fortunes took an adverse turn too early because of the invasions of the other nomads in succession—Sakas, Pahlavas and Yueh-chih. Thus the control and influence of the Bactrian Greeks was short-lived.

He refutes the suggestion of Tarn that the "history of the Indo-Greeks is an essential part Hellenistic history". Quite co trary to this view of Tarn, D Narain maintains that "their hi tory is part of the history of Ind and not of the Hellenistic states It is very interesting to examin this contention. We find an e tirely new approach from th Indian point of view being presen ed. We feel that in many respec Dr. Narain's scholarly work wi a thorough and scientific approac has contributed not in a small wa to the knowledge of Indo-Greek

The author's viewpoint on son personalities and their dates als seems to be nearer the truth. F has checked up the informati and is free from the bias tha some writers exhibit in acceptin the Greek traditions even whe some of those are doubtful an confusing.

He is unwilling to identif Dattamitra with Demetrius I as h points out that "there is little evidence to support the theory of extensive conquests in India by D metrius I who enjoyed unjustifie fame for so long that time an again scholars have falsely trace his name in various Indian records".

Antimachus Theos was undoubtedly the first Yavana King t cross the Hindu Kush, though there was no permanent occupation. The first Greek king wh had some hold over Taxila was definitely Agathocles.

On the basis of the numismati evidence, it is clear that Demetriu was the successor to Antimahus Theos if not his son. Menaner is the accepted greatest ruler f this branch of rulers. At this uncture, one has some more ources to aid, especially the Budhist texts and other Indian works. Much of the discussion depends n the interpretation of the information available from the coin oards. The author is disabled by he lack of concurring epigraphic ources and also insufficient data vailable even from these hoards. Yet, the scholar has attempted a ield which is highly interesting.

—*Prof M. T. Vyas.*

BOOKS RECEIVED

UDUPI (An Introduction). Published by Shri Krishnapur Mutt, Udipi, S.K. Pp. 88. Price As. 5/-.

THE BHAGAVAD GITA: AN INTERPRETATION (What the Gita means to me). By T. L. Vaswani. Published by Gita Publishing House, 10, Connaught Road, Poona-1.

TABLES OF LAGNAS FOR DELHI. By R. N. Ramasubban. Price 75 nP.

COIMBATORE STANDARD TEST (in English, Science, Mathematics & Social Studies). Published by Sri Ramakrishna Mission, Vidyalaya Teachers' College, Research Department, Sri Ramakrishna Vidyalaya, Coimbatore P.O. (Price not mentioned).

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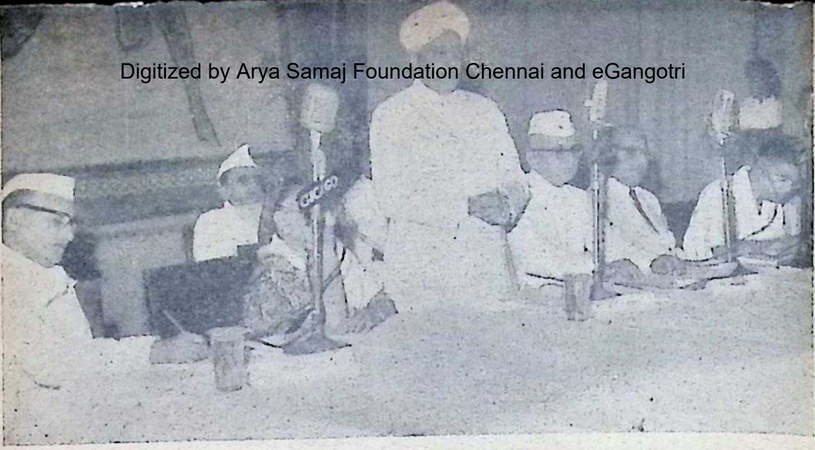

Dr. C. P. Ramaswami Aiyar speaking on the symposium "Welfare State of My Conception" organised by the Bhavan on September 16, 1957. Shri K. M. Munshi, Shri K. K. Shah, Sir B. Rama Rau, Shri A. D. Gorwala and Prof. A. R. Shenoy who participated in the symposium are also seen in the picture.

BHAVAN'S NEWS

THE twenty-first Bhatkhande Anniversary Celebrations were conducted by the Bharatiya Sangit Shiksha Pith, the Music Wing of the Bharatiya Vidya Bhavan, from September 20 to September 22, 1957. Shri K. M. Munshi, President of the Bhavan, presided. This celebration is an annual event sponsored by the Bharatiya Sangit Shiksha Pith in commemoration of the late Pandit Vishnu Narayan Bhatkhande, the Vyas of Hindustani music. On this occasion, all exponents and lovers of music gather together and pay their homage to the late master.

Inaugurating the current session, Shri K. M. Munshi paid tributes to the contributions made by the late Pandit Vishnu Narayan Bhatkhande to the development of Hindustani music. He described him as the architect of modern Indian music who had made successful efforts in bringing about a synthesis of folk and classical music and evolving a new type of music.

The celebration which consisted of six sittings highlighted one fac and that is the future of class cal music seemed to be bright. A number of artistes, vocal and instrumental, participated in this year's celebrations. The fair sex and the young artistes had very good representation and they acquitted themselves very well. One could see in them earnestness and devotion to the art and sincerity of presentation.

Edited by S. Ramakrishnan and printed and published by him for the Bharatiy
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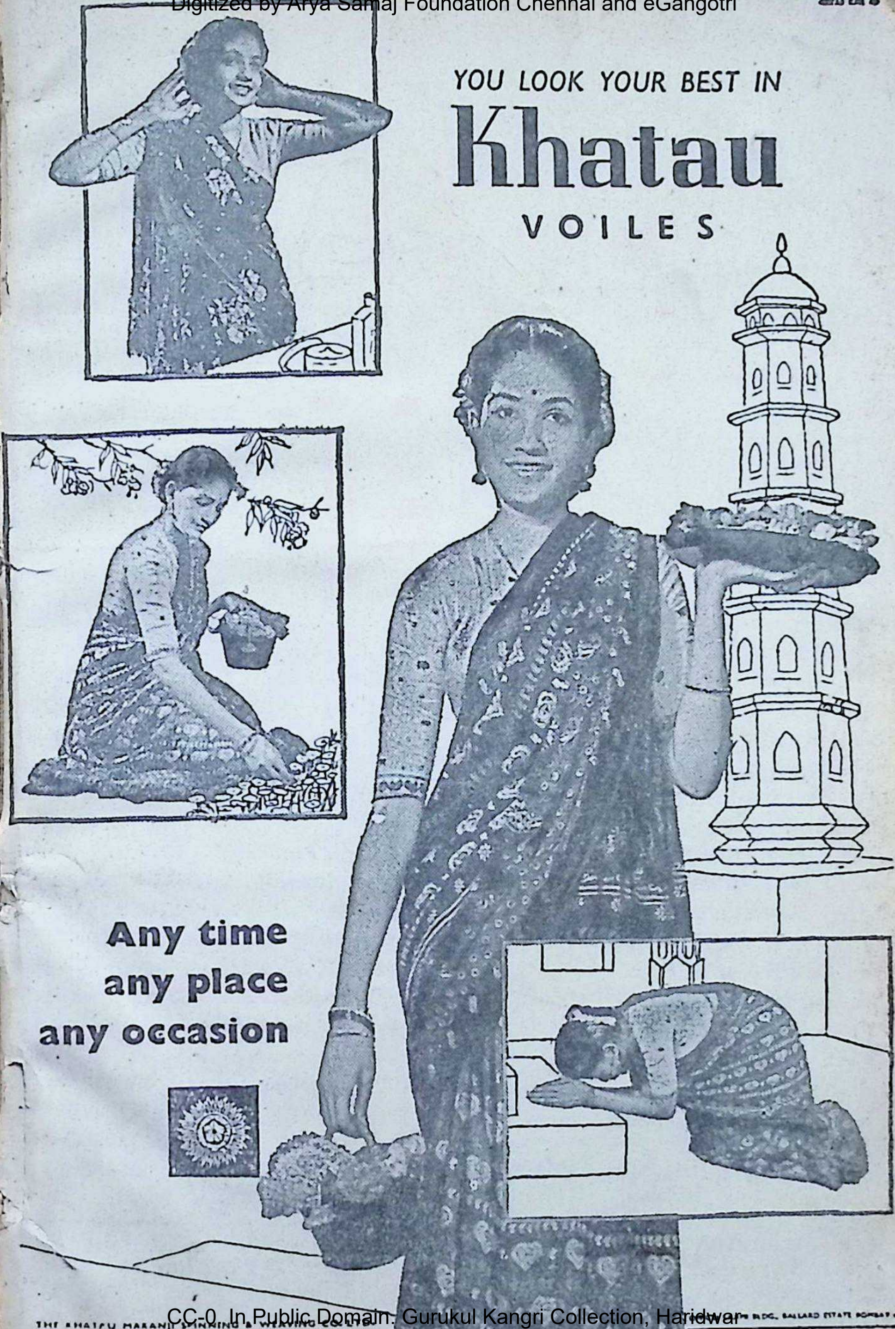
Managing Editor: J. H. Dave.



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